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HISTORY OF SUFFOLK

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THE

HISTORY OF SUFFOLK

BY

THE REV. JOHN JAMES RAVEN, D.D., F.S.A.,

OF EMMANUEL COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE; VICAR OF FRESSINGFIELD-WITH-WITHERSDALE, AND OF METFIELD; HONORARY CANON OF NORWICH CATHEDRAL; AUTHOR OF 'THE CHURCH BELLS OF SUFFOLK,' ETC.

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PREFACE

THE sources from which this history is derived are frequently mentioned in the text and notes, but much material has been obtained through the kindness of correspondents (too many to be enumerated, and to whom my best acknowledgments are due), which it is impossible thus to indicate.

The arrangement is rather chronological than topical, constructed with the purpose of exhibiting as far as may be the relation of the history of the county to that of the country at large.

The changes in the social condition of the inhabitants of Suffolk have not been overlooked, and much light has been thrown upon the subject by extracts from diaries and letters, which could not be gained by any other means.

Such observations as have been made on the East Anglian dialect are largely the result of personal intercourse with all classes, extending over more than half a century.

J. J. RAVEN.

THE VICARAGE, FRESSINGFIELD,
July, 1895.

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HISTORY OF SUFFOLK.

CHAPTER I.

PHYSIOGRAPHIC AND PREHISTORIC.

THERE is hardly a county in England which surpasses Suffolk in simplicity of form and boundary. Save for a considerable deflexion in the north-east, now containing three hundreds, the form of the county is an irregular oblong, about sixty miles by thirty, diversified in most parts by gentle undulations, and containing many varieties of soil. Along the east side it is washed by the German Ocean, and there is but little of the artificial element in the boundaries which divide it from Norfolk on the north, Essex on the south, and Cambridgeshire on the west; for Nature has supplied as limits the Waveney and Little Ouse on the north, and the Stour on the south; while even on the west the Lark and its tributary the Kennet divide Suffolk from Cambridgeshire for some miles. In the ancient morass at the north-west corner of the county, and along the south-west border, the demarcations are of man's making, and there are occasional small deviations from the line of the rivers. The coast line has suffered, and still suffers, from the constant undergnaw of the German Ocean, but boasts yet of the most eastern point of Great Britain—Lowestoft Ness.

Of the rainfall, about three-fourths finds its way quietly into the German Ocean by the Waveney, the Blyth, the Alde, the Deben, the Orwell, and the Stour, to which catalogue may be added a few small independent streams. The remaining fourth trickles more gently still to Lynn and the Wash, by the channels of the Little Ouse and the Lark. The inconspicuous watershed which divides these two main portions runs generally south through the western part of the hundred of Hartismere, turns westward for some six miles, then south-westward to Lawshall, and curves north-westerly and westerly in the upper part of Risbridge Hundred to the Cambridgeshire border. Slow as is the current of most of these rivers and rivulets, they are by no means destitute of a sleepy, home-like beauty of their own. As they deliver their tribute waves to the great ocean-beds of the globe, they 'slip and slide and gloom and glance,' like their little Lincolnshire sisters immortalized by Tennyson, by the same 'fairy forelands,' through the same thorpes, though not always enjoying that special termination, and little towns, under the same one-arched bridges, through which, as of old, the swallow darts, swift dipping her dappled wing in the merry April weather. The banks often fall sharp to the water edge, pleasantly bushed and flowered. Old locks and mills, as well as reed-beds and fords, have given words to the poet and drawn colour from the palette.

The Waveney, or Wanney, and the Little Ouse, or Dune,[1] rise, if it may be called a rise, at the same spot between South Lopham and Redgrave, where the high-road from Kenninghall to Botesdale crosses the valley. The motion is hardly, if at all, perceptible; but as both counties continue to pour in surface-water, the volume augments, and a stream is generated. As we work eastward, we find a brook coming down from Burgate, and reaching the Waveney between Palgrave and Stuston, then just above Hoxne another which has united in itself

[1] So called in Mr. G. Josselyn's MS., of which the original is stated to have been in the possession of John Anstis, Esq., Garter.

two, one coming through Eye, and said to bear that name,[1] and the other, called the Dove, from Worlingworth. The fall from Hoxne Mill to Yarmouth Harbour is only 80 feet, a fact which speaks for itself. In Weybread parish enters another brook, bringing a supply from Upper Linstead, Laxfield, and Stradbroke, through Fressingfield and Wingfield. The Elmham district next sends its quotum by Middleton Hall. Hitherto there have been occasional little rippling rapids, as at Shotford Bridge and Homersfield Bridge; but all in front of lovely Flixton Park, the Waveney, if not majestic, is certainly slow. Here there is actually no fall. At Bungay the river turns sharp to the north, with a slight drop in level, nearly enclosing a large extent of alluvial gravel, called Outney Common; then, resuming its easterly course, it crosses an ancient road—whereof more anon—at 'Wanneyford' *hodie* Wainford Bridge, first feels the pulse of the North Sea at spring-tide about Shipmeadow Lock, takes in a brook from Ilketshall St. Andrew's, winds along the scarp at Beccles, half embraces that common, at Oulton receives, or ought to receive, some supply from that Broad, afterwards unquestionably receives that from Fritton Broad, and works mainly north and north-east, till opposite the Roman camp at Burgh Castle it joins the Wensum from Norwich. Then the two enter the rough *Garw* or *Hierus*, are reinforced by the waters of the Bure and Ant from north-east Norfolk, and finally enter the North Sea, leaving behind them the quay and fish-wharf of Yarmouth. With regard to the fall from Oulton Broad, which, though slight, is important, it may be remarked that there was some controversy as to whether the Waveney ever entered the sea by Lowestoft. The arguments adduced by the late Mr. George Edwards of Carlton Colville, in a valuable pamphlet,[2] from previous writers, silting of the estuary, motion of the beach, exist-

[1] See the aforesaid Anstis MS.

[2] 'The River Waveney: Did it ever reach the Sea *viâ* Lowestoft?' by George Edwards. Lowestoft, 1879.

ing boundaries, and sea breaches, have conclusively negatived the Lowestoft theory. It will be necessary hereafter to refer to them.

Passing over a little direct ocean-flow, we come to the basin of the Blyth, which drains, roughly speaking, a circle of which Halesworth is the centre. One brook by Westhall and Wangford meets at Walberswick Quay the main stream, which runs by Lower or Little Linstead, Chediston, Halesworth, Blythford, where it is crossed by an important road, and Blythburgh.

The width of this valley as compared with the insignificance of the stream, though not a solitary instance, is to be specially remarked. The Alde is a trifurcated stream. The middle and largest branch comes from Brundish by Bruisyard and Rendham to Stratford St. Andrew's, on the road just mentioned. There are two minor affluents, one by Kelsale and Saxmundham,[1] the other by Framlingham and Marlesford. These, after passing through the land-locked water at the back of Aldeburgh, are turned southward by the accumulation of shingle along the great straggling spit of beach, and terminate their course at Hollesley Bay. Many will doubt whether this stream is rightly named. *Aldeburgh* certainly suggests another derivation, and there is no priority of antiquity in this instance.

The Deben[2] claims a higher importance, giving its name to the little town which stands near its source, as we find elsewhere. It flows by stately homes and pretty houses, Brandeston and Hoo, Letheringham, once the seat of the Wingfields, the ducal hall at Easton, Glevering and Ufford, past Woodbridge town. On the right bank enter two small tributaries joined in one, from Clopton and Ashbocking respectively. Then in a wider channel it splits the heath-covered shingly soil, and forms a little haven between Bawdsey and Felixstowe.

[1] This in the Anstis MS. is called the Fromus.

[2] Called the Deave in the Anstis MS.

Although the river on which the present county town stands has, in this respect, a certain priority, it does not drain a very large extent of ground, being rather contracted on each side by the basins of the Deben and the Stour, in this way, on a small scale, resembling the mighty Volga.

In Speed's map (1610) the right-hand stream, rising near Rattlesden, is called the Orwell,[1] the left-hand stream clearly being identical in name with the village of Gipping, near its head. After the junction of the two, both names are found in Morden's map, though Gippesvic comes from the latter. A small stream enters on the right side below Ipswich, and then the water gradually expands into a beautiful estuary, which is too well known to need a line of description here.

But the Stour is the queen of these Suffolk waters, both in respect of scenery, and area drained, which is chiefly on the Suffolk side, the basin being closely hemmed in by the Coln on the south. The upper supply comes principally from the line of chalk. More soon comes in from the Bradleys, then a bifurcated stream at Clare,[2] another brook starting from about Rede, by way of Boxstead, and a rivulet from above Groton. Then appears the considerable reinforcement of the Bret, or Breton, a three-headed stream, the middle tributary rising near Brettenham, all joining below Chelsworth,[3] and meandering down its pleasantly diversified valley past Hadleigh. Thus, at Stratford St. Mary there is a respectable body of water, widening out before Catawade Bridge is reached, soon after which place the estuary assumes good dimensions, joining the Orwell opposite Harwich.

These are the eastward-flowing streams. The Little Ouse, of which mention has been made, soon reaches the light-land country, and its banks often have the charming

[1] Ure in the Anstis MS.

[2] 'The stream through Poslingford was called Ceuxis, but more truly Clarus.'—Anstis MS.

[3] 'The stream at Chelsworth is called Walsam's river.'—Anstis MS.

peculiarity of that district, the dark-green of fir plantations and the brightness of furze-bloom being never distant from that part of its course. At Euston it is met by an affluent from Hepworth, which ornaments the Duke of Grafton's park. Below Thetford the arid sands add little or nothing, but the fall is noticeable for some distance. The banks then gradually retire and the bed deepens, the last contribution being from Lakenheath New Lode, whence, by 'Brand Creek,' the river goes as of old to Lynn, the present lines of the Great Ouse being a modern invention.

Lastly, the Lark, or Burn, and the Linnet, uniting near Bury, flow north-westerly, by Lackford, Icklingham, Barton Mills, and Mildenhall, to join the ancient Cam and Great Ouse at Prickwillow, whence the company passes on to 'Brand Creek.' But in old days their course was by Upwell and Wisbech into the Wash, near the Walpoles in Marshland. No right-bank supply reaches this channel; but on the left bank one stream rising near Barrow, and another already mentioned, called the Kennet,[1] accord their help to a strong line of county demarcation.

From a careful survey of the land to the east of Mildenhall, I am inclined to think that some at least of this body of water used to find its way into the Little Ouse by the low ground of Lakenheath Fen.

This analysis of the hydrography of the county will be found to have some value in relation to the settlements of earlier races which we shall have to consider. Access to a river-bounded district is often over bars which have been formed just below the discharge of the smaller channels into the larger, but still more frequently over gravel-beds, formed by post-glacial action, more especially should these positions happen to coincide with a narrower valley, so that marsh may not neutralize the advantage gained by shallowness. Stratford St. Mary, on the Stour,

[1] The Dale in Anstis MS. Dalham is said to be named from it.

is an instance of the former, Shotford, over the Waveney, of the latter.

On the north side the chief entrances would be by Brandon, Thetford, Rushford, Lopham Fen, Scole (the Shoal), Shotford, and Wainford (Wanneyford in old maps); on the south by Wixoe, Clare, Sudbury, Bures, Nayland, and Stratford St. Mary. Kentford and Beck Bridge, near Freckenham, directed the north-west tracks. Then southward stretched a free country, till about Moulton began the thickets of the Suffolk Woodlands, through which there were tracks into Cambridgeshire, some, no doubt, well known at the time of the Roman invasion. As to the east, the rovers of the sea could beach their boats where they pleased.

Generally speaking, there are three varieties of soil in Suffolk. Along the east coast lies a stretch of light heathy land, purple with that lovely blossom in August, all ablaze with furze-blossom at times, and never without a sparkle of it, according to the well-known saying, that 'when furze is out of blossom, kissing is out of fashion.' Then some two-thirds and more is clay, sometimes of a very stiff character, extending through 'High' Suffolk and the Woodlands to the western border. Forming a band near the north-west corner, and turning south to the Essex border, comes the great line of chalk, running from the Yorkshire Wolds to Dorset. It reaches no great elevation, 352 feet above the sea-level, near Haverhill, being its greatest altitude, and is in many places well strewn with sand and gravel. The north-west portion is called the 'breck' country, terminating in the turf-producing fens at the back of Mildenhall and Lakenheath.

Below the surface our investigations will not go beyond the chalk, the exposures whereof do not occur in the south-east corner of the county, being limited by a line from Sudbury through Ipswich to Dunwich. This great cretaceous bed is probably at least 800 feet thick on the average. The boring close to the Great Eastern

Hotel at Harwich gave 890 feet of chalk and chalk-marl; another at Combs, near Stowmarket, 817 feet of chalk.

This is the highest of the formations termed Secondary by the geologist. Next in order come those Tertiary strata which place us more in touch with the world as it now is. These were distinguished by Sir Charles Lyell into Eocene, Meiocene, and Pleiocene (the Dawn of the New, Less-New, and More-New), each in its turn further subdivided. Of the Eocene, we have a distinct exposure of the Thanet greensand round Sudbury, with further traces north of Hadleigh and near Ipswich; the mottled clays and sands of the Reading bed appear at the brick-yards of St. Helen's, Ipswich, as also at Higham, Bramford, Copdock, Great Cornard, and elsewhere between Ipswich and Sudbury; the London Clay is found in the south of the hundreds of Babergh, Cosford, and Samford, between the valleys of the Orwell and the Stour. Sometimes it may be seen in the sections of cliffs and deep-cut valleys, as in the Deben estuary and the cliffs near Orford Ness. In it such molluscs as the Voluta and Nautilus, teeth of various kinds of sharks, and the carapaces of turtles are found; but the huge saurians have no remains in the Eocene strata.

No beds of any higher Eocene or of Meiocene formation occur in the county. Where there is no London Clay the Pleiocene strata rest on the chalk.

On the London Clay, however, lies a thin stratum, not exceeding a yard in depth, containing remains of the rhinoceros, hyæna, and other creatures, including some kind of marine monster, to which the appropriate name of 'halitherium' has been given. This is called the 'Bone-bed' or 'Box-bone' Deposit, from the lumps of dark sandstone which occasionally, when broken, are found to enclose shells or organic remains. The theory is that this bed may have been formed by the break-up of earlier deposits. It lies between the estuaries of the Orwell and the Deben.

The Coralline or White Crag of the warm-temperate Old Pleiocene period, abounding in shells, some of the Mediterranean species, occupies about ten square miles round Orford. There are small outliers at Ramsholt, Sutton, and Tattingstone. Working upwards through the cold-temperate Later Pleiocene period, we have the Lower Red Crag, near Felixstowe, and the Butley Crag, which seem closely allied; the Norwich Crag, at Thorpe Ness and Bulcamp; and the Chillesford Crag.

The Lower Red Crag, of which the layers lie much aslant, as though they had been piled around islands of older coral formation, contains at its base, in addition to shells, certain lumps of phosphatic nature called coprolites—the dried-up remains of the great lizard-like creatures of these periods. Their commercial value as manure was first pointed out by the late Professor Henslow. In 1877 the amount of 10,000 tons of coprolites, at about £3 a ton, came from Suffolk alone.

As we rise from stratum to stratum, observation tells us of decrease, general though not uniform, both in temperature and sea-depth. The German Ocean dwindled till England became part of the Continent. A notable monument of this epoch is the Forest Bed, exposed along the foreshore from Kessingland by Corton and Hopton, and appearing again off the Norfolk coast. It yields a grand supply of animal fossils, as some of our summer visitors know—remains of mammoth, especially teeth; also of rhinoceros, stag, Irish elk, and other smaller creatures; fish-scales, fruit, seeds and stumps of trees.

Then came a subsidence and a shallow sea, of which we have trace in the heath-covered shingle south of the Blyth. The cold became more intense. The Lower Boulder Clay was formed, and afterwards covered by thin layers of loams, often strongly impregnated with iron. In some intervals of relaxation there was a further sheeting of interglacial beds of sand and gravel, which occupy a large area along the coast, and in the peninsulas of the south-east.

The Great Boulder Clay, which so largely predominates in High Suffolk, and is the principal element in the surface-soil of the whole county, is the outcome of the utmost rigour of cold. It is crammed with proofs of its glacial origin, jumbled together in a fashion which seems confused, but yet is in accordance with forces working according to law: iron pyrites, ammonites, and belemnites, both ordinary and pestle-formed, echini and shells of many sorts, mingled with lumps of hard stone and chalk, flints of fine blue, red, and purple tints.

Having thus endeavoured to deal with the geology of the county, we turn to the first vestiges of humanity, in the shape of those tools made of stone, while as yet the metals were slumbering in their ores. These are distinguished generally into the palæolithic, or earlier, and the neolithic, or later, implements.

Those of the palæolithic period abound on the lighter soils of Suffolk, especially in the north-west, some of which may have come from the great flint works at Grimes Graves, in the parish of Weeting, just over the border. The parishes of Mildenhall, Icklingham, Lakenheath, and Santon Downham are eminent in this respect.

In the fluvio-glacial gravel in the parish of Hoxne, overlying the Norwich Crag, which lies, as it were, banked against the chalk (possibly an old shore-line), flint weapons used commonly to be found by labourers, who called them 'fighting stones,' and used them in mending the roads. A paper, additionally interesting from its early date, was read by Mr. John Frere, F.R.S., F.S.A., before the Society of Antiquaries in 1797, on these prehistoric relics; and the discovery has been further treated of by Professor Prestwich[1] and Sir John Evans.[2]

The primitive implements called 'celts,' whether used as axes, adzes, chisels, or what not, are the most notable of these objects. Among other places, they have been

[1] 'Philosophical Transactions,' part ii., 1860.

[2] 'Ancient Stone Implements of Great Britain,' p. 516, etc.

found at Belton, Grundisburgh, Botesdale and Kesgrave.[1] I have a scraper, piercer and lance-head found at Corton some years ago by Mr. William West, of Great Yarmouth. It is impossible to be definite, save at the expense of truth, in distinguishing these handiworks into different epochs of time, though generally the advance in skill from the mere chipped and unground work of the old stone period to that of the neolithic, new or surface stone, work, cannot fail to impress the observer. The older men worked on stone by means of stone only, generally flint. Later on other substances than flint were used as tools, and the edges and surfaces were ground.

In no particular is progress more observable than in arrow-heads. They seem to have been treasured up, used as personal souvenirs or as charms, and sometimes may show themselves among fragments of Roman pottery in an unearthed dust-heap.

Though forming part of the slender personalty of earlier tribes, these objects and the like were also precious in the eyes of the first people in the district of whom written record exists. Their name, according to coins, is the *Eceni*, according to a doubtful place in Cæsar's 'Commentaries' the *Cenimagni*, according to general acceptation the *Iceni*.

Of the barrows now existing, most are of the round character, and may be assigned without much risk to this tribe. On Barnham Common may be found the imperfect remains of an important exception, a group of three long barrows, generally referred to the dolichocephalous or long-headed men, of a race earlier than these Britons.

In this neighbourhood are many of the round character on both sides of the Little Ouse, as well as further west. They occur generally near the existing main roads, the high antiquity of which as trackways is suggested by this fact. Gough records the cutting through one of these barrows, and the exposure of human bones, in making the turnpike

[1] 'Ancient Stone Implements of Great Britain,' p. 91, note.

road from Bury to Newmarket.[1] Thus also 'Seven Hills' is on the Thetford side of Ingham, on the road to Bury; 'Jennet's Hill,' not far from North Stow, between Bury and Brandon; another fine barrow is near by, between West Stow and Ingham; another, where I am informed beads have been found, is between Mildenhall and Brandon, on the left just as you pass from the open heath into the plantations; two occupy conspicuous positions in the parishes of Lakenheath and Barton Mills. Of this pair, the first is on 'Maid's Cross' Hill, and bears still the remains of a medieval cross. A little group of ragged old fir-trees marks it in that dreary neighbourhood. The other takes the highest point on the chalk, and, though very little elevated, may be seen many a mile across the Cambridgeshire country. It is easily discernible from the tower of Ely Cathedral.

Little excavation has been attempted, but one instance I feel bound to record.

In the parish of Mildenhall, near the Icklingham border, there is a group of mounds, called the Three Hills, formed in part from an excavated pit amongst them, a place where by tradition 'Oliver Cromwell' is reported to have hidden some chests of silver.

Here in the spring of 1866 some labourers, digging gravel, came upon a skeleton with horns, probably of the *Bos longifrons*, laid across his chest, a preservation from soil pressure. I was at Mildenhall at the time, and these remains were shown to me.

At Nacton, in Colneis Hundred, is a place called the 'Seven Hills,' and there appear to have been other barrows in that neighbourhood.

[1] 'In the parish of Barrow.'—'Suffolk Traveller,' p. 200.

CHAPTER II.

THE ROMAN OCCUPATION—EARLIER SECTION.

IN order that the small contribution to the history of the Roman occupation of Great Britain which is allowed in this work may have any value, it is necessary that its sources should be indicated and their reliability estimated.

The 'Commentaries' of Julius Cæsar bear the impress of truth, as plain, straightforward relations of fact, destitute of those literary attractions which give liveliness and take trustworthiness from a narrative.

The historian Tacitus was the son-in-law of the great commander Julius Agricola, and had access to sources of information which were closed to others.

Dion Cassius, who was twice Consul, was the friend of the learned and virtuous Emperor Alexander Severus. He unselfishly retired comparatively early from public life, to compile those annals which bear his name; and though much of his work has perished, fortunately we have the summaries of Xiphilinus, Patriarch of Constantinople, one of the great band of scholars in that city about the time of the Norman Conquest.

The geographical notes of Ptolemy, misinformed as he was in many points, will give some valuable hints.

Of the work called 'Antonine's Itinerary' it is difficult to speak shortly. It is not all of a piece, nor all of a time, nor does it pretend to absolute accuracy in its road-

measurements. The portion with which we have to deal seems to belong to that great survey which was made *circa* 200 by the Emperor Septimius Severus, who united with his own name that of his son Antoninus, better known to the ordinary reader by the name Caracalla.

The last of our great documentary authorities is the Survey of the Roman Empire made shortly before its final division into the East and the West, under Arcadius and Honorius, A.D. 395. It is generally called 'Notitia Imperii,' was published by Frobenius in 1552, and contains details which we should seek in vain elsewhere.

But beyond history there is the great unwieldy mass of unwritten testimony—coins and medals, pottery, traces of domestic life and colonization, roads and fords, and arguments fairly deducible from the nature of the soil and the set of the country. Inscriptions are not as yet discovered within our limits.

In endeavouring to deal with some of this matter, reducing it from a heap to a pile, it is inevitable that conflicts of opinion should arise. Finality is often denied to us in archæology, as in other matters; but, on the other hand, established views have a certain presumption in their favour, if only they date far enough back. Our medieval ancestors troubled themselves little about these things, and left a scanty legacy to their followers, the great Elizabethan labourers. These, again, were beset by difficulties of travel, preventing access to original documents and examination of localities, and often by false derivations, arising partly from the mangled form in which names of road-stations and camps were presented to them, and partly from the condition of philology in their time.

Such conclusions as we of the later days may adopt will be the more trustworthy the less they are dogmatic.

Julius Cæsar, although his operations did not extend into the East of England, has devoted three chapters[1] to

[1] 'De Bello Gallico,' v. 12-14. If we are to follow Cæsar, we must

a general description of the island. He distinguishes the aboriginal population of the interior from the settlers of Belgic extraction on the sea-board, turned from sea-rovers into agriculturists. He says of them that they generally retained the names of the states from which they had migrated. This is traceable in the Belgæ and Atrebates of South England. The island he describes as triangular, with sides facing south, west, and north respectively, the last, of course, being the coast with which we are concerned, estimated by him at 800 miles in length.

But we are confronted with this difficulty:

Kent, 'the civil'st part of all this isle,' must have been a Belgic settlement. In another place in the 'Commentaries' he speaks of the Gauls or Celts as differing from the Belgæ in language, customs, and laws. Here he says that the inhabitants of Kent differ little from Gallic custom, and he notes their numerous houses as very like those of the Gauls, without distinguishing the men of the coast from those of the interior, about whom he had information which he regarded as trustworthy. Taking into account the second-hand character of his knowledge of our coast, and the varying nature of the soil, I am inclined to infer that there were more races than one in East Anglia, these Belgic immigrants, of whatever race they might be—Teutonic, Celtic, or mixed—holding the lighter and more easily-cleared soil bordering on the sea, and those of earlier standing, analogous to Cæsar's interior aboriginals, being driven to the dense forests on the clay, or to the almost inaccessible fishing and fowling mounds in the fens and marshes.

It is to be observed that no writer of antiquity calls the inhabitants of these islands Gauls or Celts, but Britons.[1]

Our subject excludes Cæsar's campaign, for Cassivel-

regard the Belgæ on the other side of the Channel as more purely Teutonic than those on British soil.

[1] Pomponius Leta ('Compend. Hist. Rom.,' ii.) says that they were first called Britanni, and afterwards Britones.

launus, whose fortress was at Verulamium, or St. Albans, is in residence beyond our limits; but Imanuentius of the Trinobantes had been killed by him, and Mandubratius, successor to his murdered father, was taken under the direct protection of Julius Cæsar.

This tutelage obtained by the men of Essex induced other tribes to surrender to the Roman invader, among whom were, according to the common reading, the Cenimagni, possibly identical with the Iceni. The reading, however, is very doubtful, though somewhat confirmed by the after-history of the latter.

We gather some scraps of information from the coins attributed by Stukeley to Prasutagus, King of the Iceni, and his wife Boadicea, which may be styled half-barbarous imitations of Roman coinage. The portraits have no discernible identity; the reverses are rude but vigorous representations of horses or bare-backed riding, and the lettering is Roman. Of Cunobellinus, whose rule bordered on Suffolk, and possibly extended over part of it, we know nothing, save from his coins, which often bear on the reverse CAM or CAMV, being presumably minted at his capital, Camulodunum. The portraits, again, are in charming variety, and the reverses ludicrous copies of some of Augustus Cæsar. Apollo still plays his lyre, seated on a tub instead of one of the peaks of Parnassus; the Sphinx has lost her mystic air of silence, and has no more expression than a barber's block; an ear of wheat is without its beard, but is, nevertheless, notable as probably indicating some advance in agriculture as distinguished from pasture.

Imitation is the sincerest flattery, and the money of Cunobellinus and Tasciovanus is a perpetual witness to their admiration of those Greek designs which often adorn the medals of Augustus.

From Tacitus we obtain one glimpse of our side of Britain during the dark period, nearly amounting to a century, which intervenes between the invasions under Julius Cæsar (B.C. 54) and the Emperor Claudius (A.D. 43),

recorded in his 'Annals.'[1] Germanicus, nephew of the Emperor Tiberius, in his operations in Germany, suffered a terrible wreck of his fleet at the mouth of the Rhine, A.D. 16. Of the shipwrecked, 'some were thrown on the coast of Britain, and sent back by the petty chiefs; and, as is usual with men returning from a distance, they related many marvels—the force of whirlwinds, and unheard-of birds, monsters of the sea, blended forms of men and beasts, things either seen or credited through fear.' Our own coast must have shared in this reception, and this fragmentary notice reveals a chief, or chiefs, acting a friendly part towards Romans, perhaps from pity, perhaps from fear.

Thus, more by evidence than by hypothesis, we come across the wealthy Prasutagus or Brasutargus, King of the Iceni, husband of Boadicea, or, as Dion Cassius calls her, Bonduïca, for he was an old man[2] when he made his will, appointing his daughters co-heiresses with Cæsar, a few years, as it seems, before Boadicea's revolt in A.D. 62. This would make him either newly come to his chieftainship, or acting under the existing chief at the time of the shipwreck.

The failure of the testamentary scheme for the preservation of his family, through the greed of the Roman soldiers, of itself shows that there was both real and personal wealth among the Iceni. In the revolt Prasutagus, if alive, took no part. From Dion Cassius we have a spirited sketch of the well-known queen:

'She who mainly excited them and urged them to war against the Romans, their commander-in-chief, was Bonduïca, a British woman of the royal race, endowed with a more than female mind. For she collected an army of about 120,000, and ascended a rostrum made of clay after the Roman fashion. She was very tall, grim in appearance, keen-eyed, harsh-voiced, with a wealth of exceed-

[1] II. 24.

[2] 'Longa opulentia clarus.'—xiv. 31. The epithet *longus* is used in i. 8 to denote a period of forty-five years.

ingly yellow hair falling below her waist, wearing a great golden collar, with a highly-embroidered tunic, and a thick cloak fastened with a buckle over it. This was her usual dress, and on this occasion grasping a lance, so as to strike awe into all, she spoke' the conventional historical oration, to which no sort of historical value can be attached.

'Thus saying, she produced a hare from the folds of her dress, by way of divination, and when it ran auspiciously, and the whole multitude shouted with delight, then Bonduīca raised her hand to heaven, and' uttered a second speech.

'When Bonduīca had harangued them something to this effect, she led her host against the Romans, who were without a commander, because Paulinus was campaigning in the isle Mona, close to Britain. Thus she sacked two Roman cities, and wrought an incredible slaughter, as I said, and no horror was wanting to their treatment of the captives . . . which things they did in other of their sacred places, and especially in the grove of Andate, which is their name for Victory, a goddess whom they eminently honour.'

The account of the defeat of the great Queen belongs not to Suffolk, and I will leave it to its proper county the more readily because so many great pens have treated of it in poetry and prose.

In Ptolemy,[1] whose Geography dates from about the time of the Emperor Hadrian, the mouth of the Yare takes its place thus on the East Anglican coast:

	Long.	Lat.
Metaris æstuarium	20.30 :	55.40.
Garieni flu. ost.	21 :	55.20.
Extensio	21.15 :	55.6? 16.
Idumanii flu. ostia	20 :	55.10.
Tamesa æstuarium	20.30 :	54.30.

[1] Lib. ii., cap. 3. My quotations are from Sebastian Munster's edition (Basle, 1540).

However much he may have been misinformed as to the Scotch coast, imagining it to run out nearly eastward from the Forth, his account of our own shore shows practical acquaintance with its outline. The tendency of the measurements is to thrust the mouth of the Garienus northward and Extensio eastward, which tallies with the natural changes of situation, the Caister mouth being then probably regarded as the principal haven, and Lowestoft Ness having suffered curtailment in common with other points of projection. Ptolemy's degrees of longitude, it must be remembered, start from *Fortunatæ Insulæ*, which are generally regarded as the Canary Isles.

We have now to consider the *Roads* of Antonine's Itinerary, No. V. and No. IX., which pass through Suffolk.

The attention given by the Romans to their roads needs no comment, but the detail recorded in one instance may be well referred to. Among the public works carried out by the censors Q. Fulvius Flaccus and A. Postumius Albinus, B.C. 174, it is mentioned that they caused the roads in the city to be strewn with flint, and those outside the city to be sub-strewn with gravel, and bridges to be made in many places.

The author of the work, 'Antiquitas Schematibus illustrata,' who had examined the Appian Way in Crevier's time, found the gravel foundation entire. These same censors were the first who caused the roads to be margined (*marginandas*), a word which has been variously interpreted, but probably means the erection of a low stone wall each side of the road.

Considering that the work of these censors was carried out nearly six centuries after the received date of the foundation of Rome by Romulus, we cannot expect to find in so distant a country as Britain any general adherence to the excellent system referred to. Nor, again, must anything like a rigid adherence to straight lines between stations be looked for. It is needful to emphasize

this, because there is no more wide-spread error than th idea that Roman roads ran straight from town to town.

The Czar Nicholas could take a ruler in his hand, an direct an engineer to make a railway on the line rule from St. Petersburg to Moscow; but unlimited mon archy, a central position, and the absence of engineerin obstacles, are three concurrent circumstances which d not fall to the lot of all road-makers.

The constant tendency of every people has been t shorten and straighten roads, but this is a work of time Nature is not always propitious, and sometimes the right of proprietors have to be considered. An existing roa if tolerable, will hold its own for a long while, in spite o indirectness. Houses have sprung up in its vicinity, grain stores, smithies, and, above all, taverns. There are thre stations in the Antonine Itinerary called *Tribust aberni* one in Cisalpine Gaul and two in Italy, that on the Appia Way noted for its mention in the Acts of the Apostles.

Thus a good trackway on a light soil, where water woul not accumulate, might be used for years, or even centuries while immediate action would be necessary in a stiff cla country overgrown with forest and brushwood. The zig zags which are imperative in a hilly country are also im perative in a comparatively flat district where there is a occasional sharp drop, especially should there be a rive at or near the foot of it. There is also the advantage o existing fords to be consulted, and we shall find thei location a great guide to us. The detail of Iter V. run thus:

Item a Londinio Luguvallo ad Vallum ...					mpm	ccccxliii. *sic.*
Cæsaromago	...	...	...	...	mpm	xxviii.
Colonia	...	...	...	...	mpm	xxiiii.
Villa Faustini	...	...	...	...	mpm	xxxv.
Icinos	...	...	...	...	mpm	xviii.
Camborico	...	...	...	...	mpm	xxxv.
Duroliponte	...	...	...	...	mpm	xxv.
Durobrivas	...	...	...	...	mpm	xxxv.
Causennis	...	...	...	...	mpm	xxx.
Lindo	...	...	...	...	mpm	xxvi.

Segeloci	mpm xiiii.
Dano	mpm xxi.
Legeolio	mpm xvi.
Eburaco	mpm xxi.
Isubrigantum	mpm xvii.
Cataractone	mpm xxiiii.
Levatris	mpm xviii.
Verteris	mpm xiiii.
Brocavo	mpm xx.
Luguvallo	mpm xxii.

It is unnecessary for me to recapitulate the evidence as to the identity of *Cæsaromagus* with Billericay, or of *Colonia* with Colchester, or of *Camboricum* with Cambridge; but the solution of the locality of *Villa Faustini* is so acknowledged a desideratum that any attempt at this time deserves careful consideration, inasmuch as eventual benefit may arise from the most timid and tentative efforts, if only made honestly and on the lines of existing evidence.

The name, in the first place, is of an unusual type, there being only eight other similar instances in the whole of Antonine's Itinerary. Of these, seven are in North Africa, and the eighth, *Rostrata Villa*, twenty-four Roman miles from Rome, on the road to Ariminum, is identified by Lapie with S. Maria della Guardia, and by Westphal with Ostoria Nova. Besides these, there is a *Villa Pampati*, in the Jerusalem Itinerary, at the *mansio Andavilis*, or *Andabalis*, in Cappadocia, apparently some twenty-eight miles from Faustinopolis, noted for its fine breed of horses ('unde veniunt equi curules'—*Itin. Hieros.*), many of which would come clattering through the well-known pass in the Taurus to be shipped at Tarsus. Putting these instances side by side with the classical use of the word, and its probable derivation from *vicus*, as a diminutive, we should expect to find at a station bearing the name *Villa* a substantial residence of a wealthy *colonus*, with the usual adjuncts of dwellings for bailiff (*villicus*) and labourers, granaries, stables and stalls, fowl-houses, dovecots, and all other necessary farming appliances.

But, strange to say, we have in Martial's 'Epigrams' one (iii. 49) of fifty-one lines on a certain *Villa Faustini*, at Baiæ. Writing to Bassus, he contrasts the suburban primness of his friend's house with the rude plenty which reigns at that of Faustinus. Martial's 'Epigrams' were such 'household words' all over the Roman Empire that the suggestion is that some visitor to the eastern parts of Britain, beholding the jolly cheer at the house of his host, named the place *Villa Faustini*, and that the name had sticking power. Whereabouts in the Seismic Baian district Faustinus's villa lay, I suppose none can tell; I am bold enough, however, to present my readers with a metrical version of the epigram:

'The homely grange in friend Faustinus' hand,
Dear Bassus, nigh to Baiæ's gentle strand,
Knows nought of languor in its myrtle groves.
No plane-tree, widowed of the grape-vine's loves,
Or clipped box edge adorns the garden ground.
Wide and productive lie the leas around,
The genuine rustic life may here be found.

'Each corner's piled with grain-heaps, wondrous great;
The wine-jar sends forth odours delicate.
When grim November doles each shortening day,
And shivering souls expect stern winter's sway,
Late though the season be, the dresser rough
Still brings ripe clusters to the vineyard trough.
In the deep valley bulls loud bellowing stray;
The hornless calf is eager for the fray.
Lovely in plumage stalks th' untidy host,
With claws relentless, to the gardener's cost:
Here scream the jewelled peacocks, hiss the geese,
And shrieks from throats of scarlet never cease;
Here speckled guinea-fowl and partridge neat,
Here Colchian pheasants, find a safe retreat;
Struts Rhodian chanticleer, his power to prove,
Echo the airy cots with constant love
Of amorous pigeon and of waxen turtledove.
Round goody's lap throng swine, a greedy band;
The lambs, their mothers waiting, patient stand.
The frost-nipped milkmen crowd the hearth-fire clear,
Crackle the forest billets dry and sere,
The black rafters lambent flame-tongues seem to fear.

'No sallow vintner squirms relieved from toil,
No greasy wrestler spends for nought his oil,
But nets the thrush ensnare in meshes fine,
And fish hang quivering on the angler's line.
Pleased with the rustic scene, the citizen
In gardening to take his share will deign;
Fops from their airs and graces now unbend,
Meek to the bailiff's voice their ears they lend;
The pampered flunkey hoes at his command,
And contemplates with joy his hardening hand.

'Each gift of visitors their goodwill tells:
One bears the pale gold honey in its cells,
One from Sassinian glade the bowl of cream;
The drowsy dormice some a present deem.
In hamper prison'd sounds the baby voice
Of hairy kids. Anon, the gourmand's choice,
Fat capons come, a joy surpassing all.
Then too, their mothers' pride, the daughters tall
Of farmers rich with baskets trim appear,
Replenished well with wholesome country cheer.
The day's work ended, sounds the welcome call
To food and rest. Blithe throng the neighbours all.
The chins wag merrily. The viands go
Fast as the sun dissolves an April snow,
None for the morrow left. The serving-man,
Himself well filled, fills every empty can.

'To this your sparing elegance oppose.
These laurel bushes, pressed by houses close,
From window viewed, are all your wilderness.
Your wooden Priapus may rest in peace.
Your meal's from city bakery supplied.
In rattling carts your vegetables ride.
Eggs, chickens, apples, cheese, and musty foam
The several chapmen send to your spruce home.
Is this a country seat? I ween 'tis none.
A house I call it near the busy town.'

We must consider the measurements in Antonine, Route V., Britain, which have always proved such a stumbling-block. However perplexing they may be, there can be no reasonable doubt of their accuracy. All are agreed about the mileage of the three stages with which we are concerned, and the only variation is between the names *Icinos* and *Icianos* for the remaining station.

We have, then, between Colchester and Cambridge,

Villa Faustini	...	...	...	...	mpm xxxv.
Icinos	...	...	...	...	mpm xviii.
Camborico	...	...	...	...	mpm xxxv.

—according to Parthey and Pinder's text, eighty-eight miles to account for, between two places distant from each other hardly forty miles, as the crow flies.

But the zigzag character of this portion of Route V. is not unique, as the road, beginning at London and ending at Luguvallum on the Wall, takes in Colchester, Cambridge, and Lincoln. Indeed, the more direct course, in Route II., by Chester and Wroxeter, is not much straighter. Sometimes there were potent physical reasons, both these roads avoiding the dense Midland forest (Needwood, Charnwood, Sherwood, etc., of after-times); but sometimes, perhaps, the stations were purposely dispersed over the country for the better carrying out of the fiscal business which devolved on the Vicar of the Britains, himself one of the six vicarii of the Proconsul of Africa.

Our function now is to endeavour to find stations thirty-five Roman miles from Colchester and Cambridge respectively, with a distance of eighteen miles between them. I think that *Villa Faustini* may be identified with Stoke Ash, and *Icinos* with Ixworth. Precision is denied to us, firstly because the points of starting can only be defined by the names of the stations, and thus, in large places like *Colonia*, we might easily gain or lose a mile before we move an inch,[1] and secondly because all the measures are marked 'p.m.' or 'plus minus.'

However, we may regard Stratford St. Mary, the station *Ad Ansam* on Route IX., as seven English miles from Colchester. Thence to Copdock is six and a half miles; but at this point we break from the Ipswich road, keeping on the west of the river. There appear to be several fords hereabouts, and I do not feel sure of my

[1] Mr. Laver's recent discoveries at Colchester point to a spot very near Eudo Dapifer's castle as the site of the Roman Forum.

ground till we are on the Ipswich and Scole road, some ten English miles from Stoke Ash. Here we find ourselves on a peculiarly fine road, traversing a district full of Roman remains.

The twenty-three and a half miles accounted for will leave nine and a half miles between Copdock and the point which I have spoken of as ten miles from Stoke Ash, to make up thirty-three English miles between that place and Colchester. Thirty-three English miles = 174,240 English feet. This number, when divided by 4,854, the estimated number of English feet in a Roman mile, gives 35·8+, which is quite as near the xxxv. in Antonine, Route V., as we have any right to expect.

My friend and correspondent, Mr. H. Watling, of Ipswich, thus writes to me about Stoke Ash, after treating of Baylham, Coddenham, Crowfield, and Stonham, all abounding in fictile and other remains:

'Stoke Ash is decidedly the most important place, and the finest description of pottery is found here . . . just below the White Horse Inn on the same side. . . . It is a curious fact that the opposite side was devoted to burial purposes. Some vessels containing calcined bones were inverted on a square tile' (April 4, 1892). About this time the Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge, wrote an account of the find here. The position had attracted attention early in the century, when Lapie, probably from measurements only, placed *Villa Faustini* at Little Thornham, close by Stoke Ash.

I visited the place on May 30, 1892, in company with one of my sons. The spots where the fictile fragments were discovered, as related by Dr. Searle and Mr. Watling, were indicated to us, and the landlord of the White Horse brought out several coins found thereabouts, of which one bears the head of Crispus, the eldest son of Constantine the Great, with a reverse referring to Vota Vicennalia of that unhappy prince.

There are two or three possible routes from Stoke Ash to Ixworth, within a little of the recorded xviii. miles

between *Villa Faustini* and *Icinos;* but in my imperfect information about this intervening country, it would be premature to discuss them; and I address myself to the last problem, the distance of xxxv. miles between this place and Cambridge. Ixworth is situated on a nice little stream, which, flowing northward by Honington and Pakenham, and through Euston Park, reaches the Little Ouse a few miles above Thetford. Many Roman remains have been found there, and at the adjoining village of Fakenham, and the name Ixworth is certainly suggestive of the Iceni.

As Lapie places *Icinos* at Rymer-house, near Thetford, I did not wish to pass that theory unnoticed, but on visiting the place on July 28, 1892, I failed to find any confirmation of his view, and the distances would present a difficulty. Ixworth, then, with Pakenham contiguous to it, I regard as this station, and record, on the information of the Rev. C. W. Jones, Vicar of the latter parish, the find of a denarius of Tiberius in the triangle formed at the fork of the roads through Pakenham to Bury, and to Thurston Station.

The road thence to *Camboricum* I believe to be at first the old coach-road to Bury, whence I suppose it passed out by West Gate, Risby Gate suggesting a later origin, and the road by Saxham White Horse and Kentford to Newmarket, apparently having been, in part at least, made in times within Gough's memory.[1] Thence the way may have been by Chedburgh and Wickham Brook, both names containing propitious roots, to the Thurlows, so full of Roman remains; thence by West Wickham and at the south of Balsham, so as to strike into Wool Street and run for Cambridge. If anyone will take this course from Ixworth to Cambridge, he will find it not far out from the xxxv. Roman miles from *Icinos* to *Camboricum*.

But we are now beyond the confines of the county, and must turn to Route No. IX.

[1] See 'Suffolk Traveller,' p. 400.

CHAPTER III.

THE ROMAN OCCUPATION—LATER SECTION.

OUR business now lies with the Route IX. in Antonine's Itinerary, the text of which, after a most exhaustive recension of MSS. by the latest editors, stands thus:

Item a Venta Icinorum Londinio	mpm cxxviii. *sic.*
Sitomago	mpm xxxii.
Combretonio	mpm xxii.
Ad Ansam	mpm xv.
Camoloduno	mpm vi.
Canonio	mpm viiii.
Cæsaromago	mpm xii.
Durolito	mpm xvi.
Londinio	mpm xv.

A full discussion of the sites of Venta Icinorum and Camolodunum is better suited to treatises on Norfolk and Essex than to these pages. The former I take to be Norwich, and the latter Lexden, two miles on the London side of Colchester, which accords with the Itinerary. Caistor, a Roman camp near the river Tase, appears to be *Ad Taum*, communicating with Suffolk by a post-Antonine road, to which we shall have to refer. With regard to our starting-point, the arguments of Hudson Gurney and others in favour of Norwich seem unanswerable, save for the general absence of Roman remains at that city; but the recent discoveries of fictile fragments, some thumb-marked, and apparently of Romano-British

make, on the north side of the cathedral, may probably prove the precursors of others. He that stands on the grounds of Carrow Abbey, and surveys the water-protected character of that position, with the Tase in front, and the Wensum curling behind, so as to leave only the east without a river-front, will see that no more suitable position could have been chosen for a settlement by the Britons. They had, indeed, to learn at the hands of the Romans the futility of such defences against organized warfare; but for intertribal struggles Norwich must have been a place of unusual strength.

The roads are older than the record of them, and I should regard this Route IX. in the Itinerary as gradually improved from old British tracks by straighter cuts in places and bolder treatment of water-crossings. And I think that the time for earlier improvements would be that of P. Ostorius Scapula, who in A.D. 51 settled a colony at Camulodunum after the defeat of the Iceni, subdued the Brigantes of Yorkshire, and the Silures and Ordovices of Wales.[1]

Between Norwich and Lexden the distance is under fifty miles as the crow flies; but between *Venta Icinorum* and *Camolodunum* we have to account for seventy-five Roman miles, and consequently there must have been a great deflexion either eastward or westward. If we adopt the former theory, *Sitomagus* is Dunwich, and *Combretonium* is Burgh, near Woodbridge. The westward course will give us Thetford and Brettenham, near Lavenham, respectively for those stations; and this was the solution of Camden and his followers.[2] 'Sit' in *Sitomagus* he identified with 'Thet' in Thetford, assuming without any evidence the former syllable as a variety of the latter, while 'Bret' in Brettenham was undoubtedly a strong temptation for Combretonium.

[1] Tac., 'Ann.,' xii. 31, etc.

[2] Camden only identified *Sitomagus* with Thetford. William Burton in his 'Commentary on Antoninus his Itinerary' (1658), p. 229, adopts Brettenham, but in rather dubious language.

The latter spot is not to be passed over without mention. There are traces of a camp, yearly growing more faint, and about three-quarters of a mile from it is a rather commanding situation, called Castle Hill. But there seems to be no knowledge or tradition of coins, pottery, etc., found here.[1]

In the Peutinger Tabula *Convetni*,[2] which no doubt represents *Combretonium*, is close to the coast. Written against it is xv., the Antonine mileage between it and *Ad Ansam*.

Suckling's remark that the adoption of the eastward course would charge the Romans with having left the heart of the county of Suffolk unprotected may be disposed of by the fact that Route V. traversed that very district. Camden's preference for the western course has no other basis than the supposed identity of 'Sit' in *Sitomagus* with 'Thet' in Thetford. He speaks of the river Sit or Thet, but there is no other proof of the existence of the first name.

The balance of evidence seems to me to incline eastward, and such remarks as I have to make from local knowledge are based on that theory. Assuming this, let us look to the first stage. And first of all its length (thirty-two miles) is remarkable, being rarely surpassed. We have thirty-five-mile stages twice in the very obscure Iter V., and one thirty-six-mile stage on Iter XV. between *Durnonovaria* and *Muridunum*, on the road from Silchester to Exeter, and these are the only British instances in excess of the stage between *Venta Icinorum* and *Sitomagus*. And as it was undoubtedly long, so it was presumably difficult. Three rivers, the Tase, the Waveney, and the Blyth, had to be forded. On the inland side lay, for the greater part of the way, an ancient and deep forest, which also extended occasionally beyond the road on the sea side. The lighter lands on the sea side were covered

[1] The Rev. C. J. Betham, Rector of Brettenham, to the author, May 22, 1894.

[2] Various readings are *Comvretonum* and *Ad Coverin*.

with thickets and scrub, and excellent shelter was afforded to marauders, whether sea-rovers or salvagers. The character of the soil was hostile to traffic for a great part of the year, and so far as the record of Antonine's Itinerary goes, the road was no thoroughfare. I am not denying the existence of other roads out of Norwich at the time; none of them, however, were thought worthy of a place in the Itinerary. If the centurion M. Favonius, whose monument remains at Colchester, ever made the journey, he would have had occasion to contrast the stage with others, to its disadvantage.

The passage of the Waveney was the most critical point in the road, and at no place are the conditions more favourable than at Wainford, or Wanney-ford, already mentioned, there being an especially strong glacial deposit on the Suffolk side. Afterwards the name passed on to the hundred of Wangford, the ford, as a place of common concourse, being suitable for the hundred mote.

The extent of marsh is here reduced by the presence of a twofold patch of higher ground, called Pirnough Street. Below Wainford the Waveney is not fordable. On August 2, 1889, I examined the way between Ditchingham Station and the church of Ilketshall St. John's. The turns in the road at first are quite accounted for by the advantage of keeping on these patches of gravel in the marsh. The second of the two patches ends a little more than 100 yards before the first of the two present bridges; but everything here has been cut about for milling and malting. The old road ran to the east of the malt-houses, and here in 1856 were found Roman coins and a flint arrow-head.

Moreover, in 1893, two coins were discovered, one of Philip the Arabian—sen., *obv.*, IMP M IVL PHILIPPVS AVG.; *rev.*, PAX ÆTERNA, with a standing figure of Peace bearing olive branch and caduceus between the letters S C. This reverse, which seems to have indicated the Emperor Philip's discreditable peace with Sapor, resembles one of Alexander Severus, struck after a genuine

victory over the Persians. The other coin was a large brass of T. Antoninus Pius. *Rev.* SALVS . . ., a sitting figure.

Very likely, if the mill were ever to be pulled down, we might have a second edition of the Bassingbourne discovery. The gravel on the south side of the river is about 5 feet from the surface, so that the little bit of marsh could not have been very formidable. I have little doubt that the present nearly-deserted road which continues the route straight away indicates Iter IX. It is a watercourse road, and probably the Roman road lay just to the east of it, detail being thus arranged for carrying off the water. On the top of the ridge there is a well-defined double elbow, the middle about 50 yards long, quite level, and at right angles to the general course of the road. This way is described as the Packway, between Wangford Cross and Wangford Green. It seems to be an excellent instance of the method called 'double-spanning' so well known to colonists. Waggons bound for Sitomagus, *en route* perhaps for Colchester or London, would be halted after crossing the river, and a double service of beasts would be put on to tug the first waggon to this level, at the further end of which it would be left while the animals returned for the next, and so on, till the troublesome hill was worked. 'Wangford' Green, between Mettingham Castle and the slope of the hill, was all open common till the enclosure of 1817. No trace therefore can be found here, save that land between Mettingham Castle and Wainford Bridge is described as 'abutting on a certain street called Wangford Street.' I think, however, that at the north-west corner of the Mettingham Castle property the Roman road appears again, and goes away for Ilketshall St. John's Church, with another double elbow before the dip for the little stream which has there to be crossed. There are some suspicious-looking pieces of brick in the outer wall of this church. Here the road assumes its most important aspect, and begins to bear the high title of Stone Street.

The church and churchyard of Ilketshall St. Laurence, on the left of the road, stand on an artificially-raised platform. At St. Laurence's Green the road is crossed by another, leading to Rumburgh, westwardly, which westward road is called St. Margaret's Street; and eastwardly, avoiding all brooks in a truly British fashion, coming out on the piece of 'corduroy road,' described by Mr. Edwards in his pamphlet dealing with the question whether the Waveney ever reached the sea at Lowestoft. The name of Stone Street belongs to the road, even after passing the Triple Plea, when it turns towards the right for Halesworth. The farm called Harley Archer's lies on the left after this turn. Part of it is described in the title-deeds as abutting 'upon the Queen's Highway and turnpike road leading from Halesworth aforesaid to Bungay, formerly called Stone Street, or the broadway, towards the south.' Broadway Farm is on the right of the road. On the other side the road turns eastward for Holton, but the name of Stone Street no longer belongs to it, a piece of copyhold land hard by being described in the court books of the manor of Dame Margaries, in Halesworth, as situate in Holton, and 'abutting upon the common way, leading from Holton towards Stone Street.'

This, however, may have been part of Iter IX. leading down to Holton, and so by the present road, nearly parallel to the river, to Blythford. Or it may be that the road worked more easterly from the Triple Plea, by the village of Wangford—not to be confounded with Wainford. Here the names of 'Streetwalk Corner,' 'One Mile Field,' and 'King's Lane' are noticeable.

At Blythford the circumstances of crossing are most favourable. I am convinced that I thought too well of Blythburgh. For the rest of the way there would be an easy course over the heaths to Dunwich.

It appears to me that great efforts were made to deal effectively with the worst parts of the road.

Sticking in the mud time after time, between Holton and Ilketshall St. John's, and attacked by parties of

plunderers when in these straits, the great necessity was to get clear of this middle section of the stage. Hence not only was this grand Stone Street laid down, but little redoubts were thrown up at some distance from the route, not as summer camps, but rather to be occupied occasionally, when some baggage train was to pass to or from Norwich. Such was Rumburgh, a highly suggestive name. There seem to have been earthworks here, but I am not bold enough to discriminate between them and the foundations of the house of the Augustinian canons. Such was Mells, a little scarped position guarding a ford just above Blythford. Such was the little square rampart in which stands that venerable building known as the Old Minster, while Alburgh,[1] the great mounds at Bungay, and others of British origin, may have been turned to useful account. I have a first-brass Clodius Albinus dug up in Mr. Lait's garden at the 'back of the hills,' at Bungay, and a good Vespasian with incuse reverse, found near that town, is in the possession of Mr. R. Walesby.

Passing out of the first stage, we must not linger on the ruins of Dunwich, where, though the sea has destroyed the old town, Roman coins, pins, etc., are found in abundance, but pursue our journey over the little Minsmere stream at Fordley, probably by Kelsale and Saxmundham, to Stratford St. Andrew, where the name reassures us. Once more probability has to be our guide, as to the road originally passing close to Glemham Hall, and being turned northward for the improvement of that park. We leave Wickham Market on the left, and are on what looks like a British track straightened out, with Charsfield on the right and Debach on the left, till we strike into the valley of one of the Deben feeders just above Clopton, which seems to be the *Com*, or hollow, pointed out by *Combretonium*. On the east side of this little ravine stand within a very short distance of each other the churches of Clopton and Burgh; the former just to the north of a square camp, and the latter within

[1] Just over the Norfolk border.

it. Burgh churchyard is well scarped to the south and west, and at about 200 yards to the south the remains of a trench, now filled in, may be clearly seen. This, at a point east-south-east of the church, turns northward, and then between the two churches westward till it meets the scarp. The name Castle Field is still preserved, and the late Major Rouse of Woodbridge could remember the ruined walls. Here, a few years ago, a gold Roman bracelet was found, and at the further end of Clopton, in 1883, a boy named John Gardiner found a gold Roman coin, which he sold to a watchmaker in Woodbridge. Fictile remains are found strewn on the ground, and Burgh tower contains much suspicious brick. Certainly no outward sign of a Roman station is wanting in this place, and the measurements suit *Combretonium*.

Returning to the point where we first struck into this valley, we follow a road which leaves Otley Church on the right and Swilland on the left. This will bring us to Henley and Barham, near to the Orwell Valley, and by some ford we cross the stream, and find ourselves on Route V., by which we reach the next station, *Ad Ansam*, or Stratford St. Mary. There are three interpretations of this peculiar name. *Ansa* in classical Latin means a handle or clamp, and the roads and paths which meet here, then the lowest fordable point of the Stour, may have been regarded as gathered up in a handle. But *ansaria* is a low-Latin word for market produce, and the existence of Chipping Hill, or Market Hill, in Stratford parish, suggests to Mr. Coote that a British market gives the name to the station.[1] The French derivation from *ansa*, *anse*, means, among other things, a creek, which suits well with the situation.

This is the second Stratford, or paved ford, on Route IX., the first being Stratford St. Andrew, already mentioned. The well-known 'Stratford atte Bowe' is a third; and though it lies far beyond our limits, I will not leave the conjoined Routes V. and IX. without quoting what Defoe said in 1722:

[1] Coote's 'Romans of Britain,' p. 355, etc.

'There seems to be lately found out in the bottom of the Marshes (generally called Hackney Marsh, and beginning near about the place now called the Wick, between Old Ford and the said Wick), the remains of a great stone causeway, which, as it is supposed, was the highway, or great road from London into Essex, and the same which goes now over the great bridge between Bow and Stratford.

'That the great road lay this way, and that the great causeway landed again just over the river, where now the Temple Mills stand, and passed by Sir Thomas Hickes's house at Ruckolls, all this is not doubted; and that it was one of those famous highways made by the Romans there is undoubted proof, by the several marks of Roman work, and by Roman coins and other antiquities found there, some of which are said to be deposited in the hands of the Rev. Mr. Strype, vicar of the parish of Low Leyton.'[1]

The Ravenna cosmographer of the seventh century,—himself, apparently, an indifferent copier, or possessed of imperfect information—has not been happy in his transcribers. We have in him this sequence, puzzling enough:

LONDINIVM AVGVSTA
CÆSAROMAGUM
CAMVLODVLO COLONIA
DVRCINATE
DVROVIGVTO
DVROBRISIN
VENTA CENONIVM.

The suggestion is that the fourth, fifth, and sixth names have been inserted from another route, perhaps Route III. of Antonine, representing DUBRIS, DVROVERNO, DVROCOBRIVIS (Dover, Canterbury, Rochester) respectively. Whatever may be the reading of the riddle, it will add nothing to our knowledge of Roman East Anglia.

The last document which tells us of the Roman occupation is the survey entitled *Notitia Imperii*, made shortly

[1] 'Tour through the Eastern Counties' (Cassells), p. 17.

before the division of the Empire into the Eastern and Western Empires under Arcadius and Honorius in A.D. 395.

Suffolk at that time, with the exception of the coast-line, was a portion of the third province, *Flavia Cæsariensis*,[1] which included the country between the Humber and the Thames. The province was governed, as to fiscal matters, by a *Præses*, subject to the Vicar of the Britains —himself one of the six vicarii or deputies of the Proconsul of Africa. The Prætorian Prefect of the Gauls had also a jurisdiction here, which gave him the responsible position of judge in a Court of Final Appeal; and the Count of the Saxon Shore through Britain—a man *spectabilis*, though not *illustris*—guarded the Suffolk coast as a portion of the *littus Saxonicum*, which extended from Brancaster in Norfolk, to the mouth of the Adur, in Suffolk.

The Saxons were well known in these parts long before the days of Hengist and Horsa; and if anybody has found a good character for them, except as regards the purity of their women, it will be just as well to let the world have the references, for the passages at present known depict them as pirates of a terribly ferocious nature, and no less skilful seamen than desperate fighters and ruthless victors.[2] The earliest notice of them is about A.D. 285, when in conjunction with the Franks they were ravaging the northern coast of France. The noted Carausius was set to look after them, but allowed them to enrich themselves with plunder that they might be the better worth handling afterwards—a piece of management which led to a decree for his execution, and a temporarily successful assumption of the purple by him, as a preferable course.[3] In him we see in fact, though not perhaps in title, the first recorded Count of the Saxon

[1] 'Not. Imp.,' *in loc.*

[2] Paull. Diac., xi. 3; Amm. Marc., *ut infra;* Claudian, 'Sidon. Apollin.,' viii. 6; Salv. Gab., iv. 14.

[3] Eutrop., ix. 13.

Shore. We learn from Ammianus Marcellinus of one Nectaridius, Count of the Maritime District, who is killed in a general uprising of the barbarians in A.D. 368, of the defeat of these insurgents in the following year near 'London, an ancient town which men of the latter days have called Augusta,' of a fresh assault of sea-rovers in the year after that on the Count Nannenus, and of their destruction during a truce—perfidious, but excusable in its perfidy, in the historian's opinion—arranged by Severus, Count of the Body-guard to the Emperor Valentinian[1].

The nature of their keels is so preserved to us as to prove the penetrating power of these flat bottoms, and to suggest to us how often the crushed remnants of the Iceni or the settling military colonists had been wont to plunge themselves into inaccessible woods, and caves in the scrub, when the accursed snake-like head of the pirate craft had been reported as making for the shore.

We must say a little about the staff of the Count of the Saxon Shore. That so wide a jurisdiction should have required a lieutenant is only natural. This officer, called *Princeps*, came from the Count's Chief, who is called the Master of the Foot-guards in the West. The revenue-officers are styled *numerarii*, or reckoners. From what we can learn from other sources, they were an objectionable set of men, as several of the emperors put forth rescripts to restrain their pride, greediness, fraud, and sloth. If they were suspected of falsifying their accounts, they might be tortured by a kind of rack called the horse, and when their time of office was up they were to wait awhile in their provinces to answer any charges which might be brought against them. Nor does the Superintendent of Prisons (*Commentariensis*) show up better. He is especially ordered to bring up for trial no abject and base person in place of the real prisoner. Another officer is called the *Regerendarius*. I can find nothing about him, but suppose from the form of the word that his business was to block out fresh work, arrange expeditions, etc.

[1] Amm. Marc., xxvii. 8; xxviii. 5.

Another surprise for the general reader will be to find shorthand writers (*singulares*) on the Count's staff. They were so called from writing each word with one mark, instead of using letters. These marks were called *notæ*, and thus the shorthand writers were called *notarii* as well as *singulares*. Hence our 'notary.'

The nine stations of the Count of the Saxon Shore were Brannodunum, Gariannonum, Othona, Regulbium, Ritupiæ, Dubri, Lemanni, Anderida, and Portus Adurni, of which only the second, Gariannonum, known as Burgh Castle, is in Suffolk, where a Provost (*Præpositus*) of Stablesian horse was posted. We find these Africans also at Pelusium, in the Delta of the Nile, and in Scythia and Mœsia. They would have a busy time of it, scampering over the country when a small party of pirates appeared, and rearing their turrets and preparing for a siege in case of a more serious irruption.

The dimensions of this camp are, internally, 620 feet by 383 feet, and the average height is from 14 to 15 feet, according to measurements made by me September 13, 1886.

The question at once arises as to whether Burgh Castle originally had four walls, or was protected on the west-north-west side by what was then an arm of the sea. To this question Mr. Harrod's labours were largely directed by desire of the late Sir John Boileau, to whose spirit the preservation of this splendid monument is due.

The opinion of those who denied the existence of a fourth wall was defended on the ground that the sea would form an adequate protection at the back. No doubt the whole of the marsh might be flooded at an exceptionally high spring tide, or under the influence of a north-westerly gale, or by heavy freshets, or by a combination of these causes; but a dry, still season and the absence of unusual tides would bring about a different state of things; and, indeed, the most unfavourable condition of the marshes would offer no fatal obstacle to the pirates who swarmed up the estuaries and creeks of this

part of the country. On this ground there is really no presumption against the hypothesis of a fourth wall. Rather, the existence of a British tumulus on the spot where Norwich (Thorpe) Station now stands, and the salting mound just above the present average water-level in Herringfleet, would favour the idea that there has been but little change in that level since the days of Roman occupation. But Mr. Harrod's excavations went to the extent of affording strong positive evidences as to the fate of the fourth wall. The ragged ends of both north and south walls and the broken bonding courses convinced him that both walls must have been extended beyond their present terminations, and thus he was led, at his first visit in 1850, to make a series of trenches on the low ground to the west, separated by a hedge from the present path leading to the cement works. He began nearly opposite to the Prætorian Gate, but a little further to the north, and worked steadily southward. Very little reward he met with at first—broken mortar, loose flints, and fragments of tiles; but in one place he found a layer of flints placed on the clay, with a thin covering of gravel sifted over them. One of Sir John Boileau's gardeners, James Kettle, drew Mr. Harrod's attention to this, as the same thing had been observed in the foundations of a small building within the walls, to be noticed presently. But this faint indication of the foundation of a wall was soon excelled by that which was found in the trench numbered 3. Here, 4 feet below the surface, a fragment of the wall was reached, which in its fall had retained its continuity. Penetrating a little below this, a number of oak piles about a foot apart were discovered. On these the walls had originally rested, and further investigations in the trench No. 1 showed the piling precisely in the line of foundation indicated in the other trenches. The piles, Mr. Harrod tells us, 'were about a foot apart, and had clay, chalk stones, mortar, etc., very firmly rammed in between them to the depth of about 18 inches, after penetrating which space black mud

was thrown out, speedily followed by the water, which then rose a little above the top of the piling, and, as I judge, to the level of the water in the adjacent drains.' The obvious difficulty of carrying out extensive diggings in such a position as that of the footpath below the camp prevented Mr. Harrod's inquiries from being pushed much further. In one trench, marked 15 on his plan, a solid mass of mortar was found 7 feet below the footpath, but the hole had to be filled up, and from that day to this no further excavation has been made on that special spot.

Where, then, is the west wall? Its fragments have doubtless been dispersed over the vicinity of the camp. Some, perhaps, underlie the oozy bed of the Waveney, or even of Breydon. Some may be looked for in the farm-buildings, cottages, or in the walls of the parish church of Burgh Castle. Much, very likely, has been ground to powder on the roads of the Lothingland Hundred. But Mr. Harrod's investigations will carry conviction to most minds that at Burgh Castle, as at Richborough, the camp originally had four walls.

The characteristic

> 'Indurate flint, and brick in ruddy tiers
> With immemorial lichen frosted o'er,'

require no notice here; but it may be a question whether the overhanging of the walls is not to a certain extent intentional, and the higher level of the ground inside the camp is to be remarked.

Six cylindrical bastions remain, of which one on the west side has fallen,

> 'Undergnaw'd by years.'

The diameter is about 14 feet, and only the upper part is at all bonded with the walls, which circumstance suggests that the bastions were built at a time between the commencement and the completion of the walls. Down the middle of each is a round hollow space, apparently for

the insertion of the centre timber of a temporary wooden turret, to be raised in case of an attack upon the camp.

Adjoining the west wall was a room, 16 feet 6 inches square, the foundation resting on a layer of flints with fine gravel sifted over them, as described above. The flue formed by the usual flanged tiles was found, with some indications of a furnace.

On each side of the Prætorian Gate the remains of a wall were discovered, turning inwards at right angles to the main wall. Mr. Harrod conjectures this to be merely intended to keep the roadway clear of earth. No other discoveries were made hereabouts, save a narrow trench just within the gate, apparently for the reception of a wooden threshold; but Mr. Harrod expressed his conviction that he was wrong in not digging to a greater depth, and in adhering too closely to a straight line.

Roman roads not recorded are of course more hypothetical than those of which we have treated, but as two centuries elapsed between Antonine's Itinerary and the recall of the legions, much development of traffic must have taken place during that period. From Stoke Ash a gravel road goes northward by Scole, Dickleburgh and Long Stratton to the great camp *Ad Taum* at Caistor, near Norwich. Those who work at the pick and shovel on this road say that there is a great difference in its character north and south of Stoke White Horse. The road from this point to Eye, connecting two villas, can hardly escape being Roman. The roads from Norwich to Felixstowe; from Woodbridge to Debenham by Burgh; from Stratford St. Mary by Hadleigh, another, to Ixworth and Thetford; 'Stone Street'; from Thetford by Barton Mills to Newmarket, the old coach-road; from Brandon to Mildenhall, and thence into Cambridgeshire; from Bury St. Edmunds—which, though forbidden to be *Villa Faustini* by the measurements, must still have been an important centre before it was *Beodricesworth*—to Stowmarket and to Sudbury; and pieces of coast road—these and others suggest their

origin, but this is all that we can expect of them. We have notes of villas at Eye, Great Thurlow, Coddenham, West Row in Mildenhall; hoards of coins at Undley in the parish of Lakenheath, at Cardale Head in the parish of Eriswell, at Stowlangtoft, Ickworth, Felixstowe and a great many other places; strigils at Covehithe and Great Thurlow; bronze ornaments at Icklingham, where the discoveries are more than we can here record; and surveyors' shafts at Felixstowe and Covehithe. Roman Suffolk, however, would require a treatise by itself, in spite of the poverty of the county in inscriptions.

CHAPTER IV.

EARLIER SAXON TIMES.

FROM the recall of the legions to the foundation of the kingdom of East Anglia, we are left much to the guidance of that alluring but untrustworthy companion —Imagination.

The country could hardly have been deserted of man for more than a century and a half. Yet the discovered hoards of coin tell of those who neither returned nor told others of these treasures in earthen vessels. It may be that the remnants of British blood and the numerous half-breeds began to occupy places abandoned by the rulers of the world; wheat, so long known to Suffolk, even from prehistoric times, when looked after, grew as kindly for them as for their predecessors; to cattle it recked nought for whom they grazed and were slaughtered; and the sports of the chase do not diminish as civilization retires. A hardy, sparse population would manage to pick up a living. Enough justice to prevent mutual destruction would be meted out in an irregularly patriarchal form. Pottery deteriorated, roads fell into a bad way; but the *Numerarius* had disappeared, and the struggle for existence against the wild powers of nature was not so much embittered by the visits of the man with the ink-horn, or the summons to send *vectigalia* to *Villa Faustini* or *Combretonium*. Whatever may have been the condition of our predecessors at that time, we find no

trace of any resistance offered by them to the formation of the kingdom of East Anglia by the second Uffa *circa* A.D. 575.

Uffa and his son Tytil are mere names to us. Redwald, next in succession, certainly permitted the preaching of Christ within his realm, but his personal convictions were not to be depended upon. He was baptized at Canterbury under the eye of Ethelbert of Kent; but, according to Bede,[1] he resembled the Samaritans of old,[2] in attempting to unite the worship of Christ with that of his old gods. His sons, Erpenwald and Sigebert, come before us as earnest propagators of the Faith. The former was assassinated by a pagan named Richbert, after three years' reign; but the latter, undaunted by his half-brother's fate, as soon as he became King, invited to his kingdom the great apostle of the East Angles, St. Felix the Burgundian. During the three years' interregnum ensuing on Erpenwald's murder, Sigebert had sojourned in Burgundy, where he had been instructed and baptized, and whence he summoned one of the most eminent of his teachers to grapple with the work of Christianizing his people.

The arrival of the Burgundian apostle was followed, after a lapse of at least four years, by his consecration at the hands of Honorius, Archbishop of Canterbury.[3] His labours, arduous as they must have been, included the organization of a school, probably at Dunwich, which he furnished with masters and teachers after the manner of Kent, whence he had lately come.[4] The church at Babingley, close to Sandringham, is dedicated to him. Here the 'Christian hills' are by tradition associated with his preaching. The two Flixtons and Felixstowe still preserve his name. The German Ocean has, indeed, swallowed up all material evidence of his life at Dunwich, his see; but one venerable structure remains—the 'Old Minster,' as it is called, close to South Elmham Hall, not

[1] Bede, 'Eccl. Hist.,' ii. 15.
[2] 2 Kings xvii. 41.
[3] Honorius succeeded Justus in A.D. 634.
[4] See Bede, 'Eccl. Hist.,' iii. 18.

to be passed over in connection with the first East Anglian Bishop.

Deeply imbedded in foliage, and only to be reached through byways, in one of the remotest corners of Suffolk, stands that remarkable mass of rubble which represents the toil and hardship of these early preachers of the Word. As elsewhere, whether in the county or out of it; whether at *Combretonium*, Burgh, near Woodbridge, and Ilketshall St. Laurence; at *Delgovicia*, Goodmanham in the East Riding, Porchester, Dover, or many other places, the enclosure, which apparently dates from the Roman period, to judge from its rectangular form, consisting of a low mound and shallow foss, becomes the *Llan*, the τέμενος, the God's Acre, as we regard it from a Keltic, Greek, or Teutonic point of view. In this spot, to which allusion has already been made, may be seen the 'Old Minster,' 104 feet long and 33 feet wide, with its semicircular apse, and that most rare feature in church remains, the *narthex*. Entering the building by the west doorway, the visitor finds himself confronted by a wall only occupying the middle of the building, and leaving access by wide openings into the nave on the north and south. In larger and more stately buildings there was an ante-temple or outward *narthex*, where lustrations were performed, emblematical of that purity of soul without which no worship is acceptable, where also the dead were often interred. The word *narthex*, which, like *canon*, signifies a reed, became used for any oblong space,[1] and in particular for that space at the entrance of a church which was reserved for hearers who were allowed to stand and listen to the psalms, lessons, and sermon, and then dismissed without joining in the prayers or receiving the benediction. The openings into the nave are called by later Greek writers the *beautiful* and the *royal* gates.

With regard to the apse or bow at the east end, it seems to have become a feature in churches after so many basilicas, partly temple, partly law-court, partly exchange,

[1] See note in Bingham, 'Antiq.,' book viii., chap. iv.

passed into Christian hands in Constantine's time. We know from Justin Martyr that in earlier days the Eucharist was celebrated in the body of the church, and that there was much of that unseemly crowding about which St. Paul complained.[1] The raised space within the apse of the basilica carried its own recommendation for the avoidance of this scandal, and from the *cancelli*, or rails which stood in front of it, comes our word 'chancel.'

The comparison of this building with known specimens attests its ante-conquestal character; boulder stones and flints alone are used, even the arches and angles being formed of them, and there is no trace of ashlar throughout the whole structure. The orientation is true. There are thought to be some rudiments of a tower; in the walls are sundry holes which do not sufficiently correspond to enable us to regard them as used for scaffolding; Roman urns are recorded to have been dug up at no great distance. These fragmentary notices of one of the earliest Christian buildings in Great Britain are meagre enough, but comprise nearly everything that can be said about it.

To Sigebert also we owe the residence of St. Fursey, as well as the coming of St. Felix. That Irish missionary, in his travels, was kindly received at the East Anglian monarch's Court, where he made many converts, and confirmed in the faith those who already believed. After a time, feeling his strength to be failing, he desired to establish a monastery before his death. Sigebert had granted him a site at a place called Cnobheresburg, in a camp surrounded by woods, and pleasant from its nearness to the sea, not hard to identify with Burgh Castle, the *Gariannonum* of the Counts of the Saxon Shore. Here he had many visions of the other world, which he did not relate publicly, but only to those who sought him out from desire of reformation of life. Afterwards he quitted all the business of this world, and even his monastery, becoming an anchorite. When the irruption of the

[1] 1 Cor. xi. 17, etc.

pagans appeared to threaten destruction to what was dear to him, he retired to France, built a monastery at Lagny, near Paris (*Latiniacum*), where his body was said not to have seen corruption.

Attracted by the calm of monastic life, and perhaps by the visions vouchsafed to St. Fursey, Sigebert retired to a monastery of his own founding at Beodricesworth, afterwards Bury St. Edmund's. Egric, his successor, however, became embroiled with that old pagan, Penda, King of Mercia, who, according to William of Malmesbury, hated peace worse than death, and as the East Anglian soldiers would hear of no leader but Sigebert, the peaceful cell had to be abandoned for the camp. Bearing only a wand, the ex-King appeared at the head of his troops, and perished with Egric at the hands of the Mercian idolater in A.D. 642, probably in the bounds of East Anglia, but where is unknown.

By this time the good Felix and his successor, Thomas the Deacon, who seems to have been a Fenman,[1] had gone to their rest, and Bregilsus Bonifacius[2] was Bishop of Dunwich.

The new King, Ina, or Anna, son of Eni, no less odious to Penda than his predecessors had been, fell in battle at the field of Bulcamp (*bellus campus*), now in the parish of Blythburgh, in A.D. 654 or 655. It is thought, not unreasonably, that his capital was Norwich; that Conisford (Kingsford) Ward, which stretches down to Trowse, already mentioned, is named from him; that his progress to his last battlefield was mainly along the Roman road, Ant. IX., already mentioned; and it is quite possible that King's Lane in Henham is on the line of march. His tomb, doubted by Kirby, is shown in Blythburgh Church; but the later dates of the monument and of the church which enshrines it are no valid grounds for rejecting the tradition, the stone being renewable in the

[1] 'Ex Girviorum proximia oriundus.'—William of Malmesbury.

[2] A fragment of his name remained in my memory in some fifteenth-century glass in Blythburgh Church.

Middle Ages in the same spirit in which James I. placed the memorial to Ethelred I. in Wimborne Minster. On the field of battle now stands the partially-filled Union Workhouse of the Blything Hundred. I am not aware that much has been discovered at this spot. Some of the bodies of the slain may have been removed to Blythburgh, for in 1758 and in 1851 great numbers of bones were discovered near the site of that priory. One circumstance in the later discovery, the interment of bodies with their feet eastward and westward alternately, may have been in mockery of the usual custom in Christian burial. The body of Firminus, whom some speak of as Anna's son, and others as his brother, is said to have been removed to Bury St. Edmund's.

'Cast down, but not destroyed,' are words which may well be applied to Christianity at this time. Penda and Ethelhere, Anna's successor, fell the next year at 'Winwidfield,' near Leeds, fighting against Oswy of Northumbria. Penda's son Peada brought his people over to the Faith. Of Ethelwald, Ethelhere's and Anna's brother, Bede[1] relates that he received from the font Swithelm, King of Essex, after his baptism by St. Chad, at Rendlesham. When Aldulf became King of the East Angles in A.D. 664, the Metropolitan See of Canterbury had just fallen vacant, nor did it receive its head for four years, when the great Theodore of Tarsus was promoted to the Primacy by Pope Vitalianus. Even then the arrival of the new Archbishop was delayed for eighteen months, but it was worth the delay. A vigorous administrator, a great patron of learning, his tenure of office for twenty years and more was marked by consolidation and progress. Parishes were now organized, landowners stimulated to church-building, provision for the clergy recognised, and their characters simultaneously improved. In all these and other good works he found in Aldulf of East Anglia a cordial coadjutor. The Synod of Hertford, in A.D. 673, with much other matter on hand, under-

[1] 'Eccl. Hist.,' iii. 22.

took the division of the East Anglian see into two. Bisi, the old Bishop, remained at Dunwich, a second see being formed at Elmham. And now the question arises, Which Elmham, North in Norfolk, or South in Suffolk? Something is to be said on each side. The North folk were obviously important enough to have a bishop to themselves. There had been flourishing settlements all over the county, from Walpole to Caister-next-Yarmouth, from Baconsthorpe to Brettenham, in the Roman period; nor is it likely that so fair a territory should have fallen entirely out of shape. Roman remains have been found at North Elmham, and the entrenched mound there has been episcopal property from time immemorial. Hither retired John de Grey in the troubles of King John's reign, and the remains of the palace of the fighting Bishop Spencer, formerly well known, have of late been brought more extensively to light. On the other side it must be borne in mind that the progress of Christianity was far too variable for us to expect any symmetrical ordering of sees. Lichfield, only seventeen years old, was then the sole cathedral of the midlands from the German Ocean to Wales, for Dorchester in Oxfordshire had been abandoned, and Sidnacester not yet formed; while, on the contrary, Wales was well manned, and London, Canterbury, and Rochester were within easy distance of each other. If Bishop Spencer lived at North Elmham, so we shall also find him at South Elmham. It may be that the establishment of a see at the latter place was all that was at the time possible, while the tide of paganism, so late at the flood, was slowly ebbing from the borderland of the Waveney Valley. *Adhuc sub judice lis est.* It is hardly for us to determine so vexed a question.

The change from darkness to light, as the great law of love took the place of the merciless worship of the gods of war and conquest, must have been of a most startling nature. What was destroyed needs not to be recapitulated, and what took its place, thank God! we still have. Yet one point in the old worship, the

reverence in which the ash was held, may receive a brief notice, emphasized as it is by some of our existing names of villages. Though the detail of the Yggdrasil, or mystic ash, comes to us from a Scandinavian source, yet it is so intermingled with the myth of Odin, the great god common to the Teutonic race, and the ash is of such frequent occurrence in Angle and Saxon names and words, that it claims an earlier notice than would be accorded to it by Danish invasions. Yggdrasil is at once the Tree of Life and the Tree of Knowledge, with roots reaching to the abode of the Old Dragon, to the Fountain of Wisdom and to the Seat of Judgment. With regard to Odin, as he, Hæner and Loder were walking by the sea, they found an ash and an elm, whereof they made the first man and woman, Ask and Embla.[1] With this double importance attached to *Fraxinus excelsior*, which successive bands of Teuton rovers must have been delighted to find indigenous to British soil, it is not surprising to find the name attached to localities in a way peculiar to itself. Ashfield, indeed, is of itself no more noteworthy than Oakley or Elmsett; but Campsey Ash, known simply as Ash, is very near Route IX. in Antonine's Itinerary, and Badwell Ash seems to accord with that part of Route V. which has been spoken of as lying between Stoke Ash and Ixworth. With these may be compared Ash-next-Sandwich, close by Route II., which ends at Richborough. The suggestion is that near these great roads the sacred tree was planted, and there would courts, first tribal and then local, be held. Ash Bocking, which also was called simply Ash, is possibly another instance. Other detail of Teutonic worship may be sought for in the many treatises on the subject.

After King Aldulf's death in A.D. 683, there followed in succession Elfwulf, Beornred, Ethelred, and Ethelbert. There is little to be said about any but the last, who was

[1] See the article 'Scandinavian Mythology,' by Professor Rasmus Andersen, in Chambers' 'Cyclopædia,' 1892.

assassinated near Hereford while at the Court of the Mercian Prince Offa. This murder seems to have been committed in A.D. 793, and the seizure of the vacant throne without delay by Offa brought great suspicion on him. But Offa and his house soon came to nought, and another Offa, chosen by those who had been driven out of the land by the usurper's tyranny, appears to have spent a long reign in struggles, first with Mercia, and afterwards with the Danes. The history of this time, however, must be received with caution, for there are serious discrepancies to be reckoned with, and Gaufridus de Fontibus, whose detail is very full, is separated from the time by more than three centuries. In this perplexity we record with some diffidence that Offa of East Anglia, seeking an heir, made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, visited on the way a relative named Alcmund in Saxony, adopted his son Edmund, and died on board ship in the Hellespont as he was returning home. We have a plethora of wonderful stories about Edmund, the Martyr-King, which may be read by those that will in a florid biography of the saint,[1] who was endued with every possible virtue, and, according to a most reliable frontispiece, wore a fringe, was remarkably neat in apparel and hosiery, and generally resembled a pretty school-girl of sixteen summers.

His struggles against the Danes, however, were a grim reality, whoever he may have been, and whatever he may have been like. And this brings us to say a few words about that race.

There seems to have been a superabundance of sea-rovers. While some were thus settling down into decent Christian folk, digging their 'hales' or moats, breaking up the stubborn glebe, slowly clearing forest and scrub, and rearing cattle, sheep, swine, and poultry, others were constantly growing up, over-populating their districts, and being shipped off to take their chance over the water rather than to remain a burden to the already hard-

[1] 'Saint Edmund,' by the Rev. J. B. Mackinlay, O.S.B., 1893.

pressed home. Who the Danes were let those say that know. Dudo of St. Quintin, whose book Camden found in John Stowe's library, describes their horrible custom on driving out those of their youth who were chosen by lot to cut out their fortunes with the sword:

'When they were ready to be dispatched away, their custom was to sacrifice to Thur, the god whom they anciently worship'd; not with sheep, or oxen, but with the blood of men. This they looked upon as the most precious of all sacrifices: and after the priest had determined by lot who should dye, they were barbarously knocked on the head with yokes of oxen, and kill'd at one stroak. Each of them who were to die by lot, having their brains dash'd out at a single blow, were afterwards stretch'd on the ground, and search was made for the fibre on the left side, that is, the vein of the heart. Of this they us'd to take the blood, and throw it upon the heads of such as were designed for a march: and imagining that this had won the favour of the gods, they immediately set to sea, and fell to their oars.'

Ditmarus, of somewhat greater antiquity than Dudo, adds some ghastly particulars:

'But because I have heard strange things of the ancient sacrifices of the Normans and Danes, I would not willingly pass them over. There is a place in those parts, the capital city of that kingdom call'd Lederun, in the province of Selon. There they meet once every nine years, in January, a little after our twelfth day, and offer to their gods 99 men, and as many horses; with dogs and cocks for hawks; being fully persuaded (as I observed before) that these things were most acceptable to them.'

The first reliable notice we have of the Danes is in A.D. 787, when, according to the Saxon Chronicle, in the days of Brithric of Wessex, three ships of Northmen came, out of Hæretha-land. Seven years afterwards they destroyed the church at Lindisfarne, and in the next year the monastery founded by St. Columba on Raghlin Island, on the north-east coast of Ireland. The distract-

ing feuds of the Saxons and Angles prevented any united resistance to these Scandinavian invaders.

In A.D. 823 a King of the East Angles joined a general alliance under Egbert against the men of Mercia, and to them is assigned the death of Beornwulf, King of Mercia. The Danes, of course, profited largely by this condition of things. As this internecine struggle went on they became more bold, and, in spite of sharp rebuffs, repeated their desolating visits, not only along the old Saxon shore, but as far north as Lincolnshire, and as far west as Dorset.

In A.D. 851 they wintered in Thanet for the first time, and four years afterwards in Sheppey. Just about this date began St. Edmund's reign, for, according to Asser, he ascended the throne, a mere boy, on Christmas Day, A.D. 855, and was crowned by Bishop Humbert of Elmham a year afterwards.

Perplexity again awaits us as we enter on the quarrel between Edmund and the Danes. Who Lothbroc was, whether identical with Ragnar of that name, whether the name means 'hateful brook,'[1] or 'leather breeches,'[2] or what not, which of half a dozen versions of spelling should be adopted, whether he taunted his sons with the prowess of Edmund, whether he was put into a dungeon with snakes, or murdered by Beorn the Hunter out of jealousy in the forest of Heglesdune or Hoxne, must remain among things not generally known.

For some cause or other, Hingvar and Ubba, sons of Lothbroc, backed by the King of Denmark, burst upon the east coast of England with a host of 20,000 men in the year 865. They were driven on the coast of Northumbria first, but, unsated by slaughter and devastation, Hingvar made for Norfolk and Suffolk. Bearing his terrible standard of the Raven, he harried the East Anglian sea-board with constant depredations, in spite of the defeats which Edmund and his people managed to inflict upon their foes. Twice the Angle King narrowly

[1] 'Odiosus rivus.'—Gaufridus de Fontibus. [2] Leland.

escaped capture, once at Barnby, where his local knowledge enabled him to use a ford[1] unknown to his enemies, and once at Framlingham, where a weak part of the castle walls is said to have been disclosed by one of his old pensioners, who had fallen into the hands of the Danes. For a time the invaders were occupied in Mercia and Northumbria. After the winters of 869 and 870 they turned their steps again south-eastward. Bardney, Crowland, Thorney, Medeshamsted,[2] Ramsey, and Ely in turn yielded to their wild fury. Sword and fire only seemed to whet their fell appetite by indulgence. Crossing from Ely to Stuntney, they had an unobstructed march on Thetford, which soon shared the fate of the other towns. At length, on the heaths south of Thetford, they encountered the young Christian King, whose character and faith were equally objects of their hatred and scorn. Surely the words of the Saga about Ringmere, a few miles over the Norfolk border, may be applied to this struggle on the ground where now the parishes of Thetford St. Mary and Barnham join :

'On the wild heath
The chime of war.
Sword striking shield
Rings from afar.
The living fly ;
The dead piled high
The moor enrich ;
Red runs the ditch.'

No permanent mark of the struggle remains, save, perhaps, that not far off is the base of one of those wayside crosses which showed the pilgrims' track to St. Edmundsbury or Walsingham. The scream of the stone curlew and the broken whistle of the lapwing still ring in a weird fashion in the ears of those that pass that way. The rabbit's active feet construct his tunnels among the furze, which often takes toll in the shape of tufts of

[1] Said to be called Bernford, because by it he escaped from Bern.
[2] Now Peterborough.

his gray or white fur. The wheatear lays her greenish-blue eggs and brings off her young brood. No longer, indeed, does the stately bustard stalk over these broad stretches of free warren, and show that glory of fawn colour which England is never like to see again save in museums. Otherwise all is unchanged, and no great effort of the imagination peoples the scene with Dane and Angle met in mortal fray.

According to Abbo of Fleury, Hingvar first sent a message to Edmund, then at Hoxne, inviting submission, which the King refused, in spite of the counsel of Bishop Humbert; then an indecisive battle took place, and Edmund retired on Hoxne. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle mentions but one battle in which the Danes, under Ingwair and Hubba, 'got the victory and slew the King.' The story of the discovery of the King under the 'Golden Bridge' at Hoxne, through the flash of his golden spurs, rests on local tradition only, and may be dismissed, together with an equally popular legend, witnessed to by many a medieval carving,[1] of the wolf which guarded the saintly head. Abbo tells us of this, and of the voice which proceeded from the head, 'Here, here, here,' guiding the searchers to the right spot. Butler adds a pillar of light, emanating, apparently, from his inner consciousness; and some picturesque imaginings are to be found in a later writer,[2] all pointing to the cumulative instinct when the wondrous is related.

What seems to rest on a substantial basis, the martyrdom at Hoxne, confirmed by the flint arrow-head discovered in an old oak which was felled near the traditional place of the King's death, and the subsequent interment at Bury St. Edmund's, is intermingled, as usual, with contradictory and extravagant tales. The narrative, however, which represents the martyr-King as shot to death by arrows, the English representation of St. Sebastian, has a just demand on the historian, and has never failed of recognition.

[1] *E.g.*, at Fressingfield. [2] *Black and White*, February 6, 1891.

CHAPTER V.

LATER SAXON TIMES.

FOR some half a century East Anglia remained in the hands of the Danes, and of such as they suffered to continue in their possessions. The proverbial happiness of those without annals cannot be claimed for these parts. The little glimpses afforded to us by the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle are not bright. If we may judge by the analogy of Northumbria, lands were portioned out and tilled.[1] As settlement went on, fresh bands from the teeming population of the home country were invited over,[2] and in all parts of England the struggle with the Danes was carried on with little intermission. In A.D. 885 King Alfred, who had relieved Rochester from its besiegers, sent his fleet on to East Anglia. At the mouth of the Stour it encountered and defeated sixteen ships of pirates, but suffered defeat immediately afterwards, at the hands of a larger fleet. Next year he repaired to London, and received the submission of all the English, 'except those who were under the bondage of the Danish men,' and before long he had six hostages from the East Angles, by whom we must understand Danes settled in East Anglia. Nevertheless, they as well as those from Northumbria were constantly taking hostile action in concert with their brethren, using the ports of Norfolk and

[1] In Northumbria in A.D. 876.

[2] See Anglo-Saxon Chronicle for A.D. 921.

Suffolk as places of retreat in case of being hard pressed. Thus we read that after a desperate fight on the South coast in A.D. 897, the single ship which escaped of the Danish six came to East Anglia, the men being sorely wounded. In 901 the Great Alfred died, and his cousin-german Ethelwald seized the castle at Wimborne Minster in Dorset, but on the approach of Alfred's son, Edward the Elder, as near as Badbury Rings, he retired to the Northumbrian Danes, who received him as King. This renegade Saxon encouraged the men of Norfolk and Suffolk to a general raid in Mercia. Edward followed them as far as the dikes of Cambridgeshire on their return, dealing retribution on their own lands.

The Kentish men in his army disobeyed the order for a general retreat, and somewhere in this district they attacked the Danes, but were unable to drive them from the field. The slaughter was great on both sides, but greater among the Danes, who lost both their kings, Eohric of East Anglia and the traitor Ethelwald. This was in the year 905. Edward's necessities compelled him to make peace with their army in the next year, a peace which seems to have been the endurance of unavenged injuries. At last, after serious reverses at Tempsford and at Maldon, the army of East Anglia, in the year 921, swore union with Edward, who died King of England, shortly after the fruition of his struggles, four years afterwards. 'The land had rest (comparatively) forty years' and something more.

Then set in slowly and irregularly a kind of granulation, if we may use a comparison from the healing of a wound. Dane and Angle were after all of a common stock, and there were no radical incongruities of character to be got over. By degrees ancient wrongs came to be forgotten, and even wrongs of later date to assume a less odious aspect. The sons of the Dane saw the daughters of the Angle that they were fair, and merry blue eyes and flaxen locks played no inconsiderable part in consolidation. Grandfathers made friends in the common delight

of the gambols of grandchildren. Peace gradually brought prosperity, and prosperity dignity. The state of a Thane became attainable, and to my mind many of the round towers of Norfolk and Suffolk mark the progress of Christianity, as well as the material advance of civilization.

Among the laws passed by Athelstan in the year 937, after the battle of Brunanburg, Brumby or Brunton, with the advice of Wulfhelm, Archbishop of Canterbury, and other bishops, was one which necessitated the building of a bell-tower on the estate of a Thane. This wise regulation I regard as having given rise to many of those round towers which are hardly to be found out of East Anglia. One of them, Eccles Tower, a well-known object on the Norfolk beach, fell in the terrific gale of Wednesday, January 23, 1895, and in its fall revealed its wheat-stalk-like construction. From its appearance it was evidently built in sections of about 10 or 12 feet. Each portion is perfectly smooth where broken off in its fall, as if the builder allowed one portion to firmly settle before another was added. This is observable throughout the circular portion. The walls of this part are exactly 5 feet in thickness. The massive tower-arches, always on the east side, testify to the ecclesiastical nature of the structures, evidently intended to open into a church, and the frequent contiguity of church and landlord's homestead rendered tower and bell useful for many mixed purposes. Many of the old moated farm-houses now standing bear the name of 'hall,' a term strictly more applicable to the moat than to the house enclosed by it.

Some of the round towers stand near the halls; others, marking possibly the joint action of the village community, rather than the mandate of an incepting thane, are more in the little street of the parish. Of the whole number in Suffolk, forty-five, some may date after the Conquest; many have received subsequent additions, occasionally octagonal. I append a list of them, those marked with the letter *o* being of the last description:

Aldham.
Ashby, *o.*
Barsham.
Belton.
Beyton.
Blundeston.
Bradwell.
Bradley, Little.
Bramfield.
Brome.
Bruisyard, *o.*
Burgh, St. Peter.
Bungay, Holy Trinity.
Fritton.
Frostenden.
Gisleham.
Gunton.
Hasketon, *o.*
Hengrave.
Herringfleet.
Holton, St. Peter.
Ilketshall St. Andrew.
Ilketshall St. Margaret.
Lound.
Mettingham.
Mutford, *o.*
Nowton.
Onehouse.
Ramsholt.
Rickinghall Inferior, *o.*
Risby.
Rushmere, All Saints.
Rushmere, St. Andrew, *o.*
Stuston, *o.*
Saxham, Little.
Southelmham, All Saints.
Syleham.
Theberton, *o.*
Thorington.
Thornham Parva.
Thorpe, St. Peter.
Weybread.
Wissett.
Wortham.
Westleton.

It will be seen that these structures thicken as we approach the coast, where in all probability the Scandinavian population most abounded. I would especially name Bungay, Holy Trinity; Southelmham, All Saints; Syleham and Wissett, as possessing marks of high antiquity. Bramfield Church is now detached from the tower, and Little Saxham in all likelihood dates entirely from Norman times.

This more settled condition of the country draws me to speak of the names of parishes as now existing, the majority of them mainly of Teutonic, if not of Angle, character. It is only with hesitation that one dare speak of Combs, with its falsely-added *s*, as equivalent to the Wessex *Combe* and the Welsh *cwm*, as first a hollow, and then a village in a hollow. There is some encouragement in thinking of a similar history in other languages. *Lin* in Linstead and Linburne (in Homersfield) suggests a gully, of which there are traces. *Burgh* or *Bury* is indeed cosmopolitan, but comes to us through a German channel.[1] There are about a dozen of these in the county, and the position of the earthwork in each should be, if

[1] Vegetius Renatus, writing about the end of the fourth century, defines it as a small fort; Isidore of Seville as dwellings within an enclosure.

possible, recorded, as spade and pickaxe are fast obliterating these precious parcels of the past. *Ton* and *ham* muster about a hundred each, the former perhaps rather denoting equality, and the latter ascendancy, in a community. *Ford* claims about five-and-twenty. *Field* falls mainly into two groups, one in the hundred of Hoxne, with ramifications into Loes and Blything; the other in the Suffolk Woodlands. *By*, connected with *biggan*, to build, is very Danish, and mainly affects the coast hundreds, but Risby lies further inland. These, with *stead*, *worth*, *hall* (always spelt *hale* in old documents), *thorpe*, which is the German *dorf*, and denotes a satellite to some superior village planet, and a few more, will be found to complete our Suffolk terminations of local names.

Remains of Saxon architecture are scanty enough. Here and there, as at Syleham and Holy Trinity Church, Bungay, the well-known 'long and short work' may be seen, and St. Nicholas's Church, Ipswich, is thought by some to claim a like antiquity.

Many of the moats surrounding our farm-houses are due to the energy of the Saxon landowners, for the houses are named in Domesday Book in such a way as to indicate habitations of no recent settlement. What has been said about 'hall' and 'hale' may surprise some readers, but Suffolk people are still familiar with the word in the form 'holl' for a ditch.

The history of St. Fursey has already introduced us to the monastic life. His, indeed, was strictly a *monastery* or hermitage—the abode of a solitary man. And Bede's words about King Sigebert point to a similar life, that he entered 'a monastery which he had made for himself.' But man is a social animal, and the law that 'it is not good for man to be alone' wrought at this time for the aggregation of men apart from women, as it did afterwards for the destruction of that system.

St. Benedict himself began his ascetic life in solitude, but early in the sixth century formulated the rule which goes by his name. Pope Gregory the Great being a

Benedictine, his emissary Augustine naturally brought the Rule to England; and though Suffolk can show but little of early Benedictine history, it is not quite destitute, even in the Saxon period, of traces of that great system which in its day so remarkably nursed literature as well as theology.

We can only note the early destruction of small Benedictine houses at Hadleigh, Hoxne and Stoke-by-Nayland, as recorded by Tanner, and turn to the establishment of that rule at Bury St. Edmund's.

The body of St. Edmund, which had remained there till A.D. 1010, when it was temporarily removed to London, had been guarded by a college of secular canons. These seculars did not renounce private property, though living according to rule in other respects. They were accused of negligence in keeping the records of miracles—an offence which will be variously estimated in later ages—and of carelessness about the shrine itself.

In A.D. 990 Athelstan, Bishop of Elmham, transferred the guardianship to one who had left them for the Benedictine rule, Ailwin, from St. Bene't's-at-Hulme. Twenty years afterwards the later Danish troubles forced Ailwin to seek a more sure resting-place for the martyr's body than East Anglia could afford, and he carried it to London by Stratford, his difficulties at crossing the Lea being graphically told by Lydgate. But in the course of three years, in a brief political calm, he returned with it to Bury St. Edmund's, whither Canute brought, in A.D. 1020, Uvius, Prior of Hulm, who was consecrated the first Abbot of St. Edmundsbury. From him and his eleven companions grew that grand abbey, of which the remains are still one of the great sights of the county.

The sudden growth of St. Edmundsbury is marvellous, and testifies to the great popularity of the memory of the martyr-King, and to the profound regard for his uncorrupt body. This epithet of itself is not inconsistent with embalming, but the popular belief invested it with a miraculous character, which does not seem borne out by

the evidence adduced, as that of the woman Oswene, who used 'with holy temerity' on every Maundy Thursday to comb the saint's hair and to pare his nails, or of the youth Leofstan, who was struck with madness for his bold attempt to gaze on the remains of the saint, and appears to have seen nothing, and through his insanity to have been incapable of recording anything which was to be seen. It is to be noted that the incorruption of the body is not mentioned in the account of the town in Domesday Book.

Now, from the appointment of Abbot Uvius to the accession of Edward the Confessor the period is only twenty-one years. Put ten or twelve years to this, and we shall not be far out for that undefined 'time of King Edward' which all Domesday readers know by the letters T.R.E. (*Tempore Regis Edwardi*), and it is instructive to see the progress of the abbey up to that time. Two specimens shall be taken: the hundred of Risbridge in the Suffolk Woodlands for the south-west, and the hundred of Wangford for the north-east. In the former under St. Edmund there were 12 freemen in Poslingford, 7 in Stansfield, 9 in Thurlow, 18 in Bradley, 5 in Kedington, 1 in Wratting, and 2 in Haverhill. In the latter the abbey practically held the town of Beccles, save that the King had a fourth part of the market; also thirty acres of land, two of meadow and the fifth part of a mill in Linburne, which is now in Homersfield; and half a church, valued at 12d., in Worlingham. If we travel into other districts, the result is the same. Chepenhall, now a farm in the parish of Fressingfield, was given to St. Edmund by its Saxon owner Swartingstone, and formed a convenient halting-place for pilgrims on the 'broad road leading from Dunwich to Bury St. Edmund's.'[1]

For a long time we have a blank record in the chronicles. The turn of Ipswich to be plundered came in the year 991, when Brihtnoth, the Ealdorman, probably

[1] So frequently termed in deeds.

of East Anglia, was slain at Maldon. Tribute was recommended by Archbishop Siric of Canterbury, and yielded with the usual result.

Ethelred 'the Unready,' 'unstable in all his ways,' in the same year (1002) paid £24,000 to the fleet, and treacherously massacred the Danes in England on St. Britius's Day, November 13. For this Sweyn took an ample revenge, burning Norwich within two years, and striking such terror into the country that Ulfketyl the Ealdorman counselled another purchase of peace.

During the truce the army stole up from their ships and marched on Thetford. The Ealdorman, who by this time appears to have recovered some courage, attempted to cut off their retreat by breaking up their ships, but those to whom he trusted this work failed in it. However, the Norfolk and Suffolk men came round him and gave a good account of themselves when Sweyn's men were falling back, after having burnt Thetford. Many chiefs fell in the fray, in which their foes said that 'they had never met a worse hand-play.' The cycle of ravage had returned. Ipswich saw further trouble in A.D. 1010, preliminary to a general harrying of East Anglia, which was repeated three years afterwards. Next year Sweyn died; but the struggles with Canute swept off many of the Angle nobility, especially at Assandun (Ashdon in Essex), where he built a minster of stone and lime, appointing to it Stigand, one of his priests, who became Bishop of Elmham in A.D. 1038, and in A.D. 1052 was promoted to Canterbury. Our divisions into hundreds are said to date from Alfred the Great, but perhaps some more settled districts got into shape earlier than others less favoured. Including the liberty of Ipswich, there are twenty-three hundreds. Seven of them are named from fords, Carlford, Cosford, Sampford, and Wilford in the south; Mutford and Wangford in the north-east; Lackford in the north-west. These fords, no doubt, were convenient for a hundred-mote hard by, but we can assign localities only to the last two: Wangford, the ford over

the Waveney, already treated of in Chapter III.; and Lackford, the ford over the Lark, just where that parish now joins Icklingham All Saints. Two are meres, Bosmere and Hartismere, the latter perhaps the small lake from which Redgrave Water was developed. Blything takes its name from the river which flows through it. The origin of the rest I leave to conjecture.

The county is not rich in discovered interments of the Anglo-Saxon time. The sexton of Hundon some years ago is recorded to have come upon a hoard of Saxon coins in that churchyard,[1] which looks like an instance of 'grave goods,' and some of the stone coffins found at Icklingham and elsewhere may be those of ante-conquestal ecclesiastics.

Clarke of Easton, in his uncouth doggerel, often gives valuable information, in spite of his mixing up all periods in a fashion peculiar to himself:

> 'Ipswich, an ancient borough town;
> Here Woolsey's college was pulled down:
> Nothing remains but entrance gate
> And royal arms in mouldering state.
> *This town once had a royal mint,*
> *Sipold on Gipespic coin'd in't*
> *For King Etheldred the Second:*
> Sparrowe's house quite antique reckon'd.'[2]

He is sceptical about a mint at Dunwich, but the same rhyme comes in conveniently:

> 'Tis said that Dunwich had a mint,
> But not much faith is placed in't;
> The coin that has made so much talk,
> There's little doubt was struck at York.'[3]

Among the larger possessions of Saxon thanes may be mentioned those of Edric of Laxfield, about the time of Edward the Confessor, an example of that tendency of

[1] J. Clarke of Easton, *Suffolk Antiquary*, p. 22.
[2] *Suffolk Antiquary*, p. 1. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 13.

property of which Tennyson's Northern Farmer speaks with such intense feeling:

'But proputty, proputty sticks; and proputty, proputty graws.'

Reckoning the carucate at 120 acres, this man owned some 6,000 acres, chiefly in the hundreds of Hartismere and Hoxne; besides possessions of great value across the Norfolk border, dotted about from Kilverstone to Dilham, freemen and freewomen 'commended' to him all over the two aforesaid hundreds, and 'soc and sac' in Badingham, Stradbroke, and Chepenhall.[1] These 'commended' persons were such as lived under a great man's protection and owed him service, as it were deposited with him for his keeping, as the great Roman lawyer Ulpian explains the word.[2] 'Sac,' which exists in our 'sake,' equivalent to cause, and 'soc,' from *soca*, a plough, are terms belonging to the patriarchal justice then administered by the lords of the soil, the value of which consisted in 'forfeits, fines and fees.'

Stigand, Bishop of Elmham, when he was translated to Winchester, was succeeded by Grinketyl, who held the see for four years, giving place to Bishop Ailmar, whose name so often occurs in Domesday Book. He was too much of a Saxon for William the Conqueror, who took an early opportunity of getting rid of him.

With regard to the earldom, the old Saxon family disappears from the scene. Perhaps all perished at Assandune, or in subsequent troubles, or a remnant may have preferred a safe skulking to a hazardous eminence. Canute, in 1017, divided the realm into four parts, appointing Thurkill to East Anglia. His short rule of four years is followed by a period of more than twenty years of which we have no account.[3] In 1045 Harold, the son of Godwin, seems to become Earl, but only an occasional flicker of his earldom shows itself. We catch a

[1] Now in Fressingfield.

[2] '*Commendare* nihil aliud est quam *deponere*.'

[3] Freeman's 'Norman Conquest,' ii. 572.

glimpse of him and his East Angles marching down from the Cotswold into the Vale of Gloucester, under Godwin's command, to plead with that cogency that pertains to an armed array, in the presence of Edward the Confessor, for justice on Eustace of Boulogne and his followers for their ravages committed at Dover. The intervention of Leofric of Mercia warded off the struggle, and the Suffolk homesteads received back their men unscathed. Five years afterwards Harold took flight, and after some delay Alfgar, the son of Leofric, succeeded him, holding the earldom till the memorable *Mickle Gemote* of London, in September, 1052, restored the Godwin family to their old position.

Next year Godwin died, and Edward the Confessor and his Witan transferred Harold from the more ancient earldom of East Anglia to the more extensive one of Wessex. The general joy at this promotion seems to argue favourably for the state of East Anglia under Harold. Alfgar now sought and obtained restitution to that post which he had occupied for so short a period. Indeed, the earldoms changed hands about that time with a velocity which could not have proved beneficial either to ruler or ruled. Alfgar's father, the great Leofric, died on the last day of August, 1057, and his French successor, Ralph, followed him before the year was out. In spite of serious faults in his character, Alfgar was allowed to succeed his father in Mercia, and Harold's younger brother Gurth became Earl of the East Angles. But the territory was cut short by the subtraction of Essex, which helped to create an earldom for another brother, Leofwin, Oxfordshire being added afterwards for important political reasons, as well as by compensation. Gurth remained Earl till the day when he and his brothers fell at Senlac, and the Saxon gave way to the Norman.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NORMAN PERIOD.

THE thrilling events of the Norman Conquest told on Suffolk chiefly by change of proprietorship. The men whose names ended in *wulf*, *ketyl*, *bert*, and *win* went out, and the men whose names began in *Fitz*, *De* and *Le* came in. One remarkable survival is that of the ante-conquestal Toelmag in the Tollemaches of Helmingham. What Edric of Laxfield had done we know not; but, as a rule, we know that Robert Malet, or the Hammer, held the broad lands that were Edric's in the days of Edward the Confessor. Roger of Poitou, Ralph Baynard, William de Varennes, and other friends of the victor, eminently Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, appear as the new owners. No earl held Suffolk as his sole jurisdiction, Norwich in the course of a little time becoming the civil and ecclesiastical centre; and from the well-known hill of that city was wielded the rod of county authority till the reign of Richard II.

The fortunes of the Malet family may serve as a comment on those days.

The family was founded by William Malet, of Graville, in Caux, Normandy. He married Hesilia Crispin, descended from Crispina, daughter of Rollo, first Duke of Normandy. He took part in the battle of Hastings, where his rashness nearly lost him his life. According to most of the chroniclers of the time whose accounts are

accepted by Freeman, he was entrusted with the burial of Harold's body on the sea-shore, before its removal to Waltham. He was made Sheriff of York, and placed in charge of the city when it was taken by William in 1068; but only a year later he was made prisoner by the Danes when they recaptured the city. Probably, soon exchanged, he died during the campaign against Hereward the Wake in 1071. He was one of the few nobles allowed to build a castle, which he did at Eye. He also established a market there by the King's leave. It is recorded in Domesday that this market rendered quite valueless that of the Bishop established at Hoxne. There is no account of the amount of his very large possessions in England, but besides those into which he entered without question, his son Robert laid claim to many lordships in York and Lincolnshire; but the chief bulk of his property was undoubtedly in Suffolk.

In the King's grant to Lanfranc of the manor of Fracenham,[1] Robert Malet is styled Vicecomes. There is no mention of him in the reign of William Rufus, but in Henry I.'s reign he was Grand Chamberlain of England. Unfortunately, he joined Robert de Bellesme, Earl of Shrewsbury, and others, in inviting Robert Duke of Normandy to invade England. In the treaty between Robert and Henry it was stipulated that Robert's adherents should not suffer for joining his cause; but notwithstanding this agreement Robert Malet was banished from the country, and all his English possessions were confiscated. He retired to his Norman estates, where he passed the rest of his life. He was supposed to have been killed at the battle of Tinchebrai in 1106. His forfeited estates were granted to Stephen of Blois, while his office of Grand Chamberlain was given to Aubrey de Vere, in whose family it became hereditary. He married Elisée de Brionne, daughter of the Count of Brionne. His son William went as a banneret to the first Crusade

[1] Now Freckenham.

in the train of Duke Robert. In 1109 he was banished, like his father, for participation in the rebellion of Helias, Earl of Maine, and, like his father, retired to Normandy. Of his two sons, one founded the still existing French family; another, Hugh, remained in England, where he married an heiress and settled in the West.

Robert Malet had a brother, Gilbert, the last of whose descendants, William Malet, was one of the guarantors of Magna Carta.

To revert to the earldom: East Anglia was destitute of such a dignitary till nine years after the Conquest, when the North-folk and the South-folk were united under the title of the former. There was a certain Ralph de Guader, to adopt the best known form of many spellings, a Breton on his mother's side, though his father was a Norfolk man named Ralph. Like most of the military adventurers of the day, he was not averse to a good match, and found one in Emma, daughter of the powerful William Fitz-Osberne, Earl of Hereford, and joint-Regent with Bishop Odo during the Conqueror's absence in Normandy. So far as conflicting authorities may be reconciled, it seems that the King's consent to the marriage had been obtained and withdrawn. The great Earl William died about this time, and his second son, Roger, a young man, took his place. The marriage took place at Exning, but according to the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle there was a bridal feast at Norwich:

> 'Then was that bride-ale
> The source of man's bale.'

Ralph de Guader, newly-created Earl of Norfolk, had amongst his guests his young brother-in-law, Earl Waltheof, son of the great Siward of Northumbria, and bishops and abbots. There seems to have been good cheer and strong talk, and in the end a dangerous conspiracy, which broke up through the defection of Waltheof. Ralph de Guader escaped from Norwich by water, got out to sea, sailed to Brittany, and thence to Denmark, where his later plottings resulted in failure. With his

departure the East Anglian earldom collapsed for some sixty years, when it was renewed in the Bigod family.

However the realm in general may have suffered at the hands of the lordly owners of castles in those days when 'men openly said that Christ and His saints slept,' the scourge was comparatively lightly laid on in Suffolk. There are but six castles to be ascribed to this period—Framlingham, Haughley, Bungay, Eye, Clare, and Orford. The first has already been mentioned in the account of St. Edmund, the Martyr-King. It has but little advantage of natural position. Uncertain, but not improbable, tradition represents it as a stronghold of King Redwald, what time he held Court at Rendlesham. The first and second Norman kings are said to have held it in their own hands. Shortly after his accession, Henry I. granted it to Roger Bigod (A.D. 1103). The present building arose on its ruins.

In the other instances existing earthworks appear to have been utilized. Haughley and Eye stand upon high artificial mounds, which may have been memorials to mighty men, unrecorded in the history of their remote times. The keep at Bungay is well protected on the west by a great earthen vallum, apparently forming one side of a large rectangular enclosed space, of which a small part of the north boundary also remains on Outney Common, as yet not quite obliterated by the operations of the Great Eastern Railway.

After awhile this keep received an outer fence of curtains and round towers, so that each tower could be defended separately, and in case of all surrendering, the keep itself might prolong resistance. And here a remarkable discovery was made in 1891. In the bailey, or enclosure between the keep and the outer walls, was found the square well, its sides properly plastered, and a grim underground apartment about 14 feet square, with two square shafts through which a scanty supply of air and a hardly perceptible modicum of light would be admitted. A more effectual comment on the condition

of captives within these walls could hardly be afforded than by the inspection of this dreadful hole. Many have been the vicissitudes of Bungay Castle. At Whitsuntide, 1140, Stephen came with his army on Hugh Bigod, and took 'Castellum de Bunie,' which he soon restored. This policy of deprivation and restoration was repeated by Henry II., but Bigod a third time defied the reigning sovereign, taking the side of the King's rebellious sons in 1174. It was on this occasion that he is said by tradition to have uttered the well-known words: 'Were I in my castle of Bungay, upon the river Wavenay, I would not care for the King of Cocknay.' He that seeks the origin of this story is not so likely to find it, as to find the origin of the modern-antique ballad, which appears for the first time in the pages of Suckling.

The ruined site and the earldom were restored to Roger, son of Hugh, in 1189, by Richard I., but the place remained desolate for nearly a century. In 1281 Edward I. issued to another Roger Bigod, now not only Earl of Norfolk but also Earl Marshal, the usual license to crenellate his mansion of Bungay.

It is remarkable that the latter part of the eleventh century witnessed no independent monastic foundations in Suffolk. It is not till A.D. 1120 that the Benedictine nuns, non-affiliated, were settled at Redlingfield. There were, however, three cells to abbeys in Normandy by the end of William the Conqueror's reign, two of them to Bernay (Creting St. Mary and Eye), and one to Greistein (Creting St. Olave), besides Rumburgh, which Blakere and other Benedictine brethren from St. Bene't's-at-Hulm formed about the same time.

The learned and wealthy abbey of Bec, in Normandy, over which Archbishops Lanfranc and Anselm presided in their earlier days, had cells at Blakenham and Clare. William Martel founded Snape, A.D. 1099, dependent on St. John of Colchester; and Felixstowe, which is supposed to have been removed to the neighbourhood of Walton Church, was made a cell to Rochester by Roger Bigod

early in the reign of Henry I. The foundation at Hoxne originated from the gift of the church there, and the chapel near the spot where St. Edmund was slain, to the Norwich priory by Bishop Herbert de Losinga, A.D. 1101. Thus arose a small cell in that village, charged with the care of the lamps before St. Edmund's image, to which pilgrimages were constantly made.

Colne Priory in Essex, a daughter of Abingdon, was in charge of the small house at Edwardstone, which does not appear to have lasted quite half a century (1114-1160), at the expiration of which time two secular priests were appointed to pray in Edwardstone Church for the founder's soul, Hubert de Montchensy, and the possessions passed to Colne.

Another little house, Wickham Skeith, founded by Sir Robert de Salcovilla, or Sackville, belonged, like Snape, to Colchester.

If Norman influence is felt in the foregoing instances, it may well be expected in the Cluniac and Cistercian foundations. We have two of each in Suffolk, all cells: the Cluniacs, Mendham and Wangford; the Cistercians, Sibton and Coddenham. The glories of the great abbey of Cluny have departed. The little 'one-horse' town on the higher ground which forms the watershed between the Saone and the Loire is to most people nothing more than a name, if so much; and of the multitudes who visit the Musée de Cluny in Paris, a small percentage indeed will think of it as the former palace of the wealthy Abbots of Cluny.

Wealth, learning, and state, characterized this Order, and each showed its reproductive power. The great house at Lewes, with its Cluniac double transepts, was founded by William, Earl of Warenne, and his wife, Gundrada, considered by the late Professor Freeman as a daughter of the Conqueror's Queen, Matilda, by her former husband, Gerbod,[1] in the year 1077. The gratitude for their kindly reception at Cluny did not exhaust

[1] Freeman, 'Norm. Conq.,' iii., App. O, p. 660.

itself in Sussex. The next year saw the Castle Acre Priory begun, with the help of four monks from Lewes, and more of the same Order appeared at Thetford, A.D. 1104. Mendham was a cell to Castle Acre, and Wangford to Thetford, both being, as it were, granddaughters of Lewes, and great-grand-daughters of Cluny. The traveller along the Waveney Valley will see on the Suffolk side of that river, between Shotford and Mendham bridges, a ragged but venerable mass of masonry 'in the place called Hurst or Bruninhurst, being then a woody isle.' It is so little above the river as to raise a feeling of surprise how these Cluniacs could have escaped the floods to which the Waveney has been at all times subject, and certainly to dispel the idea that the water-level used to be higher than it now is. Much of the beautiful Norman arcading has been removed to Mendham Place, a mile or two distant, where it stands as a curious comment on the taste and fancy of those who transplanted it. The foundation dates from 1140, when William, son of Roger de Huntingfield, gave the isle of 'Medenham,' or the place of meadows, to the Castle Acre Cluniacs, on condition that they should build a house and place at least eight of their monks there.

About 30 feet of wall on the south side of Wangford Church will be all that a visitor can see of that Cluniac cell, founded by a steward of the royal household, whom Bishop Tanner takes to be identical with Eudo Dapifer, founder of St. John's, Colchester, though Leland's version of the name is Doudo Asini. The date is *circa* 1160. Contrasting itself with the Cluniacs stands before us the severe Order of Cistercians, ascetics to the core. They had existed at Citeaux only thirty years, when they came to England in 1128, backed by the great name of St. Bernard. Wealth indeed was theirs. They could not have avoided it. Learning was theirs in abundance, but not state. The 'cell' system was replaced by visitations from the abbey from which the house originated.

Thus Sibton, being an offshoot from Wardon in Bedfordshire, was liable to a visitation by that Abbot, and, in like manner, Wardon could be visited by the Abbot of Fountains, Fountains by Clairvaux, and Clairvaux by Citeaux, the mother of them all.[1]

The Sibton house was founded in 1149 or 1150 by William de Cheney, greatly helped at the time by his daughter, the Lady Margery de Cressy.

Eustace de Mere appears to have failed of the purpose intended in the Coddenham foundation, and eventually to have turned it over to the Austin canons of his establishment in Royston. That it was intended to be Cistercian is clear by his confirming the grant of Coddenham Church to the convent, which he describes as of the same Order as that of Appleton in Yorkshire, a Cistercian nunnery.

Castles and abbeys are manifestly but small factors in this portion of the history of Suffolk. In the north-west the great abbey of St. Edmund grew and prospered, and its liberty, granted by Edward the Confessor, contained the hundreds of Cosford, Babergh, Risbridge, Lackford, Blackburn, Thedwastre, and Thingoe; and the half-hundred of Exning, consisting of that parish and Newmarket St. Mary's. As the abbey grew, so its dependencies throve.

Over the rest of the county also a slow and sure development went on. Subsequent changes in architecture have swept much of the Norman work away, but a few grand specimens remain, and many a church-wall of undressed pebbles and flints, now elevated and pierced with third-pointed windows, is the original wall of a little single Norman church.

We find in Domesday Book, on the whole, a church to each parish, served by the clerk, nominated in most cases by the Lord of the Manor, whose predecessors had erected the building, and from whose acres came the tithe. Such churches we may find at Wiston on the Stour, and at

[1] W. H. St. John Hope, in 'Proceedings of Suffolk Institute of Archeology,' viii., part i., p. 55.

Wordwell, on the heath country between Bury St. Edmunds and Brandon. The nave at Santon Downham and the chancel at Lakenheath are of the same character. Eyke, between Woodbridge and the sea, had a central Norman tower, of which the massive arches are still standing. Little Saxham tower is crested by an elegant circular arcade. At Somerton, Ousden, Mettingham, Wissett, Hargrave, Hawstead, Horham, Kelsale, and other places, are Norman doorways, with that variety of moulding for which the style is remarkable. The beautiful west front of Westhall has been disfigured by a tower of fifteenth-century work built up to it, against which it seems mutely to appeal. Huntingfield and Polstead have excellent arches of this period. But the crown of all the Suffolk work is the great Norman tower at Bury St. Edmunds, originally built as a gateway, restored within my own recollection, and serving now as the *campanile* for St. James's Church, whence sound the fine ten bells placed there in 1785.

At once comely and massive, it must be seen to be appreciated. The late Mr. J. H. Parker, to whose action we owe so much preservation of architectural relics, as well as accounts of them, says of it: 'This tower affords a valuable specimen of rich early Norman work, of the shallow character, executed with the axe, and not with the chisel. It was built in 1095. A shallow porch has been added in later Norman work.'[1]

[1] 'Churches of Suffolk,' No. 538.

CHAPTER VII.

EARLY PLANTAGENET TIMES.

BOTH the military Orders which ramified over Europe were represented in Suffolk—the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem at Battisford, and the Templars at Dunwich and Gislingham. The former were Hospitallers. Originating in a hospital at Jerusalem dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and founded for the tending of sick and weary pilgrims in the middle of the eleventh century, they gradually slipped out of ambulance work and became in the main military. Their sole commandry has no date earlier than the reign of Henry II., who gave it his lands in East Bergholt. When the Templars were dissolved, early in the fourteenth century, their revenues at Dunwich and Gislingham were transferred to the Battisford commandry. At the dissolution, the Gislingham preceptory was granted to John Grene and William Hall; the Battisford possessions passed to Richard Gresham and John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, but the Dunwich manor remained ungranted till 1561, when Queen Elizabeth gave it to Thomas Andrews.

The dates of the foundation of the Templars' preceptories are also uncertain. Their dissolution in the time of Edward II., though free from the extreme horrors which accompanied the fate of the Order in France, leaves, nevertheless, ground of grave suspicion of injustice and cruelty behind it. They had existed for about two

centuries since King Baldwin II. gave them part of his palace, occupying the site of Solomon's Temple, whence arose their name.

The convent of Bungay, founded in 1160 by Roger de Glanville and his wife Gundrada, is about the only foundation in the Plantagenet period till the arrival of the Mendicant Orders. The revenues were early drawn from the tithes of parishes which have never recovered their impoverishment. Six Suffolk rectories at once became vicarages—Bungay, St. Mary and St. Thomas; Mettingham; and all the Ilketshalls except St. John's; besides Roughton in Norfolk. It will be well, perhaps, to break a little into our severe chronological order, and note a few points in the history of this nunnery.

A century elapses, and we find the Lady Sarah, Prioress, a very capable woman, driving a hard bargain with a needy neighbour, Sir James de Ilketshall.

This is just in the thick of the Robin Hood adventures, according to most who have treated of that

> 'Gode outlaw
> Who did pore men moche gode,'

and some light on the transaction may be thrown by a scene in the 'Lytyll Geste of Robin Hode,' where, as Little John was in Barnsdale:

> 'Then came there a knyght redynge
> Full sone they gan hym mete,
> All dreari then was his semblaunte,
> And lytell was his pride,
> Hys one fote in the sterope stode,
> That other waved besyde.
> Hys hode hangynge over his eyen two:
> He rode in simple aray;
> A soryer man than he was one
> Rode never in somers day.'

He is bid by Robin Hood to dinner, but has only half a pound to offer his host. Robin asks him the cause of his poverty, and he says that he has lost all by ransoming his son, who had committed murder:

'My londes beth set to wedde [mortgage] Robyn,
Untyll a certain daye,
To a ryche abbot here besyde,
Of Saynt Mary abbay.'

The North-Country knight found friends in these usually generous, but occasionally iniquitous, outlaws, and all eventually went well with him. Had such exceptional luck befallen the distressed landed proprietor of those days, there would have been rejoicing in the hall of Ulchete or Ulfketyl; but there was no Robin Hood in East Anglia to set the affairs of Sir James de Ilketshall in order, and the advowson of Ilketshall St. John followed the other three.

The Bungay nunnery was shortly afterwards presented with a woman and her little boy by Roger de Huntingfield, who succeeded his father in 1286, and died in 1301. The woman was Alveva, the wife of Roger Brunllan, of Metfield, the boy their eldest son Thomas. By that time the distinction between serfdom and villenage had pretty well faded away, and the words were used as convertible terms for all who were not free. The document conveying Alveva and little Tom, with the whole tenement which they held of Roger de Huntingfield, is in the possession of Mr. Rider Haggard, sealed with a fine impression of Roger's seal, and witnessed by Adam, William, and Martin, 'sanctimoniales,' probably Mendham Cluniacs, and by Godfrey of Linburne, a tenant of the Bungay convent, as well as by others.

With our nineteenth-century ideas, it seems hard that mother and child should be thus handed over as though they were mere fixtures to the tenement, especially as the father was presumably alive, the woman being called 'wife,' not 'widow.' Still, we must consider our inability to read between the lines of these ancient documents, and if we were in possession of all the circumstances of the case, it might be manifest that what was done was really for the benefit of all concerned.

In spite of foreclosures and presents, the nunnery got

into debt, and had to be set straight by further grants. All was not peace within those sacred walls, and on one occasion the authority of the well-known Henry Spencer, the 'fighting' Bishop of Norwich, had to be called in. One of the noble house of Salisbury, Katherine de Montacute, was in the Bungay convent. A sister, Joan, was the wife of William de Ufford, Earl of Suffolk. For some reason or other Katherine ran away. The Prioress informed Bishop Spencer, who by letters patent signified the same to the Crown, and a warrant was issued for her apprehension.

The list of persons to whom the warrant was addressed does not include the Earl, those designated being John Trailly, knight; Andrew Cavendish, knight; Walter Amyas, clerk; Hugh Fastolf, Edmund Gourney, John Caltoft, and Edmund Spicer, all, save the last, local names, and he very likely being a local tradesman, with a good rouncie, or packhorse, useful for business purposes, and now to be utilized in scouring the country in search of the missing nun, who is described as 'fleeing about from parish to parish, in divers parts of our kingdom of England, in secular dress, to the contempt of the dress of her Order, in peril of her soul, and to the manifest scandal of her said Order.' When caught she was to be delivered to the Prioress of the Bungay convent, or to her attorneys in this matter, 'to be punished according to the rule of the said Order.'

It has always seemed to me that this was a case of a mountain from a mole-hill. These set terms in warrants, like those in an old-fashioned writ of *latitat*, were not supposed to be literally true; and it may be that all the while Katherine de Montacute was with her sister Joan, and that something more than persuasion was wanted to bring her back. This warrant was issued in 1376, and four years afterwards a lady of the same name became Prioress. It is possible that there were two of the same name in the convent; but the more natural solution is, that the quarrel was made up, and the heroine of the

warrant became in the end the successor of the lady whose authority she had resisted.

We have in the pages of Jocelin of Brakelond a continuous and charmingly-written account of the affairs of the Bury abbey from 1173 to 1202. This invaluable narrative is contained in a MS. which passed through the Bacons of Redgrave into the hands of Bishop Stillingfleet, and so into the Harleian Collection. The gratitude of all historical students is due, first, to Mr. John Gage Rokewode, who published it for the Camden Society in 1840; then to Mr. John Greene, of Bury St. Edmunds, who translated and popularized it; and finally to Thomas Carlyle, on whom its honest vivacity made a deep impression.

'Past and Present' is a book not to be criticised here. Suffice it to say that the narrative of Jocelin served as a text for many a sermon, which, like similar homilies, mainly addressed those who wanted them least.

The start is made in 1173, after the battle of Fornham, about which something must be said, battles in Suffolk being about as rare as political peace in a South American republic.

The family relations of Henry II. were notoriously unhappy, and his weakness in allowing his eldest son, Henry, to be crowned during his own life-time only had the effect of precipitating that ambitious young man into a whirlpool of plots, which plots in the end broke forth into a general attack upon the old King. Among the English conspirators were Robert Beaumont, Earl of Leicester, and Hugh Bigod, Earl of Norfolk. Leicester landed on the Suffolk coast with a large force of Fleming mercenaries, marched to Framlingham, to effect a junction with Bigod, and thence to Haughley Castle, where Randal de Broc offered only a slight resistance. Their intention was to proceed westward to the relief of Leicester; but in the meanwhile Humphrey Bohun, the King's Constable, one of the few who had remained faithful to his master, not accepting the 'large promises of

the Lion's Skin before he was dead,'[1] made a truce with William the Lion, King of Scotland, against whom he had been sent, and marched to Bury St. Edmunds, where he was joined by other adherents of the King. This movement turned the course of Beaumont and Bigod, who attempted to cross the Lark lower down. There must have been large numbers of Brabant mercenaries on both sides, when the armies met at Fornham St. Geneviève, a little north of the town. The King's victory was, however, regarded as a Flemish defeat. Ten thousand of the rebel army, supposed to be Flemings, are said to have fallen. Carlyle apparently considered the detail of so distant an event hardly worth notice, and has related the cause of the rebellion in a very queer and hazy manner.[2] An account of the traces of the battle is given by Mr. Gage Rokewode :[3]

'Human bones, fragments of weapons, and other relics of war, beside pennies of King Henry II., have been occasionally found upon the spot. In particular, in felling, in 1826, an ancient pollard ash that stood upon a low mound of earth, about fifteen feet in diameter, near the church of Fornham St. Geneviève (the ground being within the Duke of Norfolk's park, but apparently part of the churchyard at some former time), a heap of skeletons, not less than forty, was discovered, in good preservation, piled in order, tier above tier, with their faces upward and their feet pointing to the centre. Several of the skulls exhibited evident marks of violence, as if they had been pierced with arrows, or cleft with the sword. In the bed of the river, in the adjoining parish of Fornham St. Martin, was also found some years since a gold ring with a ruby, late in the possession of Charles Blomfield, Esq., which is conjectured by some to be the ring that the Countess of Leicester is related (Matthew Paris, 128) to have thrown away in her flight.'

[1] Daniel, 'Life and Reign of Henry the Second.'

[2] 'Past and Present,' chap. iii.

[3] Notes to Jocelin of Brakelond, p. 106.

It is a pity that Jocelin's chronicle does not begin eight years earlier, for then we might have heard some particulars of the great earthquake on January 26, 1165, in 'Ely, Northfoc and Sufoc,' which threw men to the ground and rang the bells.[1] The narrative would have been beyond all price, told in the clear, unaffected simplicity of the good old Suffolk Benedictine. In all thankfulness for what we have, let us peep into monastic life as disclosed by him. Zealots of each extreme will care little for it. 'Many have told of the Monks of Old,' as one of the songs of the last generation used to run, but they made the story too much out of their own brains. There was too much *Ego* in their *Kosmos*. The Englishman, or grown-up English baby, whose highest ideal is tobacco and brandy and water, still hears with pleased surprise how the monks 'laughed, ha-ha! and they quaffed, ha-ha!' The red-hot Protestant, who regards the Tudor period as the be-all and end-all of history, wants as much crime as a reader of a 'penny dreadful,' to furnish an enormous indictment to be launched at the memory of the shaveling wretches. The 'Catholic,' as the Roman calls himself, rose-tints every feature in the picture, and presents you with a miserable daub of undiluted piety, of about the same value as those portraits of saints with mechanical smile and outspread palms which sprawl on a gilt-gingerbread background. Whereas, if the story tells itself, it is neither the one thing nor the other. Human infirmity and human perversity are recorded for our warning, with much more of divinely-sent rectitude, perseverance and humble trust, for our encouragement. Early in the pages of our chronicler comes before us poor old Abbot Hugo, broken in health, and even at his best estate unfixed and irresolute, a kind of Benedictine Ethelred the Unready, never doing to-day what could be put off to to-morrow, raising money from hand to mouth, like a Turkish official before dividend day. *Qualis rex, talis grex.* The Benedictines of Bury, bound to poverty, somehow

[1] Matthew Paris, Chronica Majora, A.D. 1165.

could not get on without money, and each for himself pawned vessels of gold and vestments of silk indiscriminately to Jew and Christian. The unhappy Jocelin specifies, too, sundry notes of hand, frequently in the hands of gentlemen of the 'Hebrew persuasion,' one for £1,040 to William, the son of Isabel, one for £400 to Isaac, son of Rabbi Joce, and a third to Benedict, the Jew of Norwich, for £880. These would be serious sums now, and were stupendous sums then; and after the manner of such liabilities they got heavier and heavier. Jocelin only knew the history of the third of these notes of hand. The 'chamber' was out of repair, and William the Sacristan, charged with the business but not with the means borrowed 27 marks of Benedict, sealing his 'carta' with a certain seal, not then broken up as it ought to have been, hanging at the tomb of King Edmund, with which gilds and fraternities used to be sealed. With constantly accruing compound interest, at a liberal rate, this became £100, and further cozenage and production of old debts ran the amount up to £1,200, besides interest. The Jew, Shylock-like, carries the matter before the King's Court, and the King's Almoner comes to inquire into the matter. The Chapter is assembled, but none dare make complaint. Jocelin himself, a sharp novice, wonders at this, and asks Master Sampson, Teacher of the Novices, why he does not speak up. Sampson replies that 'a burnt child dreads the fire,' that he has been already incarcerated at Acre[1] for saying what he thought, and that the two Hinghams, Hugh and Robert, are only just back again from a similar exile. 'This is the hour of darkness . . . God see and judge!'

Deliverance came suddenly and unexpectedly. Old Abbot Hugh bethought him of a Canterbury pilgrimage, the shrine of St. Thomas being just established. On the journey he fell from his mule and dislocated his knee-pan. Physicians attended him, tortured him in many ways, but healed him not. He returned to Bury, his leg mortified,

[1] Probably Castle Acre.

he died, and his death was announced to Ralph Glanville, Justiciary of England; but some time elapsed before the King granted a free choice of a successor to the convent. Then the election came off, into the detail of which we must not enter; and Sampson of Tottington, the despised Norfolk *paltener* and *barator*, or wrangler, the late Teacher of the Novices and Sub-sacrist, rules in the place of helpless old Hugh. How he ruled his devoted Jocelin tells us, and Carlyle, ever the panegyrist of the strong, echoes his praises. Order arose out of chaos. Finance got right-sided, but not without many an effort. When the money-bonds were examined it was found that there were as many as three-and-thirty convent seals in existence, all of which he broke up, and guarded carefully the new seal, which stands engraved at the beginning of Gage Rokewode's book. A man he was of middle stature, nearly bald, with face neither round nor long, a high nose, thick lips, eyes clear ('cristalline') and piercing, eyebrows lofty and often shaven, of keen hearing, apt to become hoarse with a slight cold, with a streak of white in his red beard and dark hair at the time of his election, but white as snow fourteen years afterwards. Skilled was he in Latin and French, yet he knew and loved the Scriptures in English, and preached to the people in his mother-dialect of Norfolk, for his native Tottington lies a few miles north of Thetford. Oh that his lips had language! What treasures, social, religious, philological, would come to us from ten minutes' oral instruction! Read the incidents as they follow in the chronicle: how he baffled Bishop Geoffrey Ridell of Ely about the Elmsett timber; how he compelled the Rural Dean to pull down his illegal mill at 'Haberdon;' how he withstood the haughty Cœur-de-Lion about the wardship of the baby orphan girl of Adam de Cokefeld; and the rest of his acts, for are they not written in that book of Jashar, or the upright, whereof we speak? We cannot delay over dear Jocelin, and can only hope that some kindly soul will re-edit John Greene's translation.

Of the various fraternities, some thirty in number, living according to rule deduced from the writings of St. Augustine of Hippo, we had four in Suffolk: Austin or Black Canons, Premonstratensian or White Canons, nuns of the Order of Fontevrault, and Austin Friars or Friars Eremite. The last we will leave till we come to the mendicant friars generally.

It is impossible to find the origin of the first, of whom there seems to have been a remodelling about the later days of Edward the Confessor. Their discipline was less severe than that of the Benedictines. A house according to the new model is found at Avignon *circa* 1061, whence, in less than half a century, sprung the Colchester Black Canons. Ixworth, built by Gilbert le Blount, nearly at the time of the accession of Henry I., soon destroyed, but immediately rebuilt by William, son of Gilbert, is their earliest Suffolk house, the picturesque ruins of which remain in Captain Norton Cartwright's grounds. Very soon after Ixworth appeared Bricett, *circa* 1110, founded by Ralph Fitz-Brian and Emma his wife, under the protection of Bishop Herbert de Losinga. It became a cell to Nobiliac in the diocese of Limoges, after having existed independently for about a century and a half, and went the way of other alien cells under the Statute of Leicester.

Next comes Blythburgh, near the scene of Anna's defeat at Bulcamp. The grounds appear to have been larger than the number of inmates, there being only three canons in 1473, whereas the buildings extended, probably with interruptions, to some distance from the church. According to Leland, Smodemus, Abbot of St. Osyth, whose successors nominated to this priory, was the first founder. Something will be said about it in connection with Cardinal Wolsey.

Butley dates from 1171, by the munificence of the Chief Justiciary, Ralph de Glanville. It was specially favoured by episcopal benefactions, Archbishop Richard the Monk, Hubert Walter, and Peckham, three Bishops of

Norwich, and two of London, being contributors to its possessions. The gate-house exists comparatively uninjured, and there are other remains.

Kersey, as far as evidence goes, was a hospital or free chapel of St. Mary and St. Antony, converted into a priory of Austin Canons by Nesta de Cokefield, widow of Thomas de Burgos, in 1219. Her retention of her maiden name after her marriage is suggestive of her being an heiress, and possibly she is identical with the babe of three months old, the orphan of Adam de Cokefield, about whose wardship we saw Abbot Sampson withstanding Richard Cœur-de-Lion.

Two houses in Ipswich have had different destinies: that called by the name of the Holy Trinity, or Christ Church, after various changes, just lately purchased by the municipality for a public park; the other, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, passing into Wolsey's great projected college in that town. It had a cell at Letheringham. Woodbridge belongs to the latter part of the twelfth century. Three generations of Ernaldus Rufus or Rous joined in the foundation, the patronage of which soon passed from their family to the convent. The priors were often natives of the county: Joh. de Athelington, Joh. Brundish, Tho. de Troston, etc.

Little enough can be seen of or recorded about Alborne, in the ancient parish of Hallowtree, between Ipswich St. Clement and Nacton, Chipley in Poslingford, or Dodnash in Bentley; but the traveller to Yarmouth may catch a sight of the remains of St. Olave's Priory in Herringfleet, on the left hand, just after passing St. Olave's Station. Here is still commemorated the name of that fierce old Christian King whose endeavour to propagate the Gospel of peace by sword and flames ended in his defeat and death at Sticklestad, in A.D. 1030. The miracles wrought by his body, at the cathedral at Trondhjem, were known far beyond Norwegian limits. From the connection of this priory with the ferry across the Waveney, hard by, it is easy to see what works of hospitality were done here in

days when roads were foul, water rough, and weather relentless.

When St. Norbert of Cleves, A.D. 1119, was seeking a place where he might establish a house of Austin Canons on a more rigorous rule, which was to include a vegetable diet, a meadow in the Forest of Coucy was pointed out to him in a dream (*pratum monstratum*), from which arose the White Canons' name Premonstratensian.

Their solitary Suffolk house, founded near the sea in 1182, was afterwards moved inwards to Leiston, though the old site was never deserted. In 1531, John Grene, a canon of Butley, gave up his position there, choosing to be a hermit in the original Premonstratensian building The remains of Leiston, interesting in themselves, are rendered more beautiful by the wall-flowers which luxuriate on those gray walls.

Whatever may have been the intentions of Robert d'Arbrissel, founder of the house of Fontevrault, with regard to a mixed society, they did not take effect in Suffolk. The two houses, Campsey and Flixton, of that Order, are for nuns only. The former was founded by Theobald de Valoines for his two sisters, of whom one was the first Prioress, and others who might join them. The date is within the reign of Richard I. Important as it was, hardly anything of it remains, and nothing can be shown at Flixton, founded about sixty years after Campsey, but the site. The inventory of Elizabeth Wright, the last Prioress, in the Record Office, contains the usual domestic articles, and probably not more than seven nuns were living there at the Dissolution. This completes the Augustinian foundations, with the exception of the friars.

CHAPTER VIII.

EARLY PLANTAGENET TIMES—*continued.*

LET us descend for a minute in the scale of creation, and recall the wonderful Fish of Orford.

'In the year 1180 . . . . near unto Orford in Suffolk, certain fishers took in their nets a fish, having the shape of a man in all points, which fish was kept by Bartholemew (*sic*) de Glandevile in the castle of Orford six months and more; he spake not a word; all manner of meats he did gladly eat, but most greedily raw fish when he had pressed out the juice; oftentimes he was brought to the church, but never shewed any sign of adoration: at length, being not well looked to, he stole to the Sea, and never was seen after.'

So writes Baker,[1] after Ralph of Coggeshall, and it would be negligent not to record the phenomenon, though it comes into the picture awkwardly. It is useless to try to harmonize it with its surroundings. The next topic is the Coming of the Friars, than which anything more real and less grotesque is not to be found in the nature of things, and even St. Antony's Sermon to the Fishes is a feeble link between the two subjects.

The times were evil, and no better in England than elsewhere. In the Court, conjugal infidelity had been followed by parricidal rebellion. In the towns, filth and vice reigned supreme. In the country, the cry of the op-

[1] Chronicle, p. 58.

pressed went up to heaven, for few on earth seem to have heard or heeded. Justice slumbered, and iniquity throve apace.

When the miserable Henry II. lay down in sorrow at the castle of Chinon, and his lion-hearted son succeeded him, things went no better. Richard was hardly ever in England. The Christian world was humbled to the dust by the fall of Jerusalem in 1187, and no efforts of the Crusaders availed for its recovery for more than forty years. The long interdict in John's reign had only paralysed religion instead of terrifying the nation to proceed to the King's deposition. No better description of the epoch can be given than in the words of Dr. Jessopp:[1]

'For eight years England had lain under a terrible interdict; for most of the time only a single bishop had remained in England. John had small need to tax the people; he lived upon the plunder of bishops and abbots. The churches were desolate; the worship of God in large districts almost came to an end. Only in the Cistercian monasteries, and in them only for a time, and to a very limited extent, were the rites of religion continued. It is hardly conceivable that the places of those clergy who died during the eight years of interdict were supplied by fresh ordinations, and some excuse may have been found for the outrageous demands of the Pope to present to English benefices in the fact that many cures must have been vacant, and the supply of qualified Englishmen to succeed them had fallen short.'

The Dominicans, Black Friars, or Friar Preachers, who were instituted four years before the Franciscans, also preceded them in their appearance in England, 1221.

As elsewhere, so in Suffolk, they threw themselves into the misery of the towns, standing between the poor man and the devil after the manner of the earlier days of John Wesley and his followers, of the Primitive Methodists, and of the Salvation Army. Their foundations were at

[1] 'The Coming of the Friars,' p. 31.

Dunwich, Ipswich,[1] and Sudbury. The first whereof being threatened and finally swallowed up by the sea, a design is mentioned for the removal of the convent to Blythburgh, but there is no hint of anything being really effected, and the Dunwich Black Friars probably died out without issue. We do not hear of any opposition to the Dominicans, but the Franciscans, Gray Friars, or Friars Minor, were as unwelcome to the Benedictines in Bury as ever an Evangelical of the earlier decades of this century could have been to an old-fashioned rector of the Nimrod, Ramrod and Fishing-rod type. For six years they hung on like bull-dogs, but the abbey won in the end, and procured an order from Pope Urban IV. for their removal, which was carried out on November 19, 1263, being the eve of St. Edmund's Day. They retired to Babwell, just beyond the liberty of St. Edmund, where from time to time they received help from sympathizing friends—Clopton, Drury, Peyton, Howard, Bedingfeld, and others. So does persecution ever fail of its end. The Gray Friars' Gate and part of the wall yet stands on the north of the town. At Dunwich, too, much of the wall remains, and here one day when I was Roman-road-hunting, I became possessor of a Compostella cockle or shell of Galice, sign of a pilgrimage to Santiago; but of their buildings at Ipswich, west of St. Nicholas's Church, there is no vestige. The White Nuns of the Order of St. Clare, or Nuns Minoresses, had a small abbey at Rokehall in Bruisyard parish. The foundress was Matilda of Lancaster, a descendant of the well-known Edmund Crouchback, brother of our Edward I. On the death of her husband, the Earl of Ulster, she entered the Austin nunnery at Campsey, but obtained permission from Pope Urban V. to exchange for the Order of St. Clare, which at that time had no habitation in England. A small college of secular priests had been removed from Campsey to Bruisyard, but dissolved in 1366, and the buildings became the sole Suffolk house of the Minoresses.

[1] The Grammar School occupies the site.

The White Friars, or Carmelites, who took their name from an aggregation of hermits on Mount Carmel in the second Crusade, were never a power in England. They had but one convent in Suffolk, on a site in the parishes of St. Nicholas and St. Lawrence in Ipswich, of which a part was taken in after-days for a county gaol, the name being yet preserved in Gaol Lane.

Allusion has been made to the Austin Friars as distinguished from the Austin Canons. Clare is their earliest foundation, and Richard de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, is claimed as their founder, in the middle of the thirteenth century. Weever quotes a monument to the memory of his widow Maud:

> 'Her lord and she with an holy entente,
> Made up our chirche fro the fondament,
> As shewith our wyndowes in housis thre,
> Dortour, Chapiterhous and Fraitour, which she
> Made out the grounde both plaunche and wal.'

As compared with others, much of the building remains, and there used to be communication between the castle and the friary by a bridge over the moat. Of the Orford friary no detail can be given but the date, *circa* 1294, and the names of a few benefactors. Though the abode of these Hermit Friars at Gorleston has disappeared, it must have been a place of great importance in its day. The site was to the west of the high road near the junction of Gorleston and Southtown, where *terra firma* emerges from the marsh. Here was a church 100 feet long and 24 feet wide, with a fine tower which formed a sea-mark, and existed in a ruined condition till 1813, when the sole remaining wall fell in an easterly gale. The engraving in Palmer's 'Perlustration of Great Yarmouth,'[1] shows that it was of the Perpendicular period. A small doorway of the same style, very late, may also be seen in a house hard by, the sole material relic of what was once a convent of the highest esteem; for here were interred three Earls of Suffolk (one

[1] III. 324.

Ufford and two De la Poles), Sir Robert Bacon, Richard de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, Roger Fitz-Osbert of Somerleyton, and many others of distinction. Three cartloads of encaustic tiles with armorial bearings, taken from these ruins, are said to have been broken up to mend the roads in 1800, and now and then one has been dredged from the bottom of the river.[1] A cell to this priory existed in Yarmouth, the remains whereof may be seen at the back of the Star Hotel.

Last in this long list of mendicants come the Crutched Friars, who derived their name from the cross at the head of their walking-staff. They were rare in England, and we have no trace of them in Norfolk. In London their house, the mother-house of the Order, was near the Tower, where the name is not extinct. Great Welnetham, founded before 1273, their sole habitation in Suffolk, was at once subordinate to this, and had a cell at Bergham in Linton, in the county of Cambridge. It is remarkable that their principles admitted of landed possessions. Altogether they had, besides houses, not less than 350 acres in Welnetham, Cockfield, Linton, Waldingfield, and Acton, the last the gift of Sir Robert Bures, whose fine brass remains in that church.

From the friars to the Jews is nearly as abrupt a transition as from the fish to the friars at the beginning of this chapter; but the time has come for some notice of the Chosen Race in Suffolk.

Considering their constant migrations and undoubted presence in all the great cities of the Roman world, there seems no reason to doubt the early appearance of the Jews on English soil, though direct evidence is not forthcoming. Mention is made of them in the Canonical Excerptions by Egbert, Archbishop of York, A.D. 740. We cannot rely on the Semitic extraction of Ithamar, Bishop of Rochester, A.D. 644-656, or afterwards on such names as Manasses de Gratia, Earl of Guisnes, the founder of the nunnery at Redlingfield. The Scripture

[1] Palmer, 'Perlustration of Great Yarmouth,' iii. 326-328.

narrative was sufficiently known for the names of Old Testament seers and monarchs to become 'household words,' and to be commonly used as Christian names.

The Norman Conquest would not be likely to work the Jews any harm. Indeed, to William Rufus all religions were much on a level, and that a very low one.

Moyses' Hall at Bury St. Edmunds is regarded as a Jewish synagogue of the time of Henry I. The words of Mr. Hudson Turner, in his 'Domestic Architecture of the Middle Ages,' describe it thus:

'In plan the building is nearly square, measuring in round numbers about 50 feet either way. The ground-floor is vaulted and divided into three alleys, by ranges of three arches of stone, springing from either round or square pillars, having Norman capital bases. The arch-ribs of the western alley are semicircular; in the others they are Early Pointed. The western division differs from the others, too, in being of greater width, the space between pillar and pillar being about 16 feet, while in the others it is less than 11 feet. These differences in form and size, coupled with the fact that the western range has been in comparatively modern times dissevered from the others, and made to form part of the adjoining inn, have led some to suppose that they must have originally belonged to distinct, though conjoined, tenements; but this notion was satisfactorily set aside a few years since by the discovery of the original staircase to the upper floor, in the first arch between the western and middle alleys, with its perfect well, lighted by two small apertures, one pointed and the other square, and having a doorway in each alley. On the west side the vaulting was within the memory of persons still living 8 feet deeper than at present, and the descent was by a small staircase from the present staircase. It appears originally to have had no windows on the ground-floor.

'On the upper stage, over the eastern vaultings, are two good Transition Norman windows, each of two lights, square-headed and plain, under a round arch, with mould-

ing and shafts in the jambs, having capitals of almost Early English character. It is a good example of the external and internal details of windows of this date.

'It will be observed that internally the masonry is not carried up all the way to the sill of the window; by this arrangement a bench of stone is formed on each side of it. The other part of the house has a Perpendicular window, which may have replaced a Norman one.

'The sculpture under this window, representing the wolf guarding the crowned head of St. Edmund, is worthy of notice. The upper part has been too much altered to enable us to make out exactly what it originally was; it may have been a tower, of which the upper stage is destroyed, or it may have contained a doorway.

'The fireplace is in the wall of partition on the first floor, and not towards the street, as in the Jews' house at Lincoln; but this fireplace is not part of the original work, though it probably replaced an older one. The principal entrance to the house would appear to have been on the east side.'

We have seen in the previous chapter to what extent the Bury Benedictines borrowed from the Jews. The interest was outrageous, of course; but the security was bad. The lenders might well have used the words which Sir Walter Scott puts into the mouth of Isaac the Jew:[1]

'I pray of your reverence to remember that I force my moneys upon no one. But when churchman and layman, prince and prior, knight and priest, come knocking to Isaac's door, they borrow not his shekels with these uncivil terms. It is then, "Friend Isaac, will you pleasure us in this matter, and day shall be truly kept, so God sa' me?" and "Kind Isaac, if ever you served man, show yourself a friend in his need." And when the day comes, and I ask my own, then what hear I, but "damned Jew," and "The curse of Egypt on your tribe!" and all that may

[1] 'Ivanhoe,' chap. xxxiv.

stir up the rude and uncivil populace against poor strangers?'

Bury St. Edmunds took a share in a general assault made on the children of Israel in 1190, John Taxster mentioning the place in connection with the massacres at Norwich and at Stamford Fair, and their slaughter of one another at York, when England

'Learn'd by proof, in one wild hour, how much the wretched dare.'

Many Jews were here killed on March 18, which was Palm Sunday, says Taxster, writing in the reign of Edward I., and the rest were banished for ever, by the procuration of Abbot Sampson. They had thriven under no loving rule, as my old friend the author of the 'Perlustration of Great Yarmouth' used to say, whereas in an open town like Yarmouth they could not earn a living. Perhaps they found those burgesses as hard as Yorkshiremen, one of whom is said to be a match for six Jews.

It is impossible to prevent the Burgh of St. Edmund from usurping a very large space in this part of the county history. The character of King John needs no comment, and the part played by Archbishop Langton will never be forgotten. The judicial restlessness which was the outcome of a wicked conscience at one time drove John up and down England, after the manner of gadfly-stricken Io. From Windsor to Tollard Royal in Cranborne Chase, back to Windsor, to York, north, south, east, west, anywhere, and all in vain, to be quit of the ghastly presence of Arthur—this was the manner of his torment.

In A.D. 1214 his ill-devised military operations on the Continent, resulting in defeat and disgrace, undid what credit he had obtained from the revocation of the Interdict and the Excommunication.

In the previous year, at a great assembly at St. Paul's, Langton had produced a charter of Henry I., the observance of which would have had the effect of depriving the

nation of the far greater blessings of the Great Charter. Now (November 20, 1214) Bury witnessed, under colour of a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Edmund, that great gathering of prelates and nobles at which a general oath was taken to continue in arms till the King should grant a charter confirming these ancient rights, embodied in the laws of Edward the Confessor.

The year was waning, the 'brief November day' sinking on heath and woodland, when the Bury assembly broke up. The new year had just commenced, when the barons' demands were presented to the King, and, in spite of temporizing and intriguing, the Great Charter was signed on June 15, and broken, so to speak, before the ink was dry on the parchment. Civil war broke out, the barons holding London, and exacting large sums of money from Yarmouth, Ipswich, Colchester, and other towns, while John ravaged the North. Louis, the Dauphin of France, landed at Sandwich on May 21, 1216, to help the barons. John marched southwards to Lynn, retraced his steps, and died at Newark, October 19, leaving his nine-years-old son to inherit his crown and its troubles.

It is at this point that the alleged removal of St. Edmund's body to Toulouse took place.

For the abstraction of the body there is only the general language of Matthew Paris, that Louis the Dauphin despoiled the cities and villages of Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, and the mention of the body of 'Aymund,' King of England, in an inventory at St. Sernin, Toulouse, bearing date 1489. Further evidence may exist at Seville, as suggested.

On the other side, there is a total silence in the chronicles of that time as to the alleged robbery, and, indeed, with the exception of Matthew Paris, a total silence as to the operations of Louis and his merry men in East Anglia. We turn in vain to Thomas Walsingham, Roger Hoveden, Peter of Langtoft, Thomas Wykes; to the Life of St. Hugh of Lincoln, a chronicle which is continued beyond his death; to the royal letters of

Henry III., which begin December 27, 1216; as well as to the annals of Evesham, Dunstable, Winchester, Waverley, Tewkesbury, and Burton.

Then there is the expressed belief at Bury that the body of St. Edmund was still there.

Florentius was under the impression that in 1296 he was visiting the place where the body lay.

Lydgate, to whom the epithet 'most authentic' is applied, says nothing about the removal of the body.

The fifteenth-century letters of affiliation call St. Edmundsbury 'monasterium in quo gloriosissimus Rex et Martir Edmundus corporaliter et in corrupte quiescit;' and it is not satisfactory to refer these words merely to common form.

To many readers these considerations will outweigh the 1489 inventory at Toulouse, especially when the items of some of these inventories are borne in mind. If we are to accept inventory evidence, we are confronted with 'unum jocale, cum petio digiti Adæ,' and much else.

The stirring events of the latter part of the reign of Henry III., and the wars of Edward I. in Wales and Scotland, only touch our county by the draughts made on the able-bodied male population to fill up gaps in the rank and file. We have no Cressinghams and Ormesbys to speak of, like our Norfolk neighbours. Nor do the miserable errors and horrible fate of Edward II. affect us locally.

The architecture of the time has suffered much at the hands of all following generations. Fashion changed, and for the worse, as often in other matters. The lofty purity of Early English gave way to the flowing curves of the Middle-pointed style, and both had to strike their colours to the imperious demands of the Perpendicular. Hence, comparatively little of Early English is left. A fine tower was evidently planned for Rumburgh, but never carried beyond the first floor. At Mildenhall, a beautiful chancel, with vaulted roof and pilasters of Purbeck marble, is used as a vestry; a new chancel, built by

Richard de Wycheford, Vicar, 'qui fecit istud novum opus,' with a perfectly unique seven-light east window, the lights being of graduated width, threw the older chancel into the shade in the first years of the fourteenth century; and in repairing the Perpendicular tower large masses of fine dog-tooth work were discovered, mouldings inside, serving to form the buttresses. In the smaller towns and villages there is more remaining of the Decorated or Middle-pointed work, sometimes with pretty fragments of glass with black and yellow ribbon, which has escaped the hands of the restoring nineteenth-century destroyer. We have at Acton a fine brass of the complete chain-mail style, before plates came in, and at Gorleston, fixed in the wall, a later specimen to the memory of the Sir John Bacon whose name occurs in the Inquisition Rolls of 1292. Very likely this is one of those mentioned by that miserable fanatic, William Dowsing of Laxfield, as being torn up in the course of his Puritan vagaries. It was purchased by Mr. John Gage Rokewode at Mr. Craven Ord's sale in 1830, and by the kind care of Mr. Dawson Turner replaced in its original matrix.

Two names, both connected with the Franciscan Order, must not be passed over in this chapter: Bishop Robert Grosseteste and Friar Thomas Bungay.

In the middle of the 'Bissopes Hundred' is the parish called Stetebroc in Domesday Book, now Stradbroke, where the great opponent of Papal usurpation in his day first breathed the air of this world in some obscure cottage, such as little farm-houses then were. He had a brother, of whom he said, 'A farmer you are, and a farmer you will be.'[1] We know little of his boyhood, but from the proximity of Stradbroke to Hoxne, he very probably fell under the notice of John Oxford, Bishop of Norwich, as a bright and promising boy. At Oxford he studied Greek, Hebrew and physics, and at Paris he pushed these studies further, and added French. In 1235

[1] Howell's 'Letters,' p. 406.

he became Bishop of Lincoln, and, as we learn from his letters,[1] he had occasion twelve years afterwards to resist the very same Franciscans by whom he had been taught. With their vows of poverty on them, they were exacting money all over England, and required 6,000 marks from his diocese. The resistance offered by him to this claim, and subsequently to Pope Innocent IV. himself, when he demanded a Lincoln canonry for his boy-nephew, can only be glanced at here. He died in 1253 at his palace at Buckden, in the county of Huntingdon.

Like Grosseteste, Friar Bungay was regarded as a magician, and like his friend and contemporary, Roger Bacon, he got into trouble through his reputation. 'Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay' were a well-known pair, and afterwards formed the title to the best known of Greene's plays. Whence that inventive genius got his ideas it is hard to say; but the story is a pretty one, with a strong local flavour.

The scene is laid mainly in East Suffolk. Prince Edward is hunting the hart in the Forest of Framlingham, and comes to 'merry Fressingfield,' where at the Hall he becomes enamoured of a simple rustic beauty, the 'fair Margaret of Fressingfield.' Henry III., however, summons his son to himself, having other views for a matrimonial alliance, and the Prince deputes the Earl of Lincoln to look after his interests. Margaret, apparently without intent, captivates not only the Earl, but two stout yeomen, Sersby of Cratfield and Lambert of Laxfield, who slay each other in single combat. This tragic event Friar Bungay exhibits in his magic glass to the sons of the combatants, students at Oxford, who are not backward to follow their fathers' examples, and the simple Margaret, after unwillingly causing this quadruple devastation, becomes Countess of Lincoln. The fair at Harleston, and the conversation about a horse which had been sold by the father of one of Margaret's many admirers to a man at Beccles, are described in very lively dialogue, and

[1] Epp. cxiii., cxiv.

if the time is not accurately represented, the same may be said of the greater part of Shakespeare's historical plays. Friar Bungay, like other magicians, had a dog, and 'dog Bungay' was a name not unknown, though not so common as 'dog Toby,' of apocryphal fame. Sir John Harington had a dog of the name.[1]

[1] Grosart's 'Sir John Davies,' p. 348.

CHAPTER IX.

EDWARD III. AND RICHARD II.

THE earldom of Norfolk, which had passed through the Bigod family, was granted in 1313 to Thomas Brotherton, a son of Edward I. by his second wife, Margaret of France. The Suffolk jurisdiction of the earldom died out with him, or, rather, predeceased him by three years; for Robert de Ufford was created Earl of Suffolk in 1335, whereas in 1338 the abbey of Bury St. Edmund's became the resting-place of Brotherton, whose arms, *England, with a label of three points for difference*, may be seen on the tower of Holy Trinity Church, Bungay, and elsewhere. He was not at his best estate a strong character, failing with his brother, the Earl of Kent, at a critical moment in a scheme for the overthrow of the notorious Mortimer. He 'went with the century,' so that his weakness was not senile. This snipping away of his power before his death, and placing it in the hands of Robert de Ufford, was no doubt a great advantage to Suffolk, in addition to the autonomy conferred upon it.

The existing traces of the fourteenth century, ecclesiastical, political, domestic, commercial, indicate a period of great activity and general prosperity, retarded indeed by the two great pestilences which occurred, the first just before the half-century, the second about thirteen years later. After a partial recovery from these visitations there was a general social upset, in which socialism came

to the front and subsequently, after its wont, fell to the rear. In these ups and downs, as well as in the religious difficulties of the time, Suffolk bore its share.

Edward III. was married to Philippa of Hainault when he was a mere boy, a year before his accession revealed those high qualities which budded early and decayed before the usual time. Her people for some time had been carrying on frequent peaceful invasions of England, introducing their improvements in weaving, but in 1336 they entered the country in great force. Whether the quality of the wool tempted them, or trouble at home from over-population drove them forth, they came in battalions, and it was necessary to keep them in work. Hitherto England had produced more wool than it wanted. Forests had been felled, and much timber cut down in particular over the heavy lands of Suffolk, letting in air and sunlight, which boons, with the clearance of undergrowth and scrub, in time gave many acres of fair pasture; and sheep do well on the better qualities of heathland, so that the production of Suffolk in this respect must have been large. No doubt the population was large too, many believing that the eastern counties have not yet recovered the ground lost at the Black Death. Certainly the power of getting the wool transferred from the backs of sheep to those of human beings was far below the production of the raw material. The manufacture had drifted across the sea. The time had now come to change all this. The Fleming had been encouraged to settle, the Englishman was beginning to learn his craft, and the wool must not go out of the country. Legislation came in 1337. The 'vent of wool,' as Baker calls it, was by statute confined to the realm, to the no small annoyance of landowners who found themselves uncomfortably in the power of English woolstaplers, though there must have been consolation in rents for weavers' cottages and the rise in the price of much of the produce of the soil.

Two royal deaths, those of Charles IV. of France and

Robert Bruce of Scotland, in 1328, threw all Western Europe soon afterwards into confusion. At first the anti-English party prevailed, Edward III. doing homage to Philip of Valois for his French possessions, and David II. succeeding his father. But the calm was delusive. Edward Baliol's sufferings, claims, successes, cessions, defeats, kept the North of England and Scotland in constant turmoil, and the help accorded by the French to David Bruce irritated the English monarch into the assumption of the title from which he had retired. Having obtained supplies from the Parliament in the spring of 1340, he made the Orwell estuary a rendezvous for his fleet, and the midsummer weather saw those fair waters all alive with sail. His ships were under way on June 22, and two days afterwards they came across their French foes at Sluys, on the Belgian coast. It seems to have been a hot day, but probably nowhere hotter than at the scene of a naval engagement, the greatest and most desperate which the narrow seas had ever witnessed. The French were 400 sail, the English 300. From eight in the morning till seven at night the conflict raged, when the French, to avoid the cold steel, leaped into the sea, abandoning their ships, of which only thirty escaped. By commanding in person, Edward reserved for himself the chief laurels; but among his vice-admirals was Sir John de Norwich, supposed, from a similarity in armorial bearings, to be connected with the house of Bigod. His services must have been great if they are to be measured by their recompense. Not the most important item was the permission to crenellate his mansion at Mettingham, and the great gateway still remains to testify to the prowess of a vice-admiral on the coast of Flanders.

With Cressy we have little to do so far as records go, but the awful visitation of the Black Death, which followed in three years, has left a mark on the county not to be obliterated. Originating in China, after those volcanic throes which are known to precede such manifestations of the death-dealing powers which lurk in the

elements, it spread through Asia into Egypt, and thence leaped from point to point among the great cities of Europe. Coincident with its progress came the furious storms of 1347, the general failure of the crops, misery, and starvation. Then in January, 1348, close on each other, came a seismic crash in Italy and the outbreak of the Black Death at Avignon, with its horrible accompaniments of carbuncles, delirium, inflammation of the lungs, and blood-vomiting. Seven hundred years had elapsed since the Destroying Angel had given forth a like blast from his trumpet. It was to recur in not so fierce a form fourteen years afterwards, and a faint echo has been felt time after time down to our own days; but 1348 and 1349 are years by themselves in the later ages. The 'deadly pestilence,' as the letter of Edward III. to his Lord Treasurer, Bishop Edington of Winchester, calls it, had broken out in Westminster before 1348 was out, and a royal proclamation on March 18, 1349, speaks of its serious increase there as well as in London and elsewhere. About this time it appeared in Suffolk. Dr. Jessopp, in the *Nineteenth Century*,[1] has told the story of one parish in these graphic words:

'In the Valley of the Stour, a mile or two from Sudbury, where the stream serves as the boundary between Suffolk and Essex, the ancestors of Lord Walsingham had two manors in the township of Little Cornard—the one was called Caxtons, the other was the manor of Cornard Parva. At this latter manor a court was held on March 31; the number of tenants of the manor can at no time have exceeded fifty, yet at this court six women and three men are registered as having died since the last court was held, two months before. This is the earliest instance I have yet met with of the appearance of the plague among us, and as it is the earliest, so does it appear to have been one of the most frightful visitations from which any town or village in Suffolk or Norfolk suffered during the time the pestilence lasted. On May 1 another court was held:

[1] February, 1884.

fifteen more deaths are recorded—thirteen men and two women. *Seven of them without heirs.* On November 3, apparently when the panic abated, again the court met. In the six months that had passed thirty-six more deaths had occurred, and *thirteen more households* had been left without a living soul to represent them. In this little community, in six months' time, twenty-one families had been absolutely obliterated—men, women, and children—and of the rest it is difficult to see how there can have been a single house in which there was not one dead. Meanwhile, some time in September, the parson of the parish had fallen a victim to the scourge, and on October 2 another was instituted in his room. Who reaped the harvest? The tithe sheaf too—how was it garnered in the barn? And the poor kine at milking time? Hush! Let us pass on.'

The Bishop of Norwich at this time was the well-known William Bateman, founder of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. The eight crescents which flash out on the Cam when the 'Hall' boat is gliding over those waters, calm but not clear, are from the arms of this prelate. He was rather a politician and a jurist than a theologian, and, having served much at Avignon, was probably looking forward to a cardinal's hat. State business took him thither after the Black Death had run its course in France, and just before its outbreak in East Anglia. It must have been with the most acute distress that he heard of the devastation of his diocese. He was a native of Norwich, where his father was a citizen of high repute, and his eldest brother, Sir Bartholomew Bateman, among many other possessions, owned the manors of Gillingham and Flixton, hard by the South Elmham palace, the Bishop's favourite residence. He seems to have lost no time in returning to his flock, probably posting across from Avignon to some north-east port, by an ancient and excellent road, and then sailing direct to Yarmouth, where he landed about June 10, to learn, among other sad events, of the death of his brother at Gillingham. The

plague had found its readiest course along the shore and up the rivers, invited possibly by insanitary conditions in both cases. Bungay, which in my sojourn there[1] was by no means a model for the hygienic student, had suffered. The Prioress died, and the remaining nuns sent her successor to Gillingham to be instituted on June 13. In the course of a day or two the Bishop went on to Norwich, and thence to London, to give an account of his French mission to the King. How the Bishop's commissary, Thomas Methwold, discharged his duties till relieved by his chief may be read in Dr. Jessopp's admirable paper. The Bishop held on at the palace for about three weeks, and then retired to Hoxne, where in seven weeks he had instituted more clergymen than in an average year. The parishes must be served, and priests had been mown down by the Dread Reaper's scythe by the score. Hence, not only deacons, but, as it would seem, even boys in the first tonsure, were put in charge of the churches. Better that supplication should go forth from these lads than that the voice of public prayer should be hushed at such a time. In the future, when we may hope for some provision made for research, more will come to light as to the state of England in general, and Suffolk in particular, in 1348 and 1349. What strikes me as among the greatest marvels of that time is the recovery of the nation, so that in 1350 the Spaniards were defeated off Winchelsey, and in 1352 the French in Brittany.

Political prelates, such as Bishop Bateman, are a common jibe for the shallow observer; nor was he the first of his kind at Norwich. Ever since the Conquest there had been no long interval without a Bishop of Thetford or Norwich serving high office in Chancery or the Exchequer. Of Bishop Bateman's three predecessors, Salmon had been Lord Chancellor and Ayermyn Lord Treasurer, the latter being succeeded by Antony de Bek, who is said to have been a great tyrant, and to have been

[1] 1859-1866. Much improvement took place in this time and subsequently.

poisoned by his servants. To those who reflect on the character of the nobility of these days, it will seem that, after all, the interests of the humbler classes would have been worse served by them than by men, of whom some were of lowly extraction, and all bound at least outwardly to some decency and kindliness of life.

Death overtook this energetic Churchman at the scene of his diplomatic labours, Avignon, in 1354, where he lies in the cathedral of St. Mary. He was attended to his grave by a throng of cardinals, prelates, and other great men, and committed to the earth by the Patriarch of Jerusalem.[1] To him succeeded Thomas Percy, 'out of Northumberland,' and to him in sixteen years the famous fighting Bishop, Henry Spencer.

There can be no doubt that the neighbourhood of Woodbridge was properly represented at Poictiers, as Robert de Ufford, the first Earl of Suffolk, of whom I have spoken, took a prominent part in that battle, his cool head keeping the rash youths from eager advance, and directing the archers advantageously. He also rode round to the various bodies of the English, keeping them in good courage.

In 1369 he died, and was succeeded by his son William. The second Earl's four sons predeceased him. In the troubles of the reign of Richard II. he pleaded the cause of the distressed poor in the House of Lords, and died almost while speaking, from some fit, a martyr after his manner.

After the Uffords come the De la Poles, whose sad record I propose to trace to its close.

We begin with William de la Pole, taking our words from the register of the abbey of Meaux.

He 'was first a Merchant at Ravenrod, skilful in the arts of trade, and inferiour to no English merchant whatsoever. He afterwards living at Kingston upon Hull, was the first Mayor of that Town, and founded the Monastery of St. Michael, which now belongs to the Carthusian

[1] See Cooper, 'Memorials,' i. 112.

Monks, near the said Kingston. His eldest son Michael de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, caused the said Monastery to be inhabited by that Order. William de la Pole aforesaid lent King Edward many thousand pounds of gold during his abode at Antwerp in Brabant. For this reason the King made him chief Baron of his Exchequer, gave him by Deed the Seigniory of Holderness, with many other lands then belonging to the Crown, and made him a Baneret.'

Camden gives a reference to the records of the Tower, in which he is styled 'dilectus, valectus et mercator noster.' On the term *valectus* he observes that it was an honourable title both in France and England, till it came to have a menial significance, when it was turned into Gentleman of the Bedchamber. It was bestowed on the poet Chaucer in 1367, when he received an annuity of twenty marks.

The son Michael here mentioned, sometime Lord Chancellor of England, married Catherine, daughter and heiress of Sir John Wingfield of Wingfield, and thus the De la Poles became inwrought into the history of this district.

The earldom of Suffolk was conferred on Michael de la Pole in 1385. 'Better versed,' as Thomas Walsingham tells us, 'in merchandise than in martial matters, as a merchant himself and the son of a merchant,' he appears to have been unequal to the burden laid upon him by these accessions of dignity. He had enjoyed his earldom barely a year, when the voice of the Commons thundered against him, charging him with the misappropriation of supplies, the acceptance of excessive grants from the Crown, and the abuse of the Great Seal, in applying it to illegal pardons and charters. They weakened their case by imputing to the Chancellor the capture of English ships and the loss of Ghent. The trial is justly regarded, from the order which characterized its proceedings, as one of great constitutional importance, but it ended in a conviction only on the lighter charges, a forfeiture of money, and imprisonment during the King's pleasure,

which terminated just after the dissolution of the Parliament of 1386. But the Parliament of 1387 was found to be more rancorous against him than its predecessor had been. He fled from the realm, and died at Paris in the year 1389, an exile from his native land, but, as we find from his son's will, was buried in the church of the Carthusians at Kingston-upon-Hull.

That the measures taken against this favourite Minister of Richard II. were generally regarded as severe, we may infer from the restoration of the earldom and estates by Henry IV. to the eldest son, the second Michael de la Pole with whom we have to do. The young man had in 1397 obtained the reversal of his father's outlawry; but, as it would appear, had courted and won Catherine, daughter of Hugh, Earl of Stafford, while the cloud of his father's disgrace still hung over his name.

During the reign of Henry IV. the De la Poles had a 'close time,' but family troubles revived in a new form after the accession of his warlike son. The siege of Harfleur, in the autumn of 1415, was attended by terrible loss of troops by fever and dysentery, contracted in the pestilential marsh air, with the usual accompaniment of camp filth. It must have been a truly miserable campaign. Before embarkation Richard, Earl of Cambridge, second son to Edmund Langley, Duke of York, Edward III.'s fifth son, and ancestor of a long line of Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart, and Hanoverian sovereigns, was executed with others for treason to their King. Richard Courtney, Bishop of Norwich, died of fever on the march from Harfleur, far from the flock committed to him, with the Lords Molines, Burnel, and others, while Michael de la Pole had already succumbed to the baleful influence of malaria, thus leaving their Sovereign, for whom they had yielded their lives in a struggle more deadly than that of battle, to cut his way through his enemies on the memorable day of St. Crispin Crispian.

The Countess Catherine was still in the first agony of grief for the loss of the husband to whom she had clung

in the dark days of their betrothal as well as in the brightness of wedded life, when tidings reached her of the death of her first-born, the third Michael. For a short month he had enjoyed the title, if the term enjoyment can be applied to the desperate march of the English army towards Calais. Twice had they been disappointed of battle, at the bridge of St. Maxentius, over the Somme, and at Amiens. Then came the brush at Corby with a body of French men-at-arms reinforced by the peasantry, the gallantry of Bromley of Bromley, the hanging of the church robber who stole the silver pix, the tedious harassed march across the upper valley of the Eaulne, the clearing of the bridge over the Canche, and the final victory of combined method and impulse against the most tremendous odds at the village of Agincourt.

Two, and two only, of the English nobility perished on that famed day: Edward, Duke of York, who had made suit for the command of the vanguard; and young Michael de la Pole, who was in the main battle with the King and the King's brother, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester.

It could not have been long after the young Earl's marriage with Elizabeth Mowbray, daughter of Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, that a second widowed Countess of Suffolk mourned with her mother-in-law, and the title of Earl of Suffolk passed to the next brother, William. It was not long before he found himself occupying his brother's place in the French war.

In 1417 he was at the capture of the castle of Tonque; in 1421 he shared the fate of others in the ambuscade near Angers, and was taken prisoner; but in 1423 he was at work again in Burgundy, under the dreaded Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury.

When at the siege of Orleans, five years afterwards, a great shot struck the bars of one of the windows of the captured Great Fort, from which Salisbury was taking observation, and caused the death of that valiant captain, Suffolk succeeded not only to the command, but in

process of time to the widowed Countess, Alicia, daughter of Thomas Chaucer of Ewelme, in Oxfordshire.

The siege of Orleans in Suffolk's hands was a failure, and he was again captured at Jargeux, where his brother, Alexander de la Pole, was killed in cold blood by the Duke of Alençon. We find him, however, assisting in the defence of Paris in 1430, and negotiating a peace some ten years afterwards. In this matter he went beyond his commission in propounding and carrying through the marriage between Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou.

His marquisate appears to date from 1443. In 1447 he became Duke, but as he went up in rank he went down in popular estimation. His services in France for more than thirty years were set at less than nought. The disastrous ending to the Hundred Years' War was put to his account. But so far as we may judge the man from the last words to which he put pen, he was good and true-hearted.

Of the two localities assigned for his embarkation, Camden's (Suffolk) is probably the more correct. His enemies having procured his banishment in 1450, we may suppose that he took sea at Dunwich, the nearest Suffolk port, and trace him in the fair spring weather through Fressingfield, along the 'broad' road, called in all deeds the highroad from Dunwich to Bury St. Edmunds, by Laxfield and Yoxford, and over Westleton Heath to the Roman Sitomagus. How he was caught and beheaded on the side of a boat off Dover is well known. Bloomfield speaks of a defaced monument to him in Wingfield Church remaining to his day, but we can point to no such thing now.

Duke John, a fresh creation after his father's forfeiture, whose noble monument we see on the north side of the altar, seems to have been a dutiful son. The mother lived a good deal at Wingfield. The Paston letters give glimpses of her there in 1452, but more notably in October, 1460. Richard Plantagenet, Duke

of York, the legitimate Sovereign, is now all-powerful in London. Though the Suffolk interest was distinctly Lancastrian, Duke John had married York's daughter, Elizabeth, and the young couple were made wire-pullers by the dowager. So we find from a letter written by the wily Franciscan, Friar Brackley, to John Paston. 'The Lady of Suffolk hath sent up hyr sone and hise wyf to my Lord of York to aske grace for a schireve the next yer, Stapelton, Boleyn, or Tyrel, qui absit. God send zow Ponyng, W. P., W. Rokewode, or Arblaster.' A keen practitioner apparently was Duke John, very unpopular according to Margaret Paston; but we must make allowances for Paston's dislike on account of the Duke's attempt to seize Hellesdon Manor. We find him raising men for Henry VII. in the autumn of 1485. In 1491 he died, leaving his widow presumably living in Wingfield. His eldest son John, created Earl of Lincoln by Edward IV., died before him. He espoused the cause of Lambert Simnel, and fell on the field of Stoke, near Nottingham, in 1487. The dukedom appears to have been restricted to the eldest son, for when in 1491 Edmund de la Pole succeeded his father, it was only as Earl. He married Margaret, daughter of Richard, Lord Scrope, head of a well-known Yorkshire house. In the year of his succession he accompanied his sovereign to the siege of Boulogne; in 1495 he lent his aid to the overthrow of the Cornish rebels under Lord Audley and Thomas Flammock on Blackheath. He was no model of self-restraint or discretion, but whatever he might have been, it was not in his power to purge himself of the taint of royal blood. He escaped from England on July 1, 1499, whereupon letters were issued by Henry VII., not only to arrest his abettors, but also 'any suspect person nyghe unto the see costes which shall seme . . . to be of the same affynyte.' The unfortunate man remained in exile fourteen years, and venturing to return to England some little time after the death of his merciless Sovereign in 1509, was finally executed by Henry VIII. in 1513,

'being a man of turbulent spirit, and too nearly allied to the crown.' Truly, the tender mercies of the Tudors were cruel! Last in our mournful record comes Richard de la Pole, another son of Duke John and Elizabeth Plantagenet. He was evidently awake to the fact that, 'turbulent' or not turbulent, he was 'too nearly allied to the crown.' Accordingly he remained on the Continent, a soldier of fortune, and wielded his sword for Francis I. of France, in whose service he was slain at the disastrous battle before Pavia in 1525.

With him ends the grim family chronicle. Cardinal Pole's father was a Welsh Ap Hoel, and had no claim to an origin from the vicinity of the big pond from which the Earls of Suffolk took their name.

Matthew Poole, M.A., of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, the learned author of the 'Synopsis Criticorum,' evidently was thought to be of this family, from the arms engraved with his portrait in the first volume of his 'Annotations.' He was a Yorkshireman, but I am unable to throw any light on his pedigree.

CHAPTER X.

COLLEGES, LOLLARDS, PILGRIMAGES, ETC.

THE annals of the second family which held the earldom of Suffolk have carried us some distance down-stream, and we must go back to the middle of the fourteenth century. One remarkable feature at this time was the foundation of Colleges of Priests. We have already seen one in existence at Bury St. Edmunds at an earlier period, and there appears to have been another at Glemsford; but now they are to be viewed as the rising institutions of the day. Immunity from episcopal authority had brought many evils in its train. The Benedictines were too grand and lazy. The mendicant Orders had left their first love and lost their pristine influence. Dominican fulminations had become mere noise, and Franciscan wiles were at once odious and ineffective. Yet the time had not come for the abandonment of all forms of the conventual system. Learning and piety still sought the cloister, and no constitution seemed better than that of a College of Priests, generally subject to the Bishop of the Diocese, bound by the statutes of their founder, whose name the College often bore, whose bread they had eaten. Suffolk, however, did not boast of many Colleges. Maud of Lancaster, in 1347, founded one at Campsey Ash, which in seven years she removed to Bruisyard. The College Farm at Wingfield still preserves the name of the posthumous founda-

tion of Sir John Wingfield, and the fine misereres in the chancel of that church were the seats of the priests, who had a side-chamber with hagioscope slits in the wall, whence the altar light might be watched. The date is 1362. Next, Simon Sudbury, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, but at that time Bishop of London, made St. Gregory's Church, Sudbury, collegiate, in 1375. Another posthumous foundation was Mettingham, to which castle, in 1382, the executors of the great Vice-Admiral, Sir John de Norwich, spoken of in the last chapter, removed the priests from Raveningham in Norfolk, his original foundation. Stoke-by-Clare, converted from a Benedictine house, and Denerdiston, or Denston, belong to the fifteenth century. Wolsey's Ipswich College will be noticed when we come to his life. Of those mentioned, the Wingfield and Mettingham foundations are the most interesting. Here were the local boarding-schools, where, for a moderate charge (it was £2 a year at Mettingham) 'boys were boarded, clothed, booked, washed,' etc., to quote from Squeers's prospectus. They would begin their work about five in the morning, so that the imagination may picture, without much fear of going wrong, the handful of fourteen promising boys with rather blue noses and pinched fingers, even the juniors with their heads shaven in the first tonsure, the seniors able to perform the functions of an acolyte, all learning to read, write, and cast accompt, to copy and illuminate manuscripts, and to master prick-song on the four-line staff, the ancient tonic sol-fa method, both in theory and practice. When they went home for their holidays they would run the gauntlet from the unlettered churls of their native villages, who, like another critic of the period, would say:

> 'For methinks it serveth to no thyng,
> All such pevish, prykeryd song.'

The list of incumbents of Norfolk and Suffolk parishes would doubtless include many a village lad who had

received his education under the secular priests of these colleges. Sometimes they chose to perform their functions, in part, by proxy, as in the first year of John Wilby's mastership at Mettingham, from 1403 to 1404, when xvjd. was paid to the schoolmaster of Beccles for the schooling of two clerks. Carving in wood and stone, screen-painting, and dry-plaster painting by the distemper method were doubtless also taught; and when the Mettingham choir was re-edified in 1407 and the following years, freestone was brought from Yarmouth to Beccles by water, and a local artist, sometimes called Thomas of Yarmouth, and sometimes Thomas Barsham of Yarmouth, was paid the large sum of £xxxvij iiijs. viid. for making images with tabernacles and a *tabula*, or picture, for the high altar. Barsham is the next parish but one to Mettingham, and it needs no stretch of fancy to see in this instance the schoolboy returning to the scene of his boyhood, to redecorate the chapel in which he had prayed and sung, almost in sight of his father's roof-tree.

The importance of these rural colleges may be seen more clearly when we consider that at the time of Sir John de Norwich's original foundation at Raveningham there were only ten colleges in the University towns: University, Balliol, Merton, Exeter, Oriel and Queen's at Oxford—the latter but two years old—and Peterhouse, Michaelhouse and King's Hall (both now incorporated with Trinity), and Clare Hall at Cambridge. Undoubtedly the religious houses had done much educational work, but as undoubtedly that work received a great impetus from the colleges, these secular priests retaining their property, and so their interest, up and down the country—much more in touch with the general mass of the people than the regulars could possibly be.

The resuscitation of the Collegiate Church is not the most remarkable of the changes in things ecclesiastical at this time. The parochial clergy had not an easy time of it. Manorial jealousies between different lords in the same

parish led to applications, made to the Bishop, for the establishment of a chapel in connection with some manor-house; and to this day payments are made year by year from different estates for 'pensions' due to the diocesan on account of the free chapel. The chaplain was often a very useful member of the manorial household—bee-master, farrier, head-gardener, family scribe, tutor, what not. So, too, the village guilds had their chaplain, who might happen to be the parish priest, if they pleased, or more frequently was somebody else. In this and other ways that religious restlessness which is ineradicable from the human heart sought some vent for its action and passion.

For this the struggle with Rome, one would have thought, might have served as an outlet, but the Statutes of Provisors and Præmunire belonged rather to Parliaments than to the bulk of the people. An alien rector or vicar holding place through Papal influence was, after all, not so common a phenomenon in English life, and there are not wanting instances of appeals to Rome by parishioners against monastic ill-treatment, as when the parishioners of Metfield appealed to Pope John XXIII., in 1411, against the Prior of Mendham, alleging that, although the Prior got his tithe, he would not cause their chapel to be properly served.

Many and various were the elements in the great stir which reached its height in the reign of Richard II. Amongst them labour stands prominent. Its market value, of course, went up after the Black Death. To regulate this value was the intent of the Statute of Labourers. Labourers must work, and work at a prescribed rate; they must be punished if refractory, or if they take more than the legal rate. But while labour was thus fixed, prices fluctuated. First they went down, as Knighton tells us, through fear of death. Then, through a dearth of necessaries, they went up, till the penny was worth fourpence or fivepence. Thereupon came an ordinance commanding victuals to be sold at

reasonable prices, which not even the ordinance-makers had the courage to define.

Such legislation was, of course, inoperative, and the Parliament, consisting of employers and owners, enforced obedience by branding the refractory. Still labour combined, as it ever will do, and with a certain success, while, in spite of the misery arising from high prices and low wages, a poll-tax was laid on time after time, till in 1380 came the great revolt under Wat Tyler, in which our Suffolk Chancellor, Archbishop Sudbury, met his tragic end.

But our concern is rather with John Litester, the Norwich dyer, and his Norfolk and Suffolk followers in 1381. The priest or preacher, John Wraw, seems to have been sent by Wat Tyler to start the movement in Suffolk. The flood was so sudden that two lords and divers knights were carried away with it, and the Earl of Suffolk, William de Ufford, narrowly escaped by a sudden departure from the supper-table. The captured notables were to be turned to account, Lord Morley and Sir John Brewis being compelled to accompany three of Litester's henchmen to obtain a charter of manumission from the King.

The conditions were certainly unfavourable to emancipation, for the insurgents had been plundering and murdering at a great rate. The house of Sir John Cavendish, Lord Chief Justice, at that village, had been burned to the ground. The abbey of St. Edmund had been spoiled of many of its jewels and structurally injured, and the heads of Cavendish, of Abbot Cambridge, and of Sir John Lakenhythe, keeper of the barony, had been set up in the abbey tower.

Meanwhile, Henry Spencer, grandson of the younger Spencer of the reign of Edward II., the young and hot-blooded Bishop of Norwich, heard of Litester and his doings, came from the neighbourhood of Stamford, where he happened to be tarrying, and rode over the breck country for his rebellious city. At Icklingham he fell in with the five envoys and their little train, released the

two unwilling members of the company, and presently beheaded Litester's representatives. After this act of laudable energy he pressed across the heaths, left our county, probably at Thetford, and ceased not till, with the men who had gathered round so dauntless a leader, he dispersed the insurgents at North Walsham with great slaughter. The Jeffreys of that day, Chief Justice Tresilian, in solemn assize, finished in the name of law what Bishop Spencer had effected in the name of the Gospel, and many a gibbet in the quieted villages of our county remained for years to tell the tale of Socialism, the outcome of selfishness and oppression, and generally bearing in its demeanour a strong hint of its parentage. To discuss Wycliffe's position in this movement would be beyond our local purpose. We may turn to an instance of his theological teaching. An assembly of notables was gathered at South Elmham Manor in the pleasant spring weather on the eve of the Feast of SS. Philip and James, 1399. Here was the lord of that episcopal estate, Henry Spencer, his temper perhaps a little cooled by age and disappointment, yet impatient of contradiction, and contemptuous of his social inferiors, as ever, and John Derlyngton, in whom we may see the Northumbrian vigour, Archdeacon of Norwich. With them is a predecessor of my own at Fressingfield, John de Rykingale, a pluralist of the period, Master of Gonvile Hall at Cambridge, sometime Chancellor of the University, who was one of the delegates to the Council of Constance, and ended his days as Bishop of Chichester in 1430. I write these words probably on the very spot where his pen was in its day active. Before them comes the well-known William Sautre, the first of the Reformation martyrs, to recant his opinions as to adoration of the Cross, transubstantiation, and other doctrines. Though all seemed to go well, the day's work was undone afterwards, and within two years Sautre, reverting to his old opinions, stood manfully the test of the flames in London. Bishop Spencer died in 1406, and the diocese was ruled succes-

sively by Alexander de Totyngton, Prior of Norwich, and Richard Courtenay, of the noble house of Devon. Then came an Essex man, John de Wakeryng, the last years of whose episcopate were embittered by not entirely futile efforts to repress Lollardism on the Norfolk side of the Waveney Valley. Opinions are, however, too volatile to be restrained by limits, natural or artificial, and it is not surprising to find the purgations made before Bishop Wakeryng the predecessors of a multitude both in Norfolk and Suffolk before William de Alnwyk and his Chancellor, William Bernham. A certain 'Master Robert Beete of Berry' appears early as examined upon suspicion of heresy, and there is a list of abjurers in Foxe of 120 names or so, from which I extract these: Nicholas Canon of Eye; Richard Fletcher, and Matilda his wife, John Reve, Baldwine Cooper, Richard Knobbing, Richard Grace, John Eldon, all of Beccles; John Spire of Bungay; and 'The herd[1] of Shepemedow.' These were not of the stuff of which martyrs are made, and Foxe offers the best excuse he can for their defection, as they were constrained 'to protest otherwise with their tongues than their hearts did thinke.' It is hard to imagine how he could have known anything more of these people beyond what he seems to have found in the official record of John Exeter, 'Register' of the diocese.

From this register, however, Foxe has given some precious details, as of John Skilley of 'Flixon,' miller, who was 'injoyned for penance seven yeares imprisonment in the monastery of Langley,' and for the enormity of eating flesh on Fridays he was put on a bread and water diet on Fridays during his imprisonment, and when his time was up he had to put in four appearances at the cathedral, with the other penitentiaries, two on the ensuing Ash Wednesdays, and two on the ensuing Maundy Thursdays. Like St. Paul, these bold thinkers were often 'in peril among false brethren.' One William

[1] I suspect this to be a misprint for 'Tho. Herd.' The surname existed at Shipmeadow about that time.—*East Anglian*, N.S., iv. 299.

Wright turned informer, naming Fletcher as 'a most perfect doctor in that sect,' able 'very well and perfitly to expound the Holy Scriptures,' and, further, having 'a booke of the new lawe in English, which was Sir Hugh Pies first.' Nicolas Belward of 'Southelam' had given in London 'foure marks and forty pence' for his copy, out of which he had instructed the informer and the informer's wife. 'John Perker, mercer of a village by Ipswich, is a famous doctor of that sect. Also he said that father Abraham of Colchester is a good man.' The miserable kind of Paul Pry gossip which must have been engendered is painful to reflect upon. Mrs. Cliffeland's servant, Agnes Bertham, for instance, being sent to the house of Mrs. Backster, one of the accused, at Martham in Norfolk, found on the Saturday after Ash Wednesday 'a brasse pot standing over the fire, with a peece of Bacon and Oatmeale seething in it.' The fleshpots of Skilley and Belward would have proved equally accursed. One awful miscreant had the *Ave*, *Pater Noster*, and *Credo* in English. We must not inquire too curiously into their abjurations. In a similar case Thomas Fuller quaintly describes these utterances as 'rather oral than cordial.'

The name of Wakeryng's predecessor, Bishop Richard Courtenay, takes us back to the French wars at the beginning of the reign of Henry V., the siege and capture of Harfleur, in spite of the ravages of dysentery in the English camp, and the day of St. Crispin, for ever inscribed on the banner of England's fame:

'See how the Lion of the Sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.

* * * * *

So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crush'd and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.'

Where the heads of East Anglia were found, followers accompanied them from manor-houses, farms, mills, and country towns. The stately form of Richard Courtenay, when it was laid low on the sick-bed, was but one among

those of the stalwart men-at-arms who hailed from Norfolk and Suffolk, and the earth was a pillow for many a 'good white head' from our parts beside that of good old Sir Thomas Erpingham. Courtenay is described as 'of noble family, of tall stature, of excellent wit, and not less distinguished for the greatest eloquence and learning, than for other of the more noble endowments of nature. He fell sick on Tuesday, September 10, of a bloody flux, and on the following Sunday, in the presence of the King, who covered his feet after extreme unction, and closed his eyes with his own hands, amidst the bitterness and tears of many, released his spirit from his prison; and our King, out of his tender affection, quickly sent him over into England, to be honourably interred in the royal cemetery at Westminster.'[1]

A conspicuous warrior at Agincourt was Thomas Beaufort, the King's half-uncle, Earl of Dorset, whom Shakespeare by anticipation calls Duke of Exeter, a title to which he was not advanced till the King's return to England, the year after the battle. He poses grandly in the drama, and is highly commended even by the fastidious Fluellen, yet his merits do not seem to have been overrated by poetic license. Commanding as an energetic and prudent soldier, of such mental calibre as to be Lord Chancellor, and Lord Admiral at a time when no mere land-lubbers handled ships, he must have been a man of unusual and varied powers. Ten years after his elevation to the duchy of Exeter, he died at Bury St. Edmunds, and was interred in the abbey church, though apparently unconnected with the county of Suffolk by titles, possession or marriage, his Duchess being a Lincolnshire Nevile. In 1772, some labourers, in removing part of the ruins of this church, came upon a leaden coffin that had been enclosed in an oaken case, much decayed at the time of discovery. The embalmed corpse was quite fresh, the nails and hair, the latter turning gray, being perfect, a parallel to the case of St. Edmund. The labourers, for

[1] Nicolas, 'Battle of Agincourt.'

the sake of the lead, threw the body among the rubbish; but the story got abroad, the remains were collected, and buried near the north-east pillar which used to support the belfry. Some of the great Duke's hair, preserved by the surgeon who examined the body, passed from hand to hand till it came into the possession of my deceased sister-in-law, Mrs. Harris of Mildenhall, a native of Bury, and from her to me.

The words put into the mouth of the Duke of Exeter by Shakespeare,[1] in describing the death scene at Agincourt, are among the most striking in the play:

> 'Suffolk first died: and York,[2] all haggled over,
> Comes to him where in gore he lay insteeped,
> And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes
> That bloodily did yawn upon his face,
> And cries aloud, "Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
> My soul shall thine keep company to heaven.
> Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast:
> As in this glorious and well-foughten field,
> We kept together in our chivalry!"
> Upon these words I came and cheered him up:
> He smiled me in the face, raught me his hand,
> And with a feeble gripe says, "Dear my lord,
> Commend my service to my sovereign."
> So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
> He threw his wounded arm and kissed his lips:
> And so, espoused to death, with blood he sealed
> A testament of noble-ending love.'

Wars might rage abroad, and people imagine a vain thing at home, but the traces of material progress in the fifteenth century, whether in written record or in the more palpable evidence of wood and stone, are too plain to be passed over even by the casual observer.

The great mass of church architecture in Suffolk belongs to the fifteenth century, and it is wonderful with what little reverence the designers of that day treated the

[1] 'Henry V.,' Act IV., scene vi.

[2] Eldest son of Edmund Langley (the fifth son of Edward III.), elder brother of the traitor Richard, Earl of Cambridge, and uncle of Richard the 'White Rose.'

works of their predecessors. The Perpendicular style, with all its merits and demerits, came in like a flood, sweeping all before it. Money must have come in like a flood too, the outcome of the wool trade in a large degree. The two noble churches at Bury St. Edmunds, standing in one churchyard, as well as those at Southwold, Stoke-by-Nayland, Clare, Lowestoft, Ipswich St. Mary-le-Tower, and many others, with their lofty arcades and darkness-hating clerestories, testify to the wealth, piety, and public spirit of the period of their erection. The three sister-towers of Bungay St. Mary, Eye, and Laxfield seem to have emanated from the same mind; and a fourth, Redenhall, is just within the Norfolk border, but in the same district. Leaden spires, too, of the lantern order, after the manner of Belgium, now appear. There was till the earlier part of this century a fine specimen on the tall tower of Mildenhall, a notable waymark in the heaths and fens of the hundred of Lackford. Brandon and Stowmarket are good instances. That at Whepstead was blown down on the night of Oliver Cromwell's death. The interiors of the churches also were vastly improved. Rood-screens of great stateliness, and often bearing figures of the Apostles or of virgin saints, such as St. Cecilia, St. Apollonia, St. Barbara, and others, were erected; Southwold, Eye, Bramfield, and many others, remain. I can recollect the forester of St. Vedast in a pew at Mildenhall, well covered with 'french-white' paint, and often wondered what it meant. Often the screen was surmounted with a loft, approached by a newel staircase in one of the pillars of the chancel-arch, whence would issue the voice of praise in the service. In front of the crucifix which was on the screen hung the *rotula*, or rowell, a ring of light. The cost, about eighteenpence, for renewing the wax from time to time often occurs in parish accounts, *e.g.*, Cratfield. In Fressingfield the pulley and block for the rowell rope may still be seen, with a guider in the easternmost of the arches of the south arcade.

The new Perpendicular towers were not allowed to

remain silent. Indeed, the cages for the bells were placed as soon as the building had reached the belfry floor, and the towers were then built around them. This is proved by the length of the wooden pins which fasten the beams together, such that they could not have been driven in after the walls had been constructed round them.

A very large number of these fine old bells may still be heard, and seen by such as fear not steeple-climbing. They are beautiful objects, and the ornamentation on them surprises all but the campanalogist. In my 'Church Bells of Suffolk' there is an account of all that survive—indeed, of every bell now existing in Suffolk, and of some which have passed away. The greater part came from Norwich or London, but by the middle of the fifteenth century there was a flourishing foundry at Bury St. Edmunds. The founder's initials were H. S., as may be seen from his foundry-stamp, from which also we learn that he cast cannon as well as bells at Bury. After him came two men named Chirche, Reignold and Thomas. There are still existing nearly a hundred of their bells, of which rather more than half are in our county. The men of Mildenhall, in 1469, had a suit in the Court of Common Pleas against Richard Brasyer, the Norwich founder, for alleged breach of contract, they complaining that in recasting 'le graunde bell de Mildenhall' he had failed 'de ce faire un tenor accorder in tono et sono a les auters belles de Mildenhall.' The best lawyers of the day were retained on both sides, and the Year-book contains a full rehearsal of the arguments, which are of an ingenious character.[1]

Domestic architecture advanced greatly, some of the old stud-and-plaster houses being of a highly picturesque character. One in the street of Barton Mills is especially worthy of note. Another in St. Mary's Street, Bungay, with the history of Samson, is sure to attract attention.

[1] 'Church Bells of Suffolk,' p. 46, etc.

The 'Ancient House,' Ipswich, only needs to be named, while there is hardly a town in the county which cannot show at least portions of an example.

The guild-houses at Lavenham, Hadleigh, Kelsale, Laxfield, and Fressingfield are amongst the best remaining, the latter adorned with a figure of St. Margaret trampling on the dragon.

Built without substructure, and merely resting on the soil, when mediæval houses decayed the traces of them soon vanished. One in the parish of Weybread was burnt down in the autumn of 1892, and few would now, little more than two years after the fire, notice that there had been a house on the spot. If we are sometimes surprised at the existence of solitary churches, we may remember that the clusters of houses which were once round them have left no sign at their departure.

We must not leave this period without a few words about its Suffolk poet, John Lydgate, a native of that village, in the Woodland country, and a Benedictine of the great house of St. Edmund. He was an imitator of Chaucer, but, to use Thomas Fuller's words about somebody else, he had the fiddle and the bow, but not the rosin of his original. Ritson has a list of 251 pieces of his in the 'Bibliographia Poetica,' and even this is probably not exhaustive. Exhausting, doubtless, most of his compositions are. Even the 'Storie of Thebes,' which the author puts in as an extra Canterbury tale, borrowed from Statius and Boccaccio, is pronounced exceedingly dull and prolix, and is no better than it is called. Like many others of that time, he was a travelled man, and had overlaid his English wit with French and Italian lore, which he had rather acquired than absorbed. Pilgrimages, indeed, proved a most important link between nations, and fostered exchanges in produce, literature and politics, as well as in hagiology. If foreigners came to Walsingham and Bury, East Anglians went to Rome and Santiago. Of the latter I possess a notable memorial. In the year 1878 I was at Dunwich with one of my old Yarmouth

boys,[1] trying to discover some traces of Route IX. in Antonine's 'Itinerary.' We were just on the point of departing when I asked a man who was at work at the Gray Friars' whether anything had been found lately. He produced an undistinguished scrap of copper, thickly encrusted with mud, which I bought of him there and then. It took some days' soaking to remove the earthen crust, and then came to light a little copper Santiago 'cockle,' a 'shell of Galice,' as we find it sometimes called. No doubt it had been dropped there by some Suffolk pilgrim who bitterly mourned its loss; but it has fallen into loving hands, and, indeed, so charmed my deceased friend, Mr. Matthew Holbeche Bloxam, that he had it photographed, engraved and recorded.[2]

These excursions were not all pleasure. A humorist, who writes as though from painful experience, has depicted the miseries of the voyage to 'Seynt Jamys,' or, rather, to Corunna, the nearest port to Compostella. A qualmish passenger ejaculates:

'Steward, felow! A pot of bere!'

and is cheerfully answered:

'Ye shalle have, sir, with good chere,
Anon alle of the best.'

By the time the dinner-cloth is laid all appetite is gone:

'Thys mene whyle the pylgryms ly,
And have theyr bowlys fast theym by,
And cry aftyr hote malmsy;
"Thow helpe for to restore."
And som wold have a saltyd tost,
ffor they myght ete neyther sode (boiled) ne rost;
A man myght sone pay for theyr cost,
As for oo (one) day or twayne.
Som layde theyr bookys on theyr kne,
And rad so long they myght nat se;—
"Allas! myne hede wolle cleve on thre!"
Thus seyth another certayne.'[3]

[1] Mr. Arthur B. Cooper, of Westwood Lodge, Blythburgh.

[2] See his paper 'On the Tomb of a Pilgrim at Haverfordwest.'

[3] 'The Pilgrim's Sea-voyage' (Early English Text Society, 1867).

In this forlorn condition we will in imagination leave the owner of the Compostella scallop, and turn to the Home Department, and in particular to the election of members of the House of Commons.

Hitherto the County Court seems to have been open to all comers, as before the Norman Conquest, and in case of difference of opinion the rough and ready show of hands settled the matter. In the eighth year of Henry VI., 1429, on the prayer of the Commons, this was changed. The franchise was unmanageable, and the forty-shilling freeholder was invented. Sheriffs could examine on oath, and be punished for not maintaining the restriction. Knights returned contrary to the ordinance were to lose their wages. The result was undoubtedly the aggrandizement of the nobles, and our county affords an excellent instance of its working. When, at the Parliament held at Bury in 1447, the Beauforts and William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, had the ascendancy, the 'good Duke Humphrey' of Gloucester was arrested the day after the Houses met, and was found dead in the course of a few days, not without strong suspicion of foul play. Then came the reaction. Suffolk fell, and his relation, Archbishop Stafford, retired from the Chancellorship, which was reoccupied by Cardinal Kempe, a man raised from the ranks.

In these struggles there can be no doubt that influence from high quarters was freely used. It comes to the surface in letters of the Duke of Norfolk and of the Earl of Oxford to John Paston in 1450, the former written from Bury, and the latter from East Winch in Norfolk. The latter encloses a 'sedell' (schedule) of the names of the persons to be chosen for Norfolk—Sir William Chambirlayn and Henry Grey. Grey was returned with Sir Miles Stapleton for Norfolk, but another Chambirlayn (Sir Roger) and Sir Edmund Mulso sat for Suffolk. Of these two, the Duchess of Norfolk had at the same time recommended Chambirlayn.[1] The residence of the Mowbrays

[1] Gairdner's 'Paston Letters,' i. 160, 161; Cox, 'Ancient Parliamentary Elections,' p. 115.

at Framlingham, and their ancient possessions at Bungay and elsewhere, gave them great weight in Suffolk.

At the same time, the first duties of governors, the keeping of the peace and the protection of life and property, were miserably neglected. Jack Cade and his merry men had their humble but sincere imitators in East Anglia in 1452, under Captain 'John AmendAlle,' who seems to have been a certain Roger Chirche, *alias* Bylaugh. Their doings were mainly confined to Norfolk, but on 'the Saterday next before Palme Soneday' (April 1) we find that they or some of the same kind were at work in Suffolk, when 'Alredis sone of Erll Some, fast be Framyngham, was pullid ought of a hous and kyllid.' Fourteen of the gang are named as 'gadderyng to hem [them] gret multitude of mysrewled people,' and keeping 'a frunture and a forslet' at the house of Robert Ledeham, whence they issued, sometimes thirty strong and more, 'jakked and salattyd' (in coats of mail and helmets), and did many 'orible and abhomynable dedis.' From the petition that went up to the Lord Chancellor, Cardinal Kempe, Postwick Wood, near Norwich, was regarded as their headquarters. In the case of the Earl Soham outrage, however, the information falls short of connecting the murder of young Aldred with Ledeham's gang. 'Whedyr any of the seid felechap were there or not men kan not sey, there be of hem so many of wheche many be unknowe people.'[1] This, be it remembered, took place almost in sight of John Mowbray's ducal castle at Framlingham.

It is probable that a wholesome extinction of these savages came about through the Wars of the Roses; otherwise those sad struggles affected our county only indirectly. The Earl of Oxford was very powerful in Essex, and not without influence in Norfolk, but in Suffolk his name did not go far. He and the Duke of Norfolk, the latter with 6,000 men, are related to have turned up at St. Albans the day after the first battle

[1] Gairdner, 'Paston Letters,' i. 236, etc.

there. The Duke's father and the Yorkist claimant had married sisters; somehow, nevertheless, Norfolk was in alliance with Lancaster. A neighbour, Philip Wentworth, who carried the King's standard, 'kest hit down and fled,' and the narrator of the battle adds, 'Myn Lord Norffolk seyth he shal be hanged therfore, and so is he worthy. He is in Suffolk now. He der not come about the King.' This is not the last time that a Wentworth of Nettlestead will be named in the annals of the county. The writer of this letter is one William Barker.

Thomas Playter, or Playters, of Sotterley, tells us some of the detail of the battles in this devastating civil war, but it is all at second hand, and the slowness with which intelligence travelled in those days is surprising. Playter, whose brass remains in Sotterley Church, where he was interred in 1470, was much in London on business connected with the Pastons. From the tone of his letters the courts seem to have sat, and their decisions to have commanded respect; while in the North the midwinter snows were crimsoned with blood at Wakefield, and the choristers, after chanting the Palm Sunday anthem at York, might have heard outside the cathedral the deadly din at Towton.

The battle of Towton was fought on March 29, 1461, and on the following day Edward IV. entered York, but no tidings arrived till Easter Eve at London, which 'unto this day,' say Playter and William Paston, writing as soon as the news came to hand, 'was as sorry cite as myght.' The letter which conveyed the result of the battle was from Edward IV. to his mother. Playter and his friend excuse themselves for sending no 'er' (sooner) because they were without intelligence, and as the messenger could hardly have reached Suffolk till Monday, and Norfolk till Tuesday, a good ten days must have intervened between the battle and the knowledge of it in North Suffolk. The lordship of Framlingham about this time passed from one John Mowbray to another, and the Duke of Suffolk was more occupied with advancing his personal interests than in affairs of State. What the

Mowbrays and De la Poles thought of that breaking of the cloud in the North we know not.

The municipal history of the fifteenth century is doubly important as regards Suffolk, as showing the connection of the county with the Metropolis, and as marking a great advance in the position of the county town.

It is no mean testimony to the moral and intellectual education in the provinces that so many country lads should go up to London, serve faithfully in the lower stages of office work, and rise by degrees to the aldermen's bench and to the lord mayoralty. Such was Sir Henry Barton, citizen and skinner of Mildenhall, or rather, I suspect, from Barton Mills, in which village there is an ancient house which may have belonged to his father. He was Lord Mayor in 1416 and in 1430, and became the father of the public lighting of London, ordaining lamps to be hung outside each citizen's house at night, from All Hallows to Purification. The noble parish church of Mildenhall contains his tomb, and a font bearing the City arms and those of Barton, a municipal relic whereof the City should not be unmindful, for it is getting dilapidated, and may, perchance, find its way into a stonemason's yard, should some benevolent person present the church with a new one. Barton turns up in the 'Paston Letters' in his proper character as skinner, being requested to send to Thomalin Grys, spicer, of Norwich, some 'loder' (leather) as soon as he can goodly buy it. Such also were another Mildenhall man, Sir William Gregory, Lord Mayor in 1451, and Sir Thomas Cooke, a native of Lavenham, Lord Mayor in 1462; and there will be two more from Suffolk in the next chapter.

Meanwhile, the town of Ipswich was rising in commercial importance. The earliest of its charters was granted in the first year of King John, before which time the borough was in the position of Norwich, Lewes, Oxford, and other places, paying two-thirds of its revenue to the King, and the 'third penny' to the Earl. The Domesday Book extract makes this clear. Earl Guert in the time of Edward the Confessor, and Roger Bigod after

the Conquest, received this 'third penny.' But the place had gone terribly down in the world, the burgesses having fallen in that interval from 538 to 210, half of these too poor to pay more than a penny a head to the King's Geld. There were then 328 empty houses, and the borough was in perpetual debt. John's charter was apparently to be paid for by clearing off these arrears, a process occupying more than a year, if we may judge from the slow action on the part of the burgesses in acting on their new privileges. They had no fixed place of meeting, but held their first assembly in the churchyard of St. Mary-le-Tower, where they chose their two bailiffs, and subsequently, by committee, their twelve portmen. Passing over intermediate charters, we come to that of 24 Henry VI., whereby the two bailiffs and four of the portmen received the commission of the peace, with all fines, etc., accruing thence, with the assize of bread, wine, and ale, the admiralty, and clerkship of the market. With the exception of magisterial privileges, this was only putting in black and white what had been matter of custom.

Edward IV., in 1464, after his manner, totally ignored what the Lancastrian usurpers had done, but took care that his charter should in no way abridge their newly-granted rights. The town is now incorporated by the title of the 'Bailiffs, Burgesses, and Commonalty.' The two bailiffs are to be elected at the Guildhall every eighth of September, and the burgesses are to be exempt from jury service. The incorporation soon made by-laws, and pigs, in Ipswich as elsewhere, were among the first *reformanda*.[1] Stray hogs might be sold by those in whose gardens they were found, half the money to be kept by the injured person, the other half to go to the town; and those who suffered their swine to go at large were to pay for every foot one penny at the first offence, and twopence at the second. A third transgression could be expiated only by the forfeit of the whole hog, the origin of one of our proverbial expressions.

[1] Taylor, 'In and about Ancient Ipswich,' p. 45.

CHAPTER XI.

PERPENDICULAR ARCHITECTURE—DOMESTIC LIFE—SIR JAMES TYRELL—TRENTALS—LORD MAYORS.

WHILE the din of arms was resounding in other counties, the clink of the trowel was rather the prevalent note in Suffolk. The church-building and house-building which went on apace in the middle and the latter part of the fifteenth century have left us some grand later Perpendicular examples, eminently the churches of Lavenham and Long Melford.

No church in the county possesses a nave of finer proportions than Lavenham. It is in six bays; and capitals, spandrels, cornice, and foliated bosses have drawn forth the highest eulogy of many an architect. Long Melford nave, which is very late, consists of ten bays, but, as at Blythburgh, the judicious arrangement of detail prevents the eye being wearied by excessive length. The peculiar use of flint in conjunction with stone attains its greatest development about this time. The flint forms the panel, and the stone, which does not project from it, divides panel from panel. Thus the best effects are introduced in an exceedingly durable and economical way. While no part of the building was neglected, the porches received the fullest share of attention; indeed, it would be invidious to single out any for especial praise.

In some parts of the county the traveller may go from parish to parish assured that, if there be little else to see,

his eyes will be gratified by the porch, as often as not. Sometimes the stone is worked into an inscription, as at Botesdale Chantry, or into a riddle as at Blythburgh. The naves began to be seated, and that in the best-seasoned oak, carved with great skill. The figures of the saints show admirable treatment of drapery, and there is generally a calm dignity about these little wooden statuettes where they have survived Puritan fanaticism, rustic hack-knives, and Georgian notions of comfort. At Laxfield, Eriswell, and Combs, for instance, the saw and plane have been cruelly busy. Fressingfield is as good an example as can be found of pews standing in the original kerb. One of the best of the bench-ends is figured in Chambers's New Encyclopædia, art. Pew, and the back of this seat bears the emblems of the Passion, from the Cock-crowing to the Seamless Coat, and the Dice-box for casting lots whose it should be. Here also we may see a good Sanctus-bell cot, with the spout for the rope passing through the chancel arch, while at Hawstead the bell for this purpose, about the size of an ordinary house-bell, is placed on the top of the rood-screen.

In these ways and the like, the money earned by grain and hay, wool and meat, found employment, and, passing through the hands of carpenters and masons, stimulated further the trade of the country. It was clearly a time of great material progress. The Duke of Suffolk, John de la Pole, who had married the sister of Edward IV., a grasping tyrant, to judge from the Pastons' estimate of him, was on the side of the successful Yorkists, and no fines diminished the fecundity of his estate, while the temporary downfall of the De Veres only affected the south of the county, and that not extensively. The business of electing knights of the shire lay solely in the hands of little knots of influential men. In 1472 the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk settled the Norfolk election, probably at Framlingham, where the former lived, and where John Paston discovered that the conclusion was

foregone, and that his brother need not trouble the county with his candidature. East Anglia seems to have regarded such events with sublime indifference. Such as could be got at were told to tarry at home, and there were a dozen towns in England which chose no burgess as they were bound to do. In spite of the small store set by political liberty, and the occasional outbreaks of epidemics, the times seem prosperous. Material progress and civic freedom are often dissociated, and under a clever despot mankind is apt to be better off than in the days of unrestrained gabble and disinclination to hard work. Fortunately, we have a picture of domestic life in the MS. of Robert Melton of Stuston, probably steward to Cornwallis, the lord of the neighbouring manor of Brome. The book containing Melton's memoranda and much else was edited in 1886 by Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith for Lady Caroline Kerrison. It is a strange conglomeration of poetry, sacred and secular, prayers, directions for a trental, a carol for the Annunciation, manorial documents, private accounts, and, to conclude, 'A Medyson for the Zelow Jawdys.' The sayings and puzzles at the beginning of the book are not conceived in a spirit of devotion to the ladies, and would have been reprobated by any chivalrous knight, *e.g.:*

'The hart lovyt the wood, the hare lovyt the hyll,
The knyth lovyt hys sword, the carll lovyt hys byll;
The fowlle (fool) lovyt his folly, the wysseman lovyt hys skyll,
The properte of a schrod qwen (shrewd quean) ys to have hyr wyll.'

The puzzles are worse:

'Take iij claterars:
B pkf,
B kbk,
B xpmbn.
Take iij lowrars:
B bpf,
B pwlf,
B xpmbn.
Take iij schrewys:
B xbspf,

B xfskll,
B xpmbn.
Take iij angry:
B ffrkfr,
B ffpx,
B xpmbn.
Ther be iiij thyngs take gret betyng:
B stpfksch,
B mklstpn,
B fffdkrbfd,
B xpmbn.'

Perhaps some of my readers by this time may have read the riddle, which is easier than those tricks by which love-lorn swains and lasses vainly imagine that they secretly correspond in the 'agony' column of the *Standard*. The thing is very simple, merely an abolition of vowel-symbols without extinction of vowel-sounds. Each vowel is represented by the following consonant. Thus, the three clatterers are 'a pie, a jay (iai) and a woman'; the three lowerers 'a ape, a owle, and a woman'; the three angry, 'a ffrier, a ffox, and a woman.' The roars of laughter with which the right guess would be greeted, with many a sly application to some spinster aunt, mother-in-law; or shrewish wife, had something of the evanescent character of the 'crackling of thorns under a pot,' as these pleasantries would hardly bear repetition. The mention of the friar among the 'iij angry' is on a level with the estimate of the mendicant Orders a century earlier. 'Merry and wise' is the character of Melton's book. These are Caxton's daily rules, very slightly varied:

'Fyrst arysse erly,
Serve thy God deuly,
And the warld besylly.
* * *
Goe be the way sadly (gravely),
And awnswer the pepll curtesly.
* * *
Goo to thy sopper sadly,'
Arysse fro supper soburly,' etc.;

and there are other rules for conduct, apparently not known elsewhere, ending:

> 'Yff thow hast lost thy good,
> Loke thow takyt with myld mood,
> And sowrow not to sore;
> Make joy, suffer and abyd,
> For yt may so betyde
> That thow shall have mych more.'

The play of 'Abraham and Isaac' in 'The Boke of Brome,' as Melton's book is now entitled, is also of a unique character, and the other poems deserve much more notice than can be allotted to them here. The general conclusion is that life in a yeoman's house at this time was much brightened by the charms of literature, and purified by sentiments of wisdom and kindliness, referred to the Great Example for us all; and that it was not mere talk we have proof in Melton's spending fifteen shillings—what would be now an appalling sum—at Norwich for 'a bonet of welwete' for his mother, with other similar items. The 'Boke of Brome' was privately printed, but it deserves a wide circulation.

We come to names better known than Melton's, and first to the Brandon family, sprung, no doubt, from the town on the Little Ouse, but settled afterwards at Westhorpe. William Brandon is mentioned in a letter of Hugh a Fenne to John Paston, in 1456, as late Eschetour, or county officer for certifying into the Exchequer lands which fell to the King from deaths of tenants-in-chief, minorities, etc., an office which he served for Norfolk and Suffolk from November, 1454, to November, 1455. In 1469 the same name appears twice in the intrigues about Sir John Fastolf's will; but whether it pertains to the Eschetour of 1454 or to his son is uncertain.

Edward IV., with his kingdom honeycombed with plots, and doubtful of the allegiance of those about him, made a progress through East Anglia in the summer of that year. He was at Bury on June 15 and 16, and three

days afterwards at Norwich, having probably made his journey by Thetford. Having completed his pilgrimage to Walsingham, he went into the midlands by Lynn and Stamford. Before his departure from Norwich, John Paston (the brother of the Sir John whose correspondence makes the bulk of the well-known 'Letters') used all possible indirect influence with the King to procure his discountenancing the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk in their attempts on the Norfolk and Suffolk property of the deceased Fastolf. He got at Earl Rivers, the Queen's father, and two of his sons, Thomas Wyngfeld of Letheringham, and others, and had fair words from them. Brandon appears to have gone the other way. 'Thomas Wyngfeld told me, and swore on to me, that when Brandon meuvyd the Kyng and besowght hym to show my Lord [the Duke of Norfolk] favour in hys maters ayenst yow, that the Kyng seyd on to hym ayen, "Brandon, thow thou canst begyll the Dewk of Norffolk, and bryng hym abow the thombe as thow lyst, I let the wet thow shalt not do me so; for I understand thy fals delyng well enow,"' with more to the encouragement of the Paston interest. But Wingfield was a Mr. Facing-both-Ways; for by September of that year we find him and Brandon, with two other Suffolk knights, Sir John Heveningham and Sir Gilbert Debenham—local magnates conveniently under Mowbray and De la Pole influence—engaged in the siege of Sir John Paston's castle at Caister.

On the whole, I think that this William Brandon must be the son of the Eschetour, and identical with a knight made in the field after the battle of Tewkesbury by Edward IV., for his name is last in the list, as though Edward did not love him too well, and likewise with the standard-bearer of Henry VII., unhorsed by the personal bravery of Richard III. at Bosworth. These Paston quarrels with the Wingfields and Brandons were composed after the death of the last of the Mowbray Dukes of Norfolk; and, indeed, before that time Sir Thomas Wingfield had procured a pardon for the younger of the

brothers, John Paston, for being on the Lancastrian side at Barnet.

From these early Brandon glimpses we turn to the well-known name of Tyrell. Travellers by the Great Eastern Railway 'are aware,' to quote the Robin Hood ballads, of a station called Haughley Road. Indeed, those coming from the west and working nor'-east of an afternoon had better beware of it. The castle in Haughley has already been mentioned. Hard by is a parish called Gipping, at the head of the stream from which Ipswich takes its name, where for many years was settled a family bearing the name Tyrell, to adopt one of numerous spellings, derived possibly from the French *tirailler*, and thus symbolized by a rebus of three interlaced bows. William Tyrell was Sheriff of Norfolk and Suffolk in 1446; and his eldest son, James, was knighted by Edward IV. after the battle of Tewkesbury, a 'goodly personage,' well endowed with natural gifts bodily and mental. Two years afterwards, when the Countess of Warwick came out of sanctuary at Beaulieu, Sir James Tyrell conveyed her northward, and in 1474 he was among the challengers at a tournament held on the occasion of Edward's second son, Richard, being created Duke of York. His next appearance is in Scotland, where, in July, 1482, he was made, by Richard, Duke of Gloucester, then in command, a knight-banneret for personal service rendered at the investment of Berwick and the capture of Edinburgh.

Within four months the office of Lord High Constable of England was put in commission, the three vice-constables being Sir William Parr, Sir James Harrington, and Sir James Tyrell. Hitherto his name has been untarnished; but the terrible blot on it, the smothering Edward V. and his brother Richard, Duke of York, aged thirteen years and eleven years respectively, in the Tower of London, abides in the general belief, not much affected by the efforts to clear Richard III. or Sir James.

There are not wanting now, as in past generations,

those who acquit both; yet the evidence against the King is much stronger than that against Tyrell. Grafton's continuation of Harding's Chronicle contains the earliest printed narrative in English which charges Tyrell with the crime. According to this veracious writer, Richard III. committed himself 'up to the hilt.' He sent from Gloucester John Grene, 'with a letter and credence also,' to Sir Robert Brackenbury, ordering the murder, and on Brackenbury's refusal, as if his situation lacked peril, 'he sayed to a secrete page of his, "Ah, whome shall a manne trust? They that I have broughte vp my selfe, they that I went [weened] would haue moste surely serued me, euen those fayle me, and at my cōmaundement wyll doo nothing for me." "Syr," quoth the page, "there lyeth one in y^t^ palet chaumbre without, that I dare well saye, to dooe your grace pleasure, the thing were ryght heard [hard] that he would refuse," meaning by this James Tirell,' etc.

This, like the extravagancies of Rous, may be put down to the Lancastrian sycophancy which flourished under the Tudors. Master and man are charged here, and master only by Rous, but the evidence in each case is tainted. Whatever Richard III. was, he was no fool, and would not have blabbed his evil machinations to man and boy, as in Grafton's story. Polydore Vergil, in his Latin 'History of England,' represents Tyrell as compelled against his will to undertake this horrible office. This is the first mention of Tyrell's name, but, again, his unsupported evidence is valueless.[1]

The Crowland continuator, John Rastell, and other

[1] My friend the Rev. W. H. Sewell, Vicar of Yaxley, whose able paper in the 'Proceedings of the Suffolk Institute of Archæology' (1878) received grateful acknowledgment at the time from many who could not adopt all its conclusions, thus quotes and translates an epigram of John Owen's:

'Vergilii duo sunt: alter Maro: tu Polydore
Alter: tu mendax, ille poeta fuit.

Two different Vergils both have writ, as every scholar knows:
Maro, the truest poetry; *Polydore*, untrue prose.'

chroniclers of the time, cited by Mr. Sewell, though most of them charge Richard with the murder, are silent about Tyrell, with the exception of a 'History of Richard III.,' usually attributed to Sir Thomas More. William Rastell,[1] his son-in-law, found it among his papers, and printed it in 1557, more than twenty years after the execution of Sir Thomas. With regard to this History, More could not have written the earlier part, as he would not have spoken of his personal knowledge of the last illness of Edward IV., being at that time barely three years old.

One view of the book is that More, who was brought up in the house of Archbishop Morton, and educated under his direction, noted down what he learned from the Archbishop in conversation.[2] Another, a great authority,[3] is inclined to regard the English copy as Morton's own work, basing his conclusion on the mention of the illness of Edward IV. In any case it is not evidence that can be put aside, though perhaps in some particulars inaccurate.

The personal bravery of Sir James Tyrell makes his share in the murder of these hapless boys intrinsically improbable, and the verdict in many minds will be 'Not proven.'

Against Richard III. the proofs are stronger, but it is beyond our purpose to examine them. The name of the Gipping knight is prominently before the reader of the events of the reign of Henry VII.; and it is impossible that if he had been generally regarded as guilty he would have been placed in the positions of trust in which we find him. He had been made Supervisor of Guisnes on January 13, 1485, Governor of Glamorgan and Morgannoke on the 24th, and Constable of Tintagel in June. It is uncertain where he was on the battle-day at Bosworth, but up to that time there was nothing to recommend him to Henry VII., except a general idea of his ability.

[1] Son of John Rastell.
[2] Creasy, 'History of England,' ii. 497.
[3] Sir H. Ellis, 'Hardynge,' p. xx.

Parliament repealed two Acts, by which land had been granted to him, restoring their old possessions to Sir Thomas Arundell and William Knyvet; while, to gain the services of so useful a man, he received for life the offices which he had held under Richard III. in South Wales.

Honours and riches poured in on him, and there is no putting a limit to the height to which he might have attained, had it not been for the imprudence of Edmund de la Pole, now Earl of Suffolk by the death of his elder brother John, Earl of Lincoln, at the battle of Stoke in 1487, and of his father, Duke John, at Wingfield in 1491. Henry VII., stark usurper as he was, felt constant uneasiness at the movements of any who were in the succession to the crown.

The troublesome betrothal stories affecting Edward IV. unsettled people's minds about the rights of his daughter Elizabeth, Queen to Henry VII. Failing her, the right lay with Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, the sole surviving child of George, Duke of Clarence. Next came Edmund de la Pole, son of Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter of the great Richard, Duke of York. It was a perilous position, and the great show made by him at the marriage of Arthur, Prince of Wales, with Katharine of Aragon drew inconvenient attention to him—a condition of things which was not improved by his fleeing with his younger brother Richard to his aunt Margaret, Countess of Burgundy, the inveterate enemy of the Tudor upstarts.[1] On their way they looked in at Guisnes, and being, as Mr. Sewell suggests, old friends and neighbours of the Tyrells, for Wingfield and Gipping are only about a dozen miles apart, their reception by Sir James may have been at the outside an act of indiscretion. Henry, though at first hard to be convinced, took measures for the arrest of the De la Pole adherents at Guisnes. Thus Sir James Tyrell, his son Thomas, and others were brought to London and tried before a commission at the Guildhall.

[1] See Chapter IX.

They were all sentenced in the form usual in cases of treason, but young Tyrell and Wellesbourne, the family servant, had their sentence commuted to imprisonment during pleasure. In 1504 the young man was pardoned, and in 1507 restored to his father's estate at Gipping.

The assertion against which Mr. Sewell contends is that Sir James confessed the murder of the princes between his sentence and his execution. It rests on the Morton-More Life of Richard III., referred to above, and will be received, doubted, or rejected, according to the various estimates which may be formed concerning that work.

Sir James Tyrell was buried in the church of the Austin Friars in Old Broad Street, used since the days of Edward VI. as the Dutch Reformed Church. The Tyrell family were owners in that ward.

What may be called the Church life of these times is most impartially illustrated by the contemporaneous documents. From the days of Laban and Jacob, when a heap, called by Laban *Jegar-sahadutha*, and by Jacob *Galeed*, each term meaning a heap of witness, was used by those patriarchs as a dining-room, and they 'did eat and drink on the heap' in confirmation of their alliance, eating and drinking in common have played an important part in solemnities, sacred as well as secular. Of this character were the *potationes ecclesiasticæ*, or church-ales, of which the earlier of the remaining parish books contain instances. At the remote village of Cratfield these accounts remain in very fair preservation, dating back to 1490, in which year we find five church-ales to have been held, or imbibed, if that be the most proper verb. The days were Passion Sunday (the fifth in Lent), one by the legacy of William Brews,[1] Pentecost, All Saints' Day, and one for Geoffrey Baret. The sums collected were 7s. 4d., 9s., 9s. 8d., and 7s. 8d., on the first four days. The last is left blank. The small items of expense in washing of the vestments, etc., only amount to 12s. 4d.,

[1] Of Wittingham Hall in Fressingfield.

but no account of the balance is made in 1491, when the days appear to have undergone change, Plough Monday ('dies lune cum aratro') making its appearance. In 1492 'Refreshment' Sunday (the fourth in Lent) comes on appropriately; but in 1493 they went back to Passion Sunday, had a church-ale in harvest, and substituted 'hallowesday' (Hallow Mass, All Souls', November 2) for their previous All Saints'. These variations in so short a time are but typical of the constant change and flux in all externals to which the material element even in things Divine is subject. They had saved up their money for a purpose, having found that their images wanted painting. One Thomas Bollre received the large sum of £2 13s. 4d. for 'peyngtyng of y^e^ image of our lady,' and the sum of 8s. for 'y^e^ peyngtyng of y^e^ tabernacull of Seynt Edmond,' to whom the chapel of the guild seems to have been dedicated.

In 1494, having received several legacies and gathered an unusual sum at the church-ale in harvest, they employed Bollre to paint the tabernacle of our Lady, and paid him £7 for his work.

What we may call the private church-ales were not intended to be perpetual, being only part of the Trental or Thirty-day arrangements, into which the will of Geoffrey Baret's uncle John gives us excellent insight. This John Baret was serving the abbey of Bury St. Edmunds in some capacity as bailiff, and his tomb, with some lines which are not to be despised, stands in St. Mary's Church:

'JOHN BARET.

'He that will sadly behold me with his ie
Maye see his own Merowr and lerne to die.
Wrappid in a schete, as a full rewli wretche,
No mor of al my minde to me ward will streche,
From erthe I kam and on to earth I am brought.
This is my natur: for of erthe I was wrought.
Thus erthe on to erthe tendeth to knet,
So endeth ech creature: doeth John Baret.

Wherefore ye pepil in waye of charitie
With your goode prayeres I pray ye help me.
For such as I am : right so shalle ye al bi.
Now God on my sowle : have merci and pitee. Amen.'

In his will he makes arrangement for the chimes to 'smyth' the tune *Requiem Eternam* without intermission till his Thirty-day, which is also called the Month's mind, should be passed. Sometimes bellmen were employed at these times to go about exhorting all to pray for the soul of the deceased. The public feast, as we see, was dear to other testators, but not to all. John Coote of Bury, for instance, 'will neyther ryngyn nor belman goynge,' but his almsgivings and dinners on his thirty-day to be 'don in secret manner.' I have suggested that the Trental may have sprung from the thirty days' mourning for Moses and Aaron.

Analogous arrangements were made in wills for the observance of the earth-tide, or year-day, the anniversary of the testator's death.

The Cratfield folk were apparently well satisfied with Bollre's work, as they paid him in 1498 £8 6s. 8d. 'for y^e^ peyntyng of y^e^ image of Saynt Edmũde and y^e^ tabernacle,' noting also the previous 8s. 4d.

The two lord mayors connected with Suffolk, alluded to in the last chapter, were Sir Ralph Josselyn, K.B., and Sir Henry Kebyll. The former was Lord Mayor in 1464 and 1476. His arms—*az.*, at each corner of a circular wreath entwined *ar.* and *sa.*, a hawk's bell *or*—are in Long Melford Church, in which parish he owned large property. This branch of the family is extinct, but well-known members of other branches survive at Ipswich.

Sir Henry Keble, citizen and grocer, was not Lord Mayor till 1510. In many spellings the name was of old standing in the county. John Kybel of Gorliston and others appeared against the claims of Yarmouth before the barons of the Exchequer in 1306. In the next century some were in business in London, John Kebyll, wheel-

wright, receiving in 1480 £5 6s. 8d. for bell-hanging at St. Stephen's, Walbrook.

Eleven bells in the county bear one of those ingenious devices by which the quasi-armiger sought to elude the Visiting Herald. The mullets and crescent are upside down; the attenuated chevron and stout line of division for chief are only a sideways K, the first letter of his name. Whether this pulled through we know not, but we do know that Lord Mayor Keble put the mullets right, reduced the chief line, expanded and engrailed the chevron, and abolished the crescent. This shield, used by John Keble, the venerated author of the 'Christian Year,' will be familiar to Oxford men and others who may turn over these pages. There are plenty of Kebles now—in particular, one grand old man in Fressingfield.

Exhaustion, rather than repose, was the characteristic of the quarter of a century of Yorkist rule. The 'meek usurper' lay in the Tower till 1471, as it is generally thought, but plotting and counterplotting were constantly going on, and an outbreak might come at any time. Yet in the cessation of the din of arms the voices of litigants began to rise in a comparatively childish treble, and a complicated ecclesiastical case came before Master John Salot, Doctor in Canon Law and official of the Consistory Court of Bishop Lyhart in 1467, which is printed by Dr. Gowers in his paper on Mells Chapel, in the 'Proceedings of the Suffolk Institute of Archæology and Natural History.'[1]

The traveller on the light railway from Halesworth to Southwold may observe, about two miles from the former station, a little ivy-grown ruin which tops a slight northward projection of the right bank of the Blyth valley. This is Mells Chapel. It is crumbling away, and a few pounds may preserve from utter destruction that which alike from position and history is well worthy of preservation. The site has already been mentioned as that of a

[1] Vol. viii., pp. 334-379.

small fort to protect the ford over the Blyth, where Route IX. in Antonine's Itinerary crosses that river.[1] Here is a small Early-Norman chapel, dedicated to St. Margaret, built, as it would seem, by some descendant of Edward Fitz-Hugh, who, like Christopher Sly, though without his error in name, claimed to have come over with 'Richard Conqueror.' It is not a Battle Roll name, nor does it occur in the Suffolk part of Domesday Book. However, his descendants were pleased to think this of themselves, and to grace their manor with this proprietary chapel. Wenhaston was, and is, the mother church, and Wenhaston was doubtless the Manor Paramount, and attempts to free Mells from its jurisdiction had been resisted. About the end of the thirteenth century the manor of Mells passed to Sir John de Norwich, ancestor of the Admiral who commanded the English fleet at the battle of Sluys.[2] From his grandson, another John, it passed through one intermediate stage to Mettingham College, the posthumous foundation of the great Admiral, which seems to have supplied rectors or chaplains to serve the chapel regularly. Then came a collapse, and only in the summer, July 19 and 20, were the services held, those days being the eve and day of St. Margaret.

The Secular College and the Austin Priory were at variance about the tithes, no new subject of dispute. These were the usual three kinds—predial, arising from the soil; personal, arising from a man's trade; mixed, arising from animals nourished by the soil, including milk, cheese, etc. The official of the Court confirmed to Blythburgh two-thirds of the predial tithe, and to Mettingham the remaining third, with the exception of the wood and underwood, all of which went to Mettingham, with the tithe of the mill which stood on their ground. The allotment of the mixed tithes may well have been the subject of dispute later, as two-thirds were allotted to Blythburgh, and two-thirds to the Vicar of Wenhaston, the Blythburgh nominee. To him also, as representing

[1] Page 33. [2] Page 103.

the mother church, the personal tithes were declared due. This arrangement having been solemnly made 'ad mutua pacis oscula' on the 6th day of May, 1467, it might have been hoped that peace hereafter would have reigned. But not even the Consistory Court at Norwich could take the part of the Israelite Abel-beth-Maachah, and make an end of the matter! One John Cowper, as we learn from a paper published by the Rev. T. S. Hill, Rector of Thorington, was resident in Mells at the time of the award. Like the Mettingham Seculars, he loved not Wenhaston and Blythburgh, and generally attended Halesworth Church, but paid tithes to Mettingham. Afterwards, by order of the Master of Mettingham College, he attended Bramfield Church on the four offering-days, the *potaciones ecclesiasticæ*, and paid the vicar of that parish five shillings a year, which the College allowed out of his tithe.

CHAPTER XII.

HENRY VIII. AND EDWARD VI.

MUCH of opinion is akin to prophecy, and the opinions about the Reformation period are not exempt from this condition. Facts remain unalterable save by the production of more facts, but what interpretation future ages may put on them is a hazardous speculation. Macaulay's New Zealander may be more than a dream. England's power may wither, and Rome remain as she is. Or, again, these days of historical study may bring forth fruit. Our indebtedness to Rome may receive just admission, and she herself may abandon the untenable points which have been taken up for her by her infatuated friends. It is even possible that she may recover her old sway, though such a result can hardly come about save with a tide of historical ignorance. In time to come unlooked-for issues may modify such estimates of the past as we cannot help making at the present time.

The great revival of learning has brought forth few more notable characters than Cardinal Wolsey, son of a substantial grazier and wool-stapler of Ipswich, born in 1471, the year of Barnet and Tewkesbury. He was studying at Magdalen College, Oxford, when Edward IV. died, and in the reign of Henry VII. he was employed in important diplomatic business, and preferred to the deanery of Lincoln. His rise to eminence under

Henry VIII., his sudden fall, and his sad death, belong rather to the general historian than to ourselves, who regard mainly the traces of his influence discernible still in his native county.

Of these traces, the best known is the decaying gateway of his projected college in the parish of St. Peter, Ipswich, purposed to be connected with 'Cardinal College,' Oxford, now Christ Church. Wolsey, with all his faults, was faithful to learning and to the Papacy. He saw clearly that the ignorance and self-indulgence prevalent among the secular clergy and in the smaller priories would, unchecked, bring about a general upset, coupled, perhaps, with a victory for the Lutheran heresy. Colleges of priests had proved themselves at Oxford and Cambridge the great lights of England, while even those in the country had shown their power to educate the mind and train the craftsman. What he planned was little beyond the scope of the Statute of Leicester in 1414, affecting the alien priories, while much more restricted in area. The difference lay in the machinery used, and it was for him a fatal difference, a Papal Bull instead of an Act of Parliament. Had there been no divorce suit pending, the procuring of the Bull of May 14, 1528, from Pope Clement VII. for the suppression of 'Romboro, Felixtow *alias* Fylstou, Bromehil[1] prope Brandonfery, Bliborow et Montjoy,' would have effectually brought him under the Statute of Provisors. The houses to be suppressed were of the Benedictine rule, save Blythburgh and Mountjoy in Ipswich, of which the inmates were Austin Canons. All this while the great divorce business was trembling in the scales, and the French, who were in Henry's interest, were overrunning Italy. When Campeggio started for England, probably carrying this Bull with him, they were dangerously near Rome. The deadly Italian summer brought about a change. On August 21 De Lautrec, the French commander, died in the midst of his fever-stricken troops. Campeggio, who,

[1] In Weeting, the only house in this list out of Suffolk.

in compliance with his instructions, had been dawdling about on his journey, passed through Paris a few days afterwards, and reached England to find it in the utmost turmoil, and Wolsey broken in spirit. It was clearly no time to be carrying out the Ipswich College project.

A year and more passed, crammed with events of the greatest moment. The Long Vacation of 1529 wore away. The courts reopened on October 9, and, while Wolsey was presiding in Chancery, the King's Attorney in the King's Bench was preferring an indictment against him for violation of the Statute of Provisors. Eight days afterwards he was deprived of the Great Seal. Before the month was out judgment in the King's Bench was given against him. Then the tide seemed to turn. The King refused to receive the address of the Parliament against him, and showed him marks of favour the next year. But the reaction was illusory. The Earl of Northumberland arrested him for high treason on November 4, and he died, crushed in body and spirit, at Leicester on the eve of St. Andrew's Day. Thus fell the most noted, if not the greatest, of the sons of Suffolk. His fall arrested those of the little priories named in the Bull of Clement VII., and it is instructive to see how in one case the day of grace was utilized. John Righton, or Ryton, Prior of Blythburgh, was apparently short of ready cash, though he does not seem to have had many mouths to feed within his conventual walls. About fifteen miles from him lived an esquire, Richard Freston, of Mendham, not above dabbling in Church property and preferment. Between the two a mutually advantageous bargain was made, Freston paying 'down on the nail' for ninety-nine years' lease—'Bliburgh beneficiæ cum capella Walberswick.' The lease is signed by John Baker as well as the Prior, and his is the only name thought by Blomefield worthy of record. Five years more, and Blythburgh Priory perishes in the general vorago.

Political convulsions are bad for trade, and we find Suffolk prominent among the counties at this time

suffering from depression in the cloth business. Indeed, there seemed at once a possibility of another outbreak from distress. The market was glutted, the merchants would not buy, and work was like to fall short. Weavers and other artificers from Lavenham, Sudbury, Hadleigh, etc., assembled to the number of 4,000. Hall's account of the crisis runs thus:

'When the clothiers of Essex, Kent, Wiltshire, Suffolk, and other shires which are cloth-making, brought cloths to London to be sold, as they were wont, few merchants or none bought any cloth at all. When the clothiers lacked sale, then they put from them their spinners, carders, tuckers, and such others that lived by cloth-working, which caused the people greatly to murmur, and specially in Suffolk, for if the Duke of Norfolk had not wisely appeased them, no doubt but they had fallen to some rioting. When the King's council was advertised of the inconvenience, the Cardinal sent for a great number of the merchants of London, and to them said, "Sirs, the King is informed that you use not yourselves like merchants, but like graziers and artificers; for where the clothiers do daily bring cloths to the market for your ease, to their great cost, and then be ready to sell them, you of your wilfulness will not buy them, as you have been accustomed to do. What manner of men be you?" said the Cardinal. "I tell you that the King straitly commandeth you to buy their cloths as beforetime you have been accustomed to do, upon pain of his high displeasure."'

We must say a few words about the ecclesiastical rulers after the death of Bishop Hart, or Lyhart, in 1472. His long episcopate was followed by those of James Goldwell, who ruled the diocese some twenty-eight years, and Thomas Jane, or Jan, Dean of the Chapel Royal, which terminated in 1500, the year after his consecration.

Then came the long rule of Richard Nykke or Nix, who died at Norwich in 1535-36, and, like his predecessors here recorded and his immediate successor, was

buried in the cathedral. Their personal participation in the events of their time amounts practically to nothing. Godwin calls Nykke 'a vicious and dissolute man,' and he is said to have been blind during the latter years of his life. Trinity Hall, Cambridge, acknowledges him as one of her sons, not an undutiful one, for he founded three Fellowships there. His claim to immortality rests on a saying of his about the sister Norfolk foundation, Gonvile Hall, then regarded as a receptacle for the 'new notions,' that he heard of no clerk coming from that college 'but savoured of the frying-pan, spake he never so holily.'

Immediately after the extinction of the earldom of Suffolk at Edmund de la Pole's execution in 1513 came the revival of the duchy in the person of Charles Brandon, Viscount Lisle, on February 1, 1514, simultaneously with Surrey's advancement to the duchy of Norfolk. He was a nephew of Sir William Brandon, the standard-bearer of Henry VII. at Bosworth, and is described as one possessing all excellent gifts, tall, handsome, brave, clever, winsome. Certainly all his good qualities were needed in the extraordinary success which attended his matrimonial ventures, especially the third, when he espoused Mary Tudor, sister of Henry VIII. His first wife was Anne, daughter of Sir Anthony Browne; his second, Margaret, daughter of John Neville, Marquis of Montacute, and thus niece to the King-maker Warwick.

Mary Tudor, who seems to have had an early attachment to him, had been for political reasons handed over to the kindly but infirm King of France, Louis XII., a man old enough to be her father. The nuptial life lasted eighty days, the young Queen's taste for revels and late hours being too much for her royal husband, and the first day of 1515 was the last of the French King.

Charles Brandon, twice widower, young as he was, was not wanting to the occasion, and promptly carried off the widow of sixteen years old. He had evidently been regarded as a dangerous character, for a German of prodigious strength and size had been brought into the

tournament field by the Duke of Valois at the time of the royal marriage festivities to try conclusions with Charles Brandon, whose best efforts seem to have been necessary to bring him off victorious. The young couple 'lived happily ever after'; that is to say, till June 25, 1533, when the Duchess died at Westhorpe. When her tomb at Bury was disturbed, her hair was found to be of the Tudor red tint. Duke Charles survived her twelve years, serving his royal brother-in-law successfully at home and abroad. His fourth wife was Catherine, heiress of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, a good friend to Ridley and Latimer. He was buried at the cost of his monarch at Windsor. At his death his young son Henry became Duke, but in 1551 he was carried off by the sweating sickness, together with his brother Charles, who survived him but a few hours, both lads passing out of the world in the same day. The issue of the sole Brandon survivor, Frances, will receive notice in the next chapter.

It is a relief in adverting to the Reformation to be able to speak of Roman Catholic utterance being modified on the point of clerical celibacy. Anyone who wants evidence of the legal marriage of secular priests in the Middle Ages may find it ready to his hand. The wonder is that a fact so well attested should not have received earlier acknowledgment.

In other points Justice herself would be hard set to hold her scales. Abstract theological questions must be put aside as unsuited to these pages, and those who would know how Thomas Bilney and Friar Brusierde, probably a native of the village near Saxmundham, fared at each other's hands in the dispute at St. George's Chapel in Ipswich, may turn to Foxe's 'Acts and Monuments.' They will, perchance, wonder how, before the days of shorthand, the words were taken down, and will regard with pleased surprise the development of nose in the friar, who is depicted in the woodcut as trying to pull Bilney out of his rudely-constructed pulpit.

There can be no doubt that the atmosphere was satu-

rated with what were thought by the authorities to be mere inventions of heretics. What was in the air could not be kept out of the churches, or even out of the priories. Greek had been taught in England some ten years before the fifteenth century was out, and 'Greek,' as a reactionary German bishop said, 'is the parent of all heresies.'

Thus, William Blomfield, a Bury monk, abjured in 1529, and another of the same abbey, Richard Bayfield, was burnt at Smithfield in 1532. In his case there is proof that the abbey was not free from Reformation doctrine, and yet none seems to have been more strictly managed. The well-known Dr. Barnes often went to Bury to see Dr. Ruffam, who had been a fellow-student of his at Louvain. Here he fell in with Bayfield, who was Chamberlain of the abbey. Barnes made him a present of a Latin New Testament, and Stacy and Marwell, wardens of the Brickmakers' Company in London, who had also been guests at the abbey, gave him Tyndale's Testament in English, 'with a booke called the wicked Mammon, and the obedience of a Christian man.' He 'prospered mightily,' but after two years 'hee was cast into the prison of his house, there sore whipped, with a gagge in his mouth, and then stocked, and so continued in the same torment three quarters of a yeare before Doctour Barnes could get him out.' It is rather a puzzle to account for this influence of Barnes's when his disciple was thus in durance vile, for there are material hints of the sharpness of Bury discipline, in the shape of carvings of the Fall of Man in upper rooms in secluded cottages on their property,[1] which give a hint of their having been executed by recalcitrant monks in expiation for some breach of discipline. However, Barnes got him away to Cambridge, whence he departed to his London friends to undergo worse things in Bishop Stokesley's coal-hole than he had undergone at Bury. Like many others he abjured,

[1] Chepenhall, in Fressingfield parish.

recanted his abjurgation, and finally went cheerfully to the stake, enduring the horror of an unusually slow fire.

The brothers Topley, and William Gardiner, who abjured in 1532, were Austin Friars at Clare, a house which Foxe seems to have confounded with the Secular College at Stoke-by-Clare, whereof Matthew Parker was the last Dean. About six years afterwards, 'one Puttedew was condemned to the fire, about the parts of Suffolke' for some expressions not perhaps in the best taste, but pardonable, and William Leyton, a Benedictine of Eye, suffered in like manner for 'speaking against a certain Idoll which was accustomed to be carried about the Processions' there, and for his views about the administration in both kinds.

A frightful scene is recorded at the burning of Peke of Earl Stonham at Ipswich, supplemented by Baron Curson, Sir John Audley and others casting boughs into the fire, to obtain forty days' pardon from Bishop Nykke. Two Mendlesham men, Kerby and Clarke, were burnt in 1546 at Ipswich and Bury (at the gate called South Gate) respectively. Clarke's was a terrible business. There is no need to expatiate on the effect of these horrors, under the authority of William Rugge, or Reppes, Bishop of Norwich, who, with one of his archdeacons, Wolman of Sudbury, had solemnly denied the Papal supremacy, in conjunction with Cranmer, Edward and Roland Lee, Stokesley, Tunstall, Gardiner, Latimer, Bonner, and other leading divines of the day.

The burning of the Dovercourt rood, though it brings in an East Bergholt man, must be left to Essex, and those who would read of the Lord of Misrule at Dennington will find a quotation about him in the Suffolk Archæological Proceedings.

Church plunder went on shamelessly in some places. Inventories were made in 1547, of which few remain; but those of the year 1553 are practically perfect. The original mandate addressed to the churchwardens of Bedingfield, ordering them to appear in Ipswich on a certain

day, bringing with them the church goods, except the bells, still lies in the chest of that parish. In some places the sale of the silver cross produced money which was used for the completion of the fabric. At Woolverstone the squire took away two bells and two vestments, 'supposing the sayd churche to be hys own chapell.' He was fined xx*li.*, which sum went into the Augmentation Office, and the parish has never since had more than one bell.

At what time the greater spoliation of sepulchral brasses took place must remain uncertain. Many fine indents remain up and down the country to testify to the destructive power of religious bigotry and petty cupidity. Among these is a fine early fourteenth-century floriated cross in Mildenhall chancel, to the memory of Richard de Wicheforde, Vicar, 'qui fecit istud novum opus.' Some have been restored, as the fine brass in Gorleston Church, a cross-legged effigy to the memory of John Bacon, 1292, which Mr. Gage Rokewode purchased and restored to its ancient position. Some happily have never been removed from their place, eminent among which is the noble figure of Robert de Bures at Acton, near Sudbury, 1302, one of the five effigies in complete chain-mail, without any admixture of plate armour, remaining in England, and inferior to none. Though he is rather later than Bacon, he is not so much in the fashion, for which all archæologists may be thankful. Of the middle period, one of the best is the fine double brass to Sir William Burgate and his wife Eleanor, in the church of that name. Another figure is Sir George Felbrigg in Playford Church, bearing the Felbrigg lion rampant on his surcoat. A lady of the Clopton family, *c.* 1435, in Long Melford Church, and one perhaps a little earlier at Acton, Alice de Bures, who married one of the Bryan family, are remarkable for the elegance of the drapery. Other good specimens are at Barsham,[1] Stoke-by-Nayland, Ipswich St. Mary-le-Tower,

[1] Bearing the collar of SS.

and Sotterley. Later figures are at Mildenhall, Worlingworth, and other places too numerous to mention, while at Brundish is a Norman-French inscription: 'Sire Esmound de Burnedissch jadys persone de lesglise de Castre gist icy. Dieu de salme eit mcy.'

CHAPTER XIII.

QUEEN MARY.

NO county surpasses Suffolk in fulness of incident in the summer of 1553. During the troubled time of the last illness of Edward VI., Mary was at Hunsdon, in Hertfordshire. The letters patent by which the death-stricken young monarch had passed her over for Lady Jane Grey were gathering signatures of assent, and the tremendous storm which marked that special crisis was raging in the lurid July night while she tarried in dangerous proximity to the craft and violence of Northumberland. She took alarm, however, and fled to Kenninghall, whence she sent letters to the Council claiming the crown on Sunday, July 9, three days after her brother's death. Kenninghall had been Howard property, but the cloud over the Howard name had not passed away. Surrey had been executed in the last days of Henry VIII., and his father, the Duke of Norfolk, to whose attainder the royal assent had been given by commission on January 27, 1547, had only just been saved by the King's death early on the following morning. He was still lying in the Tower, where he had languished for six years and more, and Kenninghall had been settled on Mary. It is in Norfolk, but to reach it from Hunsdon she must have passed through Suffolk, probably by the well-worn road across the heaths recently described. We may see her traversing this desolate district in the long

days and short nights of 'July's pride,' and reaching her mansion, to receive almost at once the accession of a small knot of Norfolk knights, who for weal or for woe cast in their lot with that hereditary right which had received Parliamentary sanction in the will of her father. She must have left Kenninghall very shortly after the despatch of her letter, seeking a place of readier access to the coast, as well as of greater strength, and none could be more suitable than Framlingham, the strongest castle of the property under attainder. Her route again is matter of conjecture, but naturally she would have worked somewhat to the left. Probably the party avoided the little town of Diss and the frequented thoroughfare at Scole, crossed the Waveney between Billingford and Oakley, where there would be sympathy from Sir Robert Southwell's tenants and retainers, and so made their way by Denham and Worlingworth to Framlingham. On their journey Northumberland's sons, Ambrose, Earl of Warwick, and Robert, afterwards the well-known Earl of Leicester, came upon them, but in vain. The spirit of English fair play was not extinct in the pursuing party. The men declared for Mary and turned on their leaders, who only escaped by the speed of their horses. At Framlingham she remained till the brief fever of the Dudley-Grey enterprise had subsided, and that little town must have been in a mighty flutter with the constant arrivals and occasional departures of men of local or national importance.

Thither came the Earls of Oxford and Sussex, both men of influence in the county. John Bourchier, Earl of Bath, had managed to slip through the Midlands and put in an appearance. Lord Wentworth of Nettlestead, the eldest son of Lord Wharton, and Lord Mordaunt, Cornwallis of Brome, Drury of Hawstead, Sulyarde of Wetherden and Haughley, Freston (the grantee of Mendham Priory), Bedingfield, Jerningham, Shelton, Waldegrave, and many another were there.

As to Northumberland, he and his were thoroughly

hated. The remembrance of his father, Edmund Dudley, the oppressor in the reign of Henry VII., was not extinct, and the son laboured under the well-deserved suspicion of being at once a traitor and a tyrant. The influence of Henry Grey, created Duke of Suffolk in 1551, was nought. His title had been the result of his marriage with Lady Frances Brandon, the sole survivor of the children of Mary Tudor by Charles Brandon. Personally he was insignificant, and what local power he had seems to have been in the central portions of England.

The villagers acted as cordially for Mary as did the gentry. Some of the parish accounts which remain give the items of expenditure incurred for the protection of Mary during her residence at Framlingham, which did not last three weeks. At Cratfield, for instance, they paid 9s. 3d. to Robert Carter for 'makyng of the garments for y^e^ sougar' (soldier), 6d. for furbishing the town sword, 4d. for sheathing and kniving (blading) the town 'daggard,' 8d. for heads for a sheaf of arrows, 4d. for fetching home from Kenninghall cloth for the soldier's coat for sewing. There were two soldiers, William Ferror, whose shoes cost a shilling, and William Clampe, who seems to have been specially retained under the circumstances. A muster was held here by 'my lord Collonell,' whoever he might have been, and the dinner on this occasion cost the parish three half-crowns, a halfpenny short. Edmund Anderson only charged the parish the 'ridiculously small sum' of one penny for carrying the town bow to 'Fremmyngam.' The Earl of Sussex was all-powerful in this village. Worlingworth, hard by Framlingham, has its record of contribution in kind:

'Agd [agreed] these to be ye parcell of the expens layd out by the town for the soldyars wylst ye Queene Mary gras remayned at Framygam Castle, the Xth of October, a...o dni 1553:

	s.	*d.*
Imprimis payd to Wylls Maship for 7 bushels of malt ridy grow'd	7	0
It. to ye same for 3 fyrkyn of drynke	2	3
It. to Thomas Waltyng for a fyrkyn of butter ...	1	0

	s.	d.
It. to ye same for a fyrkyn of ayle	0	9
It. to ye same for a shovel lost at Framygam ...	1	2
It. to Robt. Ancok for 4 galons of drynk	0	6
It. to Robt. Adams for mendyng of a mattok ...	0	6
It. to Wylls Brown for a fyrkyn of drynk	0	9
It. to ye same for chese	0	4'

Stowe observes that when the camp broke up at Framlingham victuals were of such plenty that a barrel of beer, with the cask, was sold for sixpence, and four great loaves for a penny, and the above extract tends to confirm his statement.

While Framlingham was thus in the position of 'not knowing itself' from the influx of an army and of the mixed multitude which always accompanies it, an equally stirring scene was rousing the old abbey town of St. Edmund. It must have been with feelings of stern satisfaction that the many adherents of the abbey, including, doubtless, certain pensioned Benedictines, contemplated the downfall of the arch-conspirator. The critical day was most likely Tuesday, July 17. The brothers Dudley, deserted by their men, as already related, had returned to their father to witness a more fatal defection. Northumberland, with Parr, Marquis of Northampton, and Sir Thomas Wyatt, leaving his University friends to fare as they might, marched out of Cambridge on the previous day, and may be regarded as halting at Newmarket, his rendezvous for the night. Next day he would enter our county at Kentford, and reach Bury by Saxham. The hostelries of the Cock and the White Horse in those villages, perhaps under those self-same signs, may be regarded as having refreshed his thirsty soldiers. Risbygate Street witnessed their entrance into Bury. Then came the crash. They declared that they would not bear arms against their lawful sovereign. Yet they did not disband, apparently looking to their commander for sustenance and changed orders. The houses of Risbygate Street were thronged with the townspeople, and Northumberland and his men, with a gloomy outlook

before them, must have met many a scornful glance and heard many a muttered curse as they filed out of Bury, once more to pass Saxham, Kentford and Newmarket on their way to Cambridge, where, with a too late repentance, the baffled leader declared for Mary.

The response to the tramp of armed men in West Suffolk was the clatter of a small party of some thirty horse in East Suffolk, the escort of the Earl of Arundel and Lord Paget, the deputation from the Council to plead for forgiveness for their share in the conspiracy, alleging that they had acted by compulsion, 'seeing hitherto no possibility to utter our determination without great destruction and bloodshed, both of ourselves and others.' They were graciously received at Framlingham. Even Ambrose and Robert Dudley were afterwards pardoned, and Wyatt, so soon to make another and a fatal venture.

With the departure of Mary for her residence, Newhall in Essex, our local share in this rebellion is ended. All seemed to go well. Courtenay, Earl of Devon, was to be King-consort, and England might yet again be merry England. But so it was not to be. The Spanish marriage was to come off. Legatine authority was to be granted to Cardinal Pole. Those who had signed the manifesto against Papal authority, Gardiner and Bonner, Heath and Skyp, soon were heretic-hunting and heretic-burning according to their several jurisdictions and powers, and it is our part to chronicle at any rate something of the miserable business as transacted in the narrow limits of Suffolk.

Bishop Rugg, who died in 1550, had been succeeded by the mild and scholarly Thomas Thirlby, last Abbot and first Bishop of Westminster. He was translated to Ely in 1554, and the see of Norwich was handed over to John Hopton, confessor to Queen Mary, the 'Norwich Nobody' of Thomas Bryce's rhyming 'Register.' Bryce's sobriquet was not happily chosen, Bishop Hopton unquestionably giving proof of strong idiosyncrasy. The

'Register' does not commence till June, 1555, and thus does not contain the name of Rowland Taylor, LL.D., Rector of Hadleigh, who was burnt on Aldham Common on February 8, the same day which witnessed the martyrdom of Bishop Hooper at Gloucester. He is so well known in the roll of Marian sufferers that here allusion need only be made to the blind old couple to whom his last alms was given. The two ancient inscriptions to his memory must be recorded, and first that on Aldham Common:

1555
D. TAYLER · IN DE
FENDING · THAT WASGOOD
AT THIS PLAS LEFT
HIS BLODE.

Then the brass plate in Hadleigh Church:

'Gloria in altissimis Deo.
Of Rowland Taillor's fame I shewe
An excellent devyne
And Doctor of the civill lawe
A preacher rare and fyne.

'Kinge Henry and Kinge Edward's dayes
Preacher and Parson here
That gave to God contynuall prayse
And kept his flocke in feare.

'And for the truthe condempned to die
He was in fierye flame
Where he received pacyentlie
The torment of the same.

'And strongely suffred to thende
Whiche made the standers by
Reioice in God to see their frende
And pastor so to Dye.

'Oh, Taillor were this myghtie fame
Uprightly here inrolde
Thie deedes deserve that thie good name
Were siphered here in gold.
Obiit Anno dni. 1555.'

A third inscription of considerable literary merit, but

too long for quotation, from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Hay Drummond, then Rector of Hadleigh, was erected on the common in 1818.

Another martyr only alluded to in Bryce's 'Register,' is John Noyes of Laxfield. He is evidently one of the 'other' in the verse:

> 'When William Allen at Walsingham
> For trueth was tried in fiery flame;
> When Roger Cooe, that good olde man,
> Did lose his lyfe for Christe's name;
> When these *with other* were put to death,
> We wishte for our Elizabeth.'

As his story is less known, I extract it from Foxe's 'Acts and Monuments:'

'In the month of September suffered the blessed Martyr, John Noyes, whose story here followeth.

'First, Master Thomas Lovell being then chief constable of Hoxen Hundred in the County aforesaid, and one John Jacob and William Stannard then being under constables of the aforesaid Town of Laxfield, and Wolfran Dowsing and Nicolas Stannard of the same Town, being then accounted faithful and catholick Christians, though undoubtedly they proved most cruel hinderers of the true professors of Christ and His Gospel, with others, were commanded to be that present day before the Justices, Sir John Tyrrel, Master Kene, and Master Thurston, and Sir John Silliard[1] being high sherif.

'These sitting at Hoxne in the County of Suffolk aforesaid, and there the said Townsmen aforesaid having commandment of the said Justices to inquire in their Town if there were any that would neglect to come to their service and mass, further to examine the cause why they would not come, and thereupon to bring the true certificate to the said Justices within fourteen days then

[1] This Sir John Sulyard was a stiff Roman Catholic, and his recusancy under Elizabeth would not have been so severely noticed as it was if he had not made himself so obnoxious by assisting at the death of the Protestants in this reign.

next ensuing; they then coming homeward, being full of hatred against the truth, and desirous to get promotion, without any such commandment of the Justices (as far as we can learn), took counsel one with another how to attach the said John Noyes without any more delay.

'This divellish enterprise agreed upon, chiefly through the counsel of Master Thomas Lovell, Wolfren Dowsing, and Nicolas Stannard aforesaid, with expedition his house was beset, on both sides. This done, they found the said John Noyes on the backside of the said house going outward. And Nicholas Stannard called to the said John, and said, Whither goest thou? and he said, To my neighbours. And the said Nicholas Stannard said, Your Master hath deceived you; you must go with us now. But the said John Noyes answered, No, but take you heed your Master deceive you not. And so they took him and carried him to the Justices the next day. After his appearance and sundry causes alleged, the Justices and the Sherif together cast him into Eye dungeon, and there he lay a certain time. And then was carried from thence to Norwich, and so came before the Bishop, where were ministered unto him these positions following:—

'1. Whether he believed that the ceremonies used in the church were good and godly, to stir up men's minds to devotion.

'2. Item, whether he believed the Pope to be the supreme Head of the Church here in earth.

'3. Item, whether he believed the body of our Lord Jesus Christ to be in the sacrament of the altar under the forms of bread and wine, after the words of consecration.

'Whereunto he answered, that he thought the natural body of Christ to be only in Heaven and not in the Sacrament.

'For the which, sentence at last was read by the Bishop against him, in the presence of these there sitting the same time, D. Dunning, Chancellor, Sir W. Woodhouse,

Sir Thomas Woodhouse, P. George Heyden, P. Spenser, W. Farrer, Aldermen of Norwich, P. Thurston, Winesden, with divers others. More of his examination than this came not to our hands.

'In the meantime his brother-in-law, one Nicholas Fiske of Dennington, going to comfort him at such time as he remained prisoner in the Guildhall of Norwich, after Christian exhortation, asked him if he did not fear death when the Bishop gave judgment against him, considering the terror of the same. And the said John answered: he thanked God he feared death no more at that time than he or any other did, being at liberty. Then the said Nicholas required him to show the cause of his condemnation. Upon which request the said John Noyes writ with his own hand as followeth:

'I said, quoth he, that I could not believe, that in the Sacrament of the Altar there is the natural body of Christ, that same body that was born of the Virgin Mary. But I said, that the sacrament of the body and blood of Christ is received of Christian people in the remembrance of Christ's death, as a spiritual food, if it be ministered according to Christ's institution.

'But they said I could not tell what spiritual meant.

'The Bishop said that the sacrament was God, and must be worshipped as God. So said the Chancellor also.

'Then answered I, My Lord, I cannot so believe.

'Then, quoth the Bishop, why? Then say thou dost believe. Notwithstanding these collusions could not prevail.

'Now being condemned he was sent again from Norwich to Eye prison, and upon the 21st day of September, in the year aforesaid, about midnight, he was brought from Eye to Laxfield to be burned, and on the next day morning was brought to the stake, where was ready against his coming the foresaid Justice, Master Thurston, one Mr. Waller then being under Sheriff, and Master Thomas Lovell being high constable, as is before

expressed, the which commanded men to make ready all things meet for that sinful purpose. Now the fire in most places of the street was put out, saving a smoke was espied by the said Thomas Lovell proceeding from the top of a chimney, in which house the Sheriff and Grannow, his man, went, and brake open the door, and thereby got fire, and brought the same to the place of execution. When John Noyes came to the place where he should be burned, he kneeled down, and said the 50th Psalm ['Have mercy on me, O Lord,' etc., is Psalm l. in the Vulgate] with other prayers, and then they making haste bound him to the stake, and being bound, the said Noyes said, Fear not them that can kill the body, but fear Him that can kill both body and soul, and cast it into everlasting fire.

'When he saw his sister weeping and making moan for him, he bade her that she should not weep for him, but weep for her sins.

'Then one Nicholas Cadman being Hastlar, a valiant champion in the Pope's affairs, brought a fagot and set against him; and the said John Noyes took up the fagot and kissed it, and said: Blessed be the time that ever I was born to come to this.

'Then he delivered his Psalter to the under Sheriff, desiring him to be good to his wife and children, and to deliver to her that same book, and the Sheriff promised him that he would, notwithstanding he never as yet performed his promise. Then the said John Noyes said to the people: They say they can make God of a piece of bread, believe them not.

'Then said he, Good people, bear witness, that I do believe to be saved by the merits and passion of Jesus Christ, and not by mine own deeds; and so the fire was kindled, and burned about him. Then he said: Lord, have mercy upon me; Christ, have mercy upon me; Son of David, have mercy upon me.

'And so he yielded up his life, and when his body was burned, they made a pit to bury the coals and ashes, and amongst the same they found one of his feet that was un-

burned, whole up to the ankle, with the hose on, and that they buried with the rest.

'Now while he was a-burning, there stood one John Jarvis by, a man's servant of the same Town, a plain fellow, which said: Good Lord, how the sinews of his arms shrink up. And there stood behind him one Grannow and Benet, being the Sheriff's men, and they said to their master, that John Jarvis said, What villein wretches are these. And their master bade lay hand on him, and they took him and pinioned him, and carried him before the Justice that same day, and the Justice did examine him of the words aforesaid; but he denied them, and answered that he said nothing but this: Good Lord, how the sinews of his arms shrink up. But for all this the Justice did bind his father, and his master, in £5 a piece, that he should be forthcoming at all times. And on the Wednesday next he was brought again before the Justices, P. Thurston and P. Kene, they sitting at Fressingfield in Hoxne Hundred, and there they did appoint and command, that the said John Jarvis should be set in the Stocks the next Market day, and whipped about the Market naked. But his master, one William Jarvis, did after crave friendship of the constables, and they did not set him in the Stocks till Sunday morning, and in the afternoon they did whip him about the Market with a dog whip, having three cords, and so they let him go.

'Some do give out that John Jarvis was whipped for saying that Nicholas Cadman was Noyes' Hastler, that is, such an one as maketh and hasteth the fire.'

The sufferings of relatives, of parents and children, of wives and friends, during three years and a half (February, 1555, to the autumn of 1558) must have been very great. Two hundred and seventy-seven persons were burnt altogether, and thirty-six in Suffolk alone.

Shortly before Noyes' date we find in Bryce:

> 'When Abbes, which fained a recanting,
> Did wofully wepe and deplore;
> When he at Bery was done to death,
> We wishte,' etc.

In February, 1555-56, two Ipswich women are mentioned; in March, 1558, Dale 'disseast [deceased] in Bery gaile'; in July, Peckes, Cotton, Wright and Slade, were burnt at Bramford; in November, Alexander Geche and Elizabeth Launson at Ipswich, and the brothers Davy and Philip Humfrey at Bury. The verse which commemorates these three is the last but one of Bryce's dirge. Naming Canterbury as the last scene of the 'frying' of martyrs, he ends with:

> 'But six daies after these were put to death
> God sent vs our Elizabeth.'

Three persons were also burnt in Beccles market-place.

A Roman Catholic friend of mine says that of all the cravens the world ever saw it is hard to find a worse case than that of the Marian nobles and gentry. Their religious zeal sufficed for action in these horrors; but never a square inch of land or an ounce of lead or bell-metal did they give up. Mary herself desired much in the way of restitution. The valuable site and lands of Bury Abbey, however, were in the Crown during the whole of her reign. Her adherents Bedingfeld and Freston held, the one Eye and Redlingfield, the other Mendham and Wickham Skeith. Jerningham, if he held St. Olave's, at any rate paid for it. John Eyre, of unknown theological views, impartially dabbled in this kind of property under Mary and Elizabeth, consistently looking after his worldly possessions. The list of grantees contains several stock Suffolk names of the period.

One view which seems to prevail among our Roman friends, who see that the reign of Mary constitutes a fearful chasm which must in some way be bridged over before a reconciliation is possible, is that the burning of such men as Noyes was inexcusable, but that of the Rowland Taylor class excusable. Weavers and ploughmen knew no better, and ought to have been let alone. Doctors in the Faculties, Masters of Arts, clerks

of all sorts, were wilful offenders and deserved what they got. But even if we grant Cardinal Pole and Bishop Hopton to have been faultless theologians, surely there was something in the views of their victims which could have been brought into shape with the help of human grammar and Divine patience, guided by the one Source of Wisdom.

We have just received an Encyclical, and are pleased that it is of an emollient character, but nothing can be realized by regarding English affairs from an Italian point of view. A frank acknowledgment of the error and sin of persecution would do good all round, and Rome is not the only offender to stand in a white sheet. For her to bear a penitential faggot would be a noble example, and might be the first step towards a general and Catholic reconciliation. Many such steps would have to be taken, for the journey is a long one. As yet Aldham Common is visited by numbers who gaze with deep feeling on Rowland Taylor's stone, while in the Hundred in which Noyes suffered the adherents of Rome might be counted on a man's fingers.

CHAPTER XIV.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

HAD Suffolk been polled shortly after Elizabeth's accession for or against the Reformation, there is reason to believe that there would have been a majority in the negative. So at least thought the author of the 'Distresses of the Commonwealth,' whom Froude is inclined to identify with one Armigil Wade, an official of the reign of Henry VIII. The influence of the clergy was still great, and many of the older men had been nominated by abbeys and priories before the Dissolution. More were in some way connected with lords of manors, and by these two classes the Edwardian changes had been sulkily accepted, and the Marian reaction hailed with joy. Sulyerdes, Bedingfelds, Kenes, Rokewodes, and the like, refused to recognise the new order of things, and fared as best they might. In many cases their tenants and dependents felt with them at first, but became more easily reconciled to the inevitable. Much depended on local circumstances. This, however, is pretty clear from the registers: that after a little while children were brought to the font, couples united in matrimony, and corpses buried in undiminished numbers, all being done according to the Elizabethan Book of Common Prayer.

For a year and three-quarters East Anglia was without a bishop. Benefices fell vacant, and so remained. In these vacancies much disorder prevailed. Throughout

Suffolk there had been no confirmations and no episcopal visitation. Greedy landowners began to lay their hands on what had been left of Church furniture by official rapacity. The almsgiving of the monasteries had disappeared, in some respects a loss not to be deplored, but to the aged and helpless a great privation. The poor are the first to suffer and the last to gain by change, whether in Church or in State.

Queen Mary died on November 17, 1558. Cardinal Pole only survived her two days, and before the month was out Bishop Hopton had also left this world. He is spoken of as probably born at Mirfield, Yorkshire,[1] but certainly bore the same arms as those of the Suffolk Hoptons. The Dominicans claim him as of their fraternity. When Mary was at Kenninghall in 1549, he was her chaplain, and had proved compliant about the prohibition of the missal. We have seen, however, his severity when in office, and his end was probably accelerated by anticipation of reprisals. In 1560 John Parkhurst, of Merton College, Oxford, a native of Guildford, succeeded to the chair of Felix the Burgundian, Stigand, the saintly Walter de Suffield, and the pugnacious Henry Spencer. As a proof of the chaos in which he found his diocese, Strype says that in the archdeaconry of Suffolk there were in 1561 a hundred and thirty parishes more or less destitute of a resident clergyman. Parkhurst had passed through a severe apprenticeship. During the late reign he was in exile, chiefly at Zurich, where he lived in close intercourse with the Swiss reformers of the day. On his return he became Rector of Bishop's Cleve, in Gloucestershire, where he seems to have been a little king. *Nolo episcopari* was with him a genuine sentiment.

As the Puritan troubles in Suffolk begin in his time, and must perforce occupy our attention, it becomes necessary for me to preface my notice of them with an avowal of my incapacity to deal with the appalling complication which confronts me and demands some expression of feeling.

[1] Cooper, 'Athenæ Cantabrigienses,' i. 186.

There ought to be some mean between the barren registration of things said and done and the highly-coloured narrative put together for a purpose which it probably fulfils.

The first requisite is to put aside partisanship, to look as far as possible at Anglican matters from a Puritan point of view, and at Puritan matters from an Anglican point of view. Without at least attempting this, it were better to pass over the period in mute despair.

Three long, active, busy centuries have rolled away since the beginning of these troubles, and the battle of opinion rages as hotly as ever. A softened feeling, indeed, prevails to produce toleration and to keep alive the mouldering embers of comprehension, yet the terrible legacy of the awful Church struggle of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is ours in the nineteenth, and will be our children's in the twentieth. And people read what they wish to read, what they 'like,' what they can painlessly assimilate, and thus see what they wish to see and ignore the rest. No wonder that there is no reciprocal approach when hardly any recognise even that limits exist to confine the highest ideals of government, of ceremonial, of rules for the ordering of daily life, within the range of things possible and practicable in this changeful and uncertain world. Truly, neither of the chief contending parties would have allowed such heretical laxity. Episcopacy and presbytery were each of Divine origin, *jure divino.*

And in a sense each was right. Oversight is Divine, and counsel is Divine. Continuity, too, has a strong claim on human respect. The intertwining of the three would not have been quickly broken. But in Switzerland there had been severe tension, terminating in a snap, and yet faith had not become extinct. This Parkhurst had witnessed, and his affectionate remembrances of his Zurich friends doubtless generated that dealing with Suffolk disciples of Calvin which brought on him the censure of higher authorities.

'Queen Elizabeth,' says Strype, 'was at Ipswich, July 17th, 1561. Here her Majesty took a great dislike to the imprudent behaviour of many of the ministers and readers, there being many weak ones amongst them, and iittle or no order observed in the public service, and few or none wearing the surplice. And the Bishop of Norwich was thought remiss, and that he winked at schismatics. But more particularly was she offended with the clergy's marriage; and that in cathedrals and colleges there were so many wives and widows and children seen, which she said was contrary to the intent of the founders, and so much tending to the interruption of the studies of those who were placed there. Therefore she issued an order to all dignitaries, dated August 9th, at Ipswich, to forbid all women to the lodgings of cathedrals or colleges, and that upon pain of losing their ecclesiastical promotions.'

I may be pardoned for pointing out what will have occurred to many who have studied East Anglian peculiarities, that neither oversight nor counsel had shown much of their salutary presence in Suffolk. A huge, unwieldy diocese, not quite rivalling the impossibilities of Lincoln and Lichfield, but extending from Happisburgh to Camps in Cambridgeshire, had caused confirmations to be performed at roadside stoppages, whenever 'busshope doe come about country.' That personal contact and dutiful regard which is the very life and soul of episcopal government was not strengthened, as at Lincoln and Lichfield, by the wholesome institution of local prebendal stalls, whereby somewhat of local want could make itself more readily known to the ecclesiastical authorities in the cathedral city; and thus counsel had not come to the help of the Bishop. Had it not been for action beyond rule, the very name of the Saviour might have become unknown. The Suffolk gentry, many of them, were awake to this, as we find from the case of a preacher named Lawrence, about whom this dutiful letter was written to Archbishop Parker, October 27, 1567:

'Sir Robert Wingfield and others to Archbishop Parker.

'Our humble commendations and duties remembered unto your grace. Great necessity doth occasion us to write unto you for one Master Lawrence, a late preacher, of whom we have good experience both for his modesty, faultless life, and sound doctrine; who hath been well exercised amongst us this five or six years with great diligence. He commonly preached twice every Sunday; and many times on the working days if there chanced any marriages or funerals: and that he did of his own charge, never taking anything, as his enemies cannot accuse him neither of that nor yet of anything else justly worthy of reproach. And so we testified unto your grace's visitors, and desired them that he might continue his preaching still, for we knew very well that we should have great need of him. And now we see it more evident, for here is not one preacher in a great circuit, viz., from Blythburgh to Ipswich, which is twenty miles distant and ten miles in breadth along by the sea-coast; in the which circuit he was wont to travel.

'Thus we have thought good to certify your grace of the necessity of our country, and the diligence and good behaviour of this man, trusting that your grace will either restore him again, or else send us some other in his room, the which we most heartily desire, commending the same to Almighty God, who preserve your grace. Dated the 27th of October, A° 1567. Your grace's to command:—

'Robert Wingfeld. Wyllyam Canndysh.
'Wym Hopton. Thomas Felton.
'Thomas Colbyn, of Beckles.
'Thomas Playter.'

This petition seems to have been more favourably received than most of the same nature, for when Canterbury and Norwich once more experienced simultaneous vacancy, in 1575, Bishop Freke found Mr. Lawrence still

an admired preacher, and suspended him for not complying with the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England. This time Mr. Calthorp petitioned Burghley, who replied by a little gentle pressure on the Bishop, who referred the Lord Treasurer to the Queen's letter. This reference was final, and Lawrence remained silenced.

These difficulties and the like, serious as they were, did not prevent Church work from thriving. Matters had begun to assume a more settled and healthy aspect during the later years of Parkhurst's episcopate—at least, so far as we can judge from written evidence.

We have no record of Confirmations, but if an inference may be drawn from the amount of wine required at the great festivals, there must have been large assemblies of communicants. Preaching, neglected as we have seen it, maintained its importance and its length whenever a preacher's voice was heard.

Controversy is apt to thrust philanthropy to the wall, and the sad history of a poor little boy on the tramp comes to us from the Metfield register. The nip of winter is probably felt in the post-Lucan October weather. The hand of death is on the child as he comes into the place, and he is hastily buried, not without dread of infection.

'The xxj^{ti} of October for the yere of o^{r} Lord God 1576 one Nicholas Snowdon of the age of Ayght or x yeres as it is supposed beinge browght to this p'ishe by the inhabitants of mendham by vertue of a passpote (*sic*) directed from Thomas ffuller and Oliver Tompson cunstables of Harlston to be conducted to Sowthwold where he was borne as he make reporte. And as it appeare by his said passporte, was buried in this p'ishe of Metfeld the xxij^{ti} daie of the saide month of October, 1576.'

Difficulties arose earlier in the towns, from conceit or from enlightenment, according to the view of him who reads the past.

The Prayer-Book was a remnant of Popery; it was stained with superstition and steeped in error, or, to take a less rigorous view, was formal and ineffective. So said

and felt the Puritan. On the other hand, the Churchmen deeply resented these imputations. They rebutted the charge of superstition, and showed that, if their use of words was erroneous, it was such as had obtained all along the line of Church history. Formalism and ineffectiveness were things which were not excluded by the abolition of a liturgy. These irreconcilable views brought much heat and little light. Ecclesiastical insolubilities have to engender a still more acute pain in the body politic in the seventeenth century.

Recusancy was a standing cause of danger. Apparitors and constables had a busy time of it, hunting up and down the country for Roman reactionaries as well as vestment-hating progressives. Mrs. Freke, odious as her very existence must have been to the Queen, was shrewdly suspected of conniving at the former. It would have been a fine thing to hear Elizabeth's opinion of this lady. But the Bishop had to go forward with his work, whether his wife liked it or not. In 1584 he was translated to Worcester, and succeeded at Norwich by Dr. Edmund Scambler, Bishop of Peterborough, who, having ministered in Mary's reign, at the hazard of his life, to a little congregation in London, was in greater antagonism to Rome. The rapid course of events—the plots against Elizabeth, the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, and, above all, the threatened invasion of England—caused the recusants on the whole to keep as quiet as possible. Many outwardly conformed, no doubt, perhaps by dispensation, perhaps in hope of pardon when the times should have changed. Many genuinely threw themselves into the martial movement which pervaded the whole of England when it became clear that to escape the Spanish yoke the nation must rise as one man. Lord Howard of Effingham had many of his, the loyal and patriotic Roman Catholic, type within the borders of our county.

Suffolk was regarded as an especially vulnerable part, and Suffolk was not behindhand in preparation against

the day of trial. The nautical and amphibious element abounds in East Suffolk, and no love was lost between this class and the Spaniards. So the parishes cheerfully bore the charges incurred in putting armour in order, drilling and quartering soldiers and the like. We learn from the Cratfield parish-book that there was a great muster at Beccles on February 29 in the Armada year. This little parish paid 23s. 7d. at that time 'for part of the charges of the trayned sougers, and other charges for mete and drynke, and for our [the churchwardens'] horse mete.' The caliver cost 16d. to carry to Beccles, and another was bought for 15s. to supply its place. The armour items show that a wholesome desire to turn out the parish soldier in style existed in the parish authorities. Such necessaries as a headpiece for 5s., two long girdles for 11d., and four crampets, the transverse guard of a sword for protection to the hand, might have been expected; but ornament was not wanting—red cotton and fringe for pikes, gray thread and 'ij yards of yellowe sylke lace,' show that those externals which under all circumstances have a cheering effect on humanity were not omitted. The peculiarity of breeches must not be passed over, for the parish spent 8d. for 'a yarde of beryng lynyng,' this 'bearing' substance being that which effected the marvellous form of the Elizabethan farthingale, and was here used for an analogous purpose in male attire. Training at Dunwich and 'Laystof' cost the village 3s. and 12s. respectively. The constables received £3 10s. 8d. for the soldiers' coats, 18s. 3d. 'for the settynge forth of the sowldyers,' and for the charge of them at Snape, 20s. These items may be taken as types of similar ones all over the county, and show us the manner of carrying out the well-known instructions:—

'The trained soldiers of those shires, which lay near the sea-coast, had orders to defend those places, and be ready at the alarm to hinder the enemy from landing; but if he did land, then to spoil the country round about that he might find no food; and by continual crying,

"Arm! arm!" give the enemy no rest, but yet should not give battle, till good store of commanders were come together.'

When the French Republic, after an interval of two centuries, threatened our isles, Mr. Bruce was directed to search the public records and report on the measures taken by the Queen's advisers in 1588. It appears that inquiries had been made by Burghley six years earlier with regard to ships, that Ipswich had eight of 100 tons, Orford one of 140 tons, and Southwold three, from 140 to 170 tons. Fourteen more between 100 and 80 tons are registered, six from Ipswich, four from Aldeburgh, two from Southwold, and two from Lowestoft, and of hoys, etc., down to 14 tons, twelve from Ipswich, six from Woodbridge, six from Orford, four from Aldeburgh, ten from Dunwich, five from Walberswick, ten from Southwold, and six from Lowestoft. The masters and men in the county were 98 and 1,184. In 1588 we find from Ipswich the *Catharine* (Thos. Grymble) and the *William* (Barnabie Lowe) serving under Lord Henry Seymour.

Our county stands well in respect of the loan made to her Majesty in this year, the order being, first Kent, then Sussex, Essex, Yorkshire, Suffolk; and the sums £5,025, £4,535, £4,125, £3,692, £3,625, there being thus only £67 less raised in Suffolk than in the greatest county in England.

Whatever amount of fact may be wanting to Macaulay's brilliant lines:

> 'From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
> That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day,'

and the Æschylean description of the war-flame:

> 'Till broad and fierce the star shone forth from Ely's sacred fane,
> And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain,'

none can fail to appreciate them.

It was on July 29 that the main action took place off Calais and Gravelines, after which disastrous laceration the remnants of the conquered Invincibles betook them

to the German Ocean to work their way home, if they might.

Among the State records is a letter addressed to Sir Francis Walsingham, her Majesty's Principal Secretary, by Sir William Wynter, 'written aboard the *Vanguard* in Harwich Roads, the first of August, 1588, at 7 of the clock at night.' It gives an account of Lord Henry Seymour's movements while seeking to come up with the Spanish Fleet, and towards the close of the letter occurs the following:

'The 31st day we had the wind S.S.W., and we reached as high as Badsey [Bawdsey] Cliff; there we were obliged to anchor in the sea, with very much wind upon the ebb, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and so continued all that day and the night following. The 1st of August, as we were weighing anchor to windward, the Lord Henry Seymour sent the pinnace called the *Delight* and ordered us to go round to Harwich to take in our provisions. And about 1 o'clock we anchored at Harwich.'

The hardy fishermen of the east coast furnished their share of the fighting power of the fleet of Lord Howard of Effingham. Herring fishing records ought not to be passed over, and at this point an opportunity may be given for a word or two about the 'lenten stuff.' A rent of herrings was no uncommon thing at the compilation of Domesday Book; and the Abbey of St. Edmund by the time of the Conqueror received 60,000 herrings a year from Beccles. When Dunwich was made a borough in 1199, amongst its yearly charges was one of 2,400 herrings. Ten years later came King John's charter to Yarmouth, of so wide a character that Gorleston and Little Yarmouth trembled for their very existence, and carried on a struggle against their powerful neighbours, in which they were finally defeated in 1332. Siric, the ferryman at St. Olave's in 1272, was paid in bread and herrings, and fourteen years later the service for a charter granted by Edward I. for land at Carlton Colville was twenty-four pasties of fresh herrings. Legislation in 1357 fixed the "hundred"

of herrings at six score. Five of these made a cade, and this amount in 1464 formed the payment of one of the Dunwich burgesses.

Active as our people were, their vessels were on too small a scale, and about ten years before the Armada appeared a book (1577), as a pamphlet was then called, by Dr. John Dee, of wizard reputation, generally known as 'The British Monarchie.' His scheme, mainly for a volunteer fleet, to be called the Petty Navy Royal, was developed almost simultaneously by a Buckinghamshire man, named Robert Hitchcock, into what he called a 'Politic Plat for the honour of the Prince, the great profit of the public State, etc.'[1] He calculates for the building of four hundred fishing ships, not under seventy tons, after the manner of Flemish Busses, showing that the profit arising from Newfoundland business, as well as from herring, will well repay the lenders of the capital. Altogether the sum of £80,000 was to be raised, of which an eighth part was to come from Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire, to be delivered to certain chief officers at Yarmouth. Ten ports, of which four were in Suffolk; Ipswich, Dunwich, Orford and Aldborough, were to pay during three years £750, being at the rate of £150 for each of five ships to a port. The rate of interest was to be ten per cent., and the principal repaid in three years.

But the project languished, and in 1615 one E.S., the writer of 'Britain's Buss,' could only speak of one of these larger craft launched, though four more were in a forward condition.

The valuable assistance rendered at the time of the Armada by the eastern counties, apart from the vessels over eighty tons, would seem to have come from the numerous smacks and sloops manned by their tough owners and their families and neighbours.

The effect of the Armada remained for the rest of the reign of Elizabeth, and longer still. After the flush of

[1] These pamphlets are in 'England's Garner,' vol. ii., by E. Arber.

general rejoicings came the sharper looking-up of recusants. There were plenty of them. The Yaxleys seem to have had a taste for going against the stream. Anthony of Upper Rickinghall, in the days of Bishop Nix, had made observations derogatory to pilgrimages, etc., and recanted at Hoxne. He died just about the time of Elizabeth's accession; and William, perhaps a son, was reported for recusancy in 1586. Ten years afterwards we find John Yaxley in Norwich Castle under an inquisition certified to Chief Justice Popham, at which time there was a general turn out of the disaffected, their estates, degrees, sources of livelihood, abodes if they had any, being recorded, as well as the offers of conference made to them, and any previous convictions. The inquisition dates from December 1, 1595. In Thingoe Hundred there are but three recusants: Thomas Olyver, *alias* Stone, a physician, his wife Joan, and Robert Tebald, glazier, all of Bury. In Stanningfield there was a more important centre, viz., at Coldham Hall in that parish, a fine old house yet standing, where abode the Rookwoods. Here are reported Robert Rookwood, Esq., his wife Dorothy, his daughter Susan, and his servants 'William Tyller, Hosbondman, and Anne Ludbrooke, singlewooman.' Of more consequence it is to note that of the four sons Henry was beyond seas, and of the three others, Ambrose (a well-known name in the next reign), Christopher, and Robert, it is said that they 'be brought vpp, but in what Religion it is not knowne, neyther are they remaineinge wth ther ffather Rob^{t} Rookewood.'

Coldham Hall, a truly noble specimen of Elizabethan red brickwork, was built by this Robert Rookwood in 1574. The family was old and honoured. The earliest notice of the name is at Acton in the time of Edward I., and from that time members of the house of Rookwood had discharged the ordinary duties of country gentlemen. A younger branch was established at Euston. Edward Rookwood, of that place, joined with other Roman Catholic gentlemen of the county in protesting their

loyalty, and abjuring the Papal power of deposing sovereigns, and received the Queen with all respect during her progress in 1578. In Lodge's 'Illustrations of British History' may be found an account of the remarkable ingratitude of Elizabeth to her entertainer, reminding one strongly of her grandfather's treatment of the Earl of Oxford. The unhappy man endured divers insults, was fined a large sum, ruined in estate, and imprisoned in Bury Gaol, where he died. Euston was then sold to keep his family from starvation. With this history to encourage him in loyalty, it is not wonderful to find Ambrose Rookwood in a conspicuous place in the next chapter.

At that truly desolate spot, Wangford near Brandon, Mrs. Drewell, wife of Robert Drewell, gent., is named; at Haughley, the Syllyards; at Mellis, the wives of Thomas and Christopher Toftewood; and at Redlingfield, 'John Bedingfield, gent., and M'garet hys wyffe, he hath no free Lands, and is of small valewe; he is imprisoned at Ippiswiche, and his goods wer extended to her ma^tie^ for a C li.'

Of well-known names, the Martyns of Long Melford, the Mannockes of Stoke-by-Nayland, and the Everards of Linstead may be mentioned. A familiar name occurs at Barking: 'Stephen Childerston, al's Chosen, yeoman, and Agnes his wyffe, verye poore folkes.' This surname, pronounced Chisson, was common enough at Mildenhall in my boyhood.

Dennington was more prolific of recusants than most places, whereas at Bungay and Ipswich there was but one apiece—Anne, wife of Robert Grene, gent., and John Dune, gent. Occasional nameless personages, distinguished as 'vagrants,' 'reteyners,' 'sudyonners,' give a faint flavour of Jesuits in a concealment more effectual, perchance, than chambers behind panelling or between double walls would have been.

Bishop Scambler died the year before this inquisition, which was carried out by his successor, Dr. William

Redman, a native of Great Shelford, in Cambridgeshire, sometime Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Archdeacon of Canterbury. He was not behindhand in routing out recusant sectaries, of whom only twenty appear in the official lists. Perhaps apparitors and pursuivants were not so keen as their chiefs. Otherwise it is marvellous that all this cumbrous and extravagant machinery should have been put into action on account of the opinions of seven men and thirteen women in Bury, Occold, Framsden, Chattisham, Holbrook, Kenton, Bungay, and Lowestoft. But conformity, like nonconformity, is apt to go off its head. John Thirketell, of Bungay, had gone beyond seas, and Robert Hall, of Kenton, lay in prison at Ipswich, their wives remaining to bear testimony for their opinions, whatever they were worth. That the Queen's Council, whose agents the bishops had made themselves or had been made, became bewildered at the results of their attempts after unity is manifest. As an eminent Churchman of after-days said, it might become 'Unity of opinion in the bond of ignorance, and unity of profession in the bond of hypocrisy.' The good sense of the Suffolk justices revolted at marshalling with the worst malefactors—who would have been ready to subscribe to thirty-nine or any other number of articles—worthy men who had scruples about a ceremony; and their prayer to the Council produced a circular letter to the bishops to moderate the action which the Lords themselves had unduly incited. Notwithstanding this perplexing change of front, two Brownist (or, as they would now be called, Congregational) ministers had been hanged at Bury in 1582—Mr. Thacker and Mr. Copping. Yet, as we have just seen, their opinions were not extinct three years afterwards.

It is an infinitely weary business, and the world owes but slender gratitude to the worshippers of the Definite, who would punish in this world and hereafter those who are imperfect 'in their theory of irregular verbs,' as Carlyle puts it.

Let us end the chapter with something recreative, to wit, William Kemp's Nine Days' Wonder (an expression which has become proverbial) performed in a dance from London to Norwich, in February and March, 1600. He started on the first Monday in Lent, February 11, stayed two days at Romford, took his second and third days consecutively to Ingatestone and Chelmsford, got to Braintree a week after his start, and entered Suffolk at Sudbury on Wednesday, February 20. Here a very kind gentleman, Master Foskew (Fortescue?), who had once walked from London to Berwick, gave him good advice about his diet and company, and a lusty tall fellow, a butcher, offered to morrice with him as far as Bury. In a short time the challenger gave in amidst derisive cries from the spectators, a country lass calling out: 'Faint-hearted lout! If I had begun to dance, I would have held out one mile, though it had cost my life.' At which words many laughed. 'Nay,' saith she, 'if the dancer will lend me a leash of his bells, I'll venture to head one mile with him myself.' And so she did, to Melford, being a mile, in a 'piteous heat,' at the end thereof. Kemp's narrative, as might be expected, is more forcible than elegant, and some 'immortal verse' by a 'good fellow, my friend' is quite on a par with Kemp's unvarnished prose. Master Colts, a very kind and worshipful gentleman, entertained the dancer at Melford till the Saturday, whence he proceeded by Clare to Bury. It was a long day's work, but between Clare and Bury he was received at the house of a bountiful widow of a rich yeoman named Everet. As he entered Bury at one gate, Chief Justice Popham entered at another, and the wondering and regardless multitude made clear way for his honour to gape at the dancer. On Saturday, February 23, fell a great snow, and Kemp did not resume his journey till Friday, the 29th, when he danced over the heaths in grand style, reaching Thetford in about three hours. 'I fared,' says he, 'like one that had escaped the stocks, and tried the use of his

legs to outrun the constable; so light were my heels, that I counted the ten miles no better than a leap.' At Thetford we leave this merry fellow to enjoy the hospitality of Sir Edwin Rich, to pursue his course by Rockland, Hingham, and Barford Bridge to Norwich.

Those who want detail as to the hardship of royal purveyances will know where to find it. Times were hard enough in all respects. On Christmas Day, 1594, the Rector of Halesworth could not thaw his ink to write down the names of his communicants, and the constant apprehension of a repetition of the Spanish Armada cost the parishes large sums for armour, for watching Sizewell Beacon, for the saltpetre monopolist, and for trainings at Bulcamp Heath and elsewhere.

CHAPTER XV.

EARLY STUART PERIOD.

NEWMARKET, as many of my readers will know, is a town sacred to that animal which is counted but a vain thing to save a man. It is situated partly in Suffolk and partly in Cambridgeshire, the main street being the county boundary. The north parish, St. Mary's, and the village of Exning, which is possibly the 'old market,' form a little Suffolk island in Cambridgeshire. Indeed there is, I believe, one point where this insulated fragment touches the main county. The open country all round it has always made it a great place for sport, and so it was in the days of the first Stuart King, before sport was sullied by that quasi-financial element which has caused gold and silver to flow on the whole less from knaves to fools than from fools to knaves.

James I. loved Newmarket as he loved flattery, theological discussion in which he was bound to win, and much else. On one occasion, hunting the buck, he roamed over the Freckenham-Icklingham-Elveden district till he reached the very parts over which we have just seen William Kemp performing his morrice, and came to Thetford. Royal visits to Suffolk have not been so numerous as to allow us to omit this one, little as there is to be said about it.

Of course, these journeys of royal personages were performed in the most comfortable and luxurious style that the age could afford—very different from the mode of

travelling experienced by the King's subjects. Carriers, whose carts formed the chief means of locomotion, were, in consequence, men of great importance, and well known in districts through which they worked. Besides conveying passengers, delivering parcels and letters, they brought the news from the great metropolis by word of mouth. One can easily imagine groups of men, anxious about political affairs, waiting in the yard of some inn to pick up some scraps of news from the carrier.

No doubt many an otherwise weary hour has been happily spent by passengers on their way to London in discussing the probable state of affairs in the political world on their arrival; or, on the return journey, in airing opinions as to how matters ought to have been carried out.

We may remember Milton's two monographs on the Cambridge carrier, 'Old Hobson, who sickened in the Time of his Vacancy; being forbid to go to London, by reason of the Plague.' The termination of each is full of suggestion:

> '"Hobson has supt, and's newly gone to bed,"'

and

> '"His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
> Only remains this superscription."'

John Taylor, 'for the good use of the whole commonwealth,' published in 1637 the 'Carrier's Cosmography,' so that 'if a man at Constantinople or some other remote part or region shall chance to send a letter to his parents, master, or friends that dwell at Nottingham, Derby, or any other town in England; then this book shall give instructions where the Carriers do lodge that may convey the said letter, which could not easily be done without it.'

In the whole of Suffolk he mentions but seven places from which carriers start for London, namely, Bury, Coggeshall,[1] Hadley, Ipswich, Melford, Sudbury, and Wallingfield.

[1] It is in Essex, though Taylor calls it in Suffolk.

'The Carriers of Bury, or St. Edmund's Bury, in Suffolk, do lodge at the Dolphin without Bishopsgate Street. They come on Thursdays.

'The Waggons of Bury, or Berry, in Suffolk, do come every Thursday to the sign of the Four Swans in Bishopsgate Street.

'A Foot Post doth come from the said Bury every Wednesday to the Green Dragon in Bishopsgate Street; by whom letters may be conveyed to and fro.

'The Carrier of Coggeshall in Suffolk doth lodge at the Spread Eagle in Gracious Street. He comes and goes on Thursdays and Fridays.

'Carriers from Hadley in Suffolk do lodge at the George in Lombard Street. They come on Thursdays.

'The Carriers of Ipswich in Suffolk do lodge at the sign of the George in Lombard Street. They do come on Thursdays.

'The Post of Ipswich doth lodge at the Cross Keys in Gracious Street. He comes on Thursdays, and goes on Fridays.

'The Carriers of Melford in Suffolk do lodge at the Spread Eagle in Gracious Street. They come and go on Thursdays and Fridays.

'The Carriers of Sudbury in Suffolk do lodge at the Saracen's Head in Gracious Street. They do come and go on Thursdays and Fridays.

'The Carriers of Wallingfield in Suffolk do lodge at the Spread Eagle in Gracious Street. They come and go on Thursdays and Fridays.'

A further direction about Ships, Barks, Hoys and Passage Boats gives the following information: 'He that will send to Ipswich in Suffolk, or Lynn in Norfolk, let him go to Dice Key, and there his turn may be served.'

John Jegon, D.D., was Bishop of Norwich from 1602 to 1618. He had ruled the unruly spirits at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, with something more than persuasion. The union of repair of building and corporal punishment once brought forth this epigram, written on the screen:

'Doctor Jegon, Bene't College Master,
Broke the scholars' heads, and gave the walls a plaster;'

to which he replied:

'Knew I but the lad who writ this verse in bravery,
I'd commend him for his wit, and whip him for his knavery.'

Doubtless he was a man qualified to subject recusants, Roman and sectary, and for sixteen years he presided over the diocese. Then came Dr. John Overall, honourably known in relation to the Church Catechism. He died in the year following that of his appointment, when Dr. Samuel Harsnet was translated from Chichester to Norwich.

He was a native of Colchester, and his fine library, preserved in the castle of that town, testifies to his filial regard for his birthplace. From what we can learn of him, he seems to have been a genial, hospitable man, rather given to state and ceremonial, something tedious and extravagant in his eloquence. The fine brass to his memory in Chigwell Church is well known to collectors. He survived James I. about three years.

If the lot of the recusant sectary was hard, he had at least the satisfaction of seeing his deadliest enemy, the Roman recusant, under a harder yoke. In the last chapter we had a glimpse of the two houses of Rookwood, at Coldham Hall in Stanningfield, and at Euston, and we saw how the scions of the former house were kept well away from home at the time of the inquisition in the latter part of Elizabeth's reign. Ambrose, a younger son, must have been a young man at the time of the Gunpowder Plot, but life is not all measured by years. In those evil days the blossom of youth withered early, and men became old in the worst qualities of age before their judgments reached maturity. Such was Ambrose Rookwood's case, according to his own account of himself. Yet it must not be our function to sit in Pharisaical judgment on the man of gentle birth, exiled from the beautiful home which his father had built, trained to

regard as loathsome 'heretics' all the authorities in Church and State, associating with men of his own faith rendered desperate by exactions and sufferings, fearing in every stranger some disguised pursuivant or Star Chamber spy, fervent in prayer, and taught to regard himself as a confessor for the Faith, in whose behalf the Virgin Mother of the Saviour was exerting her omnipotent influence. Such was this Stanningfield youth, who fell in with that restless adventurer, Robert Catesby, older than himself, and a participator in Essex's rebellion.

'He had been neither author nor actor,' said he at his trial, 'but only persuaded and drawn in by Catesby, whom he loved above any worldly man; and that he had concealed it, not from any malice to the person of the King or to the State, or for any ambitious prospects of his own, but only drawn from the tender regard and the faithful and dear respect he bore to Mr. Catesby his friend, whom he esteemed more than anything in the world.'

Catesby did not think fit to trust him with the detail of the Gunpowder Plot at first, the running short of funds being the cause of his drawing in Rookwood, Grant, and Francis Tresham, of whom the last is the well-known divulger of the plot. November 4, 1605, saw Catesby ride off in the afternoon of the 'brief November day' for the Midland rendezvous of the conspirators. At midnight Fawkes emerged from his retreat and was arrested. The last of the band to stay in London was Rookwood. His appearance would not be likely to attract attention. He tarried till noon of the memorable 5th, to gather up the latest talk. Then he galloped off by Highgate and Finchley. On that common he picked up Keyes, who parted from him at Turvey. Pursuing his course, he came up with his great ideal, Catesby, at Brickhill, with whom was John Wright. Soon afterwards they overtook Percy and Christopher Wright, and the exhausted five arrived about six o'clock in the evening. Rookwood had actually ridden eighty miles since noon.

On the night of the 7th they were at Holbeach in Warwickshire, where our Suffolk man participated in the agony and terror caused by the explosion of the powder which had been placed before the fire to dry. This catastrophe converted him and some of his companions, who, 'perceiving God to be against them, prayed before the picture of Our Lady, and confessed that the act was so bloody, as they desired God to forgive them.' We need not dwell on his execution. The day was January 31, and the place Westminster. Thomas Winter, amongst the most sanguinary; Keyes, amongst the most resolute of the misguided men; Fawkes, the very hand of the conspiracy; and Rookwood, only entering on the prime of life, suffered in the accustomed manner, unworthy of the meanest savages. To this end had reciprocal bigotry brought the boy who had sported with his brothers so often in the new and spacious chambers of Coldham Hall.

Now comes the Emerald Isle into contact with our county, and the red hand of Ulster is seen on the carriage of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Baronet, of Redgrave Hall. Not that the skill of the interpreter could rightly divine its signification. Mr. Rye records that one rural Œdipus of later days had a truly original reading of the riddle, regarding it as a symbol of disgrace because one of that family once flogged a boy *to dead*. The intent of the new order was to provide for the defence of Ulster, it is hardly necessary to say, and for this purpose each new-created baronet engaged to support thirty foot soldiers for three years; but this arrangement soon fell through, and at the present day the reasons for granting baronetcies are more than one would care to particularize. Among the earlier creations from the county are Lionel Tollemache of Helmingham, Henry Felton of Playford, Thomas Bishop of Parham, John Barker of Grimston Hall in Trimley, and Thomas Playters of Sotterley. The earldom of Suffolk was revived in 1603 in the person of Thomas, Lord Howard of Walden, and his descendants have held it ever since, not that the title bears with it anything

more than the mere name. It is remarkable that the majority of Suffolk people seem sceptical as to its existence.

The Puritan troubles arise from causes interlaced the one with the other in a way which seems to defy disentanglement. Government, ceremonial, abstract doctrine, concrete morals, are by no means in themselves simple elements to deal with, and each might require the patience and moderation of several generations to bring about a result which would hold the main body of Christians together.

The Presbyterian objected to diocesan episcopacy, though it is beyond conception what episcopacy without local circumscription could practically mean. Cartwright maintained that archbishops and archdeacons should be abolished, as unscriptural, though it would be hard to find Scriptural authority for the Calvinistic classical presbyteries. As to ceremonial, Œdipus himself, had he been a Theban Christian, would have given up the riddle. The Calvinistic doctrine of predestination was held as absolute truth, and this by the most rigorous Churchmen as well as by the most rugged Nonconformists, by Whitgift as well as by Hacker and Copping.

A better agreement might have been looked for in morals. It will not, however, be found. Among the questions which came to the front and demanded some kind of solution was the manner of observance of the Lord's Day, the Christian Sabbath.

It was no new difficulty. Dr. Bound, in 1595, had deduced from the injunction of the seventh day's rest the putting aside of usual studies or worldly business, and the recreations of the week, such as shooting, fencing, and bowling. The Mosaic code simply enjoins rest from labour as the sanctification of the Sabbath; but there is a well-known passage in the prophet Isaiah which bears on the other part of the subject. Bound may have drawn the line too stringently;[1] nevertheless, the experience of

[1] So thought Rogers, 'On the XXXIX. Articles' (Parker Society), p. 319.

after-ages[1] has confirmed much of his teaching, and the quiet cheerfulness of the English Sunday needs no apology here.

However, for weal or for woe, came forth in 1618 'The King's Majesty's Declaration to his Subjects concerning Lawful Sports to be used.' He refers to a similar declaration made in Scotland, and to the calumnies which Papists had sown in Lancashire, saying that 'no honest mirth or recreation is lawful in our Religion,' whereof came discontent, absence of exercise necessary for those who should be wanted in war, and filthy tipplings, with idle and discontented speeches in alehouses. To remedy this condition of things, a jolly and sportive spirit was enjoined by royal authority, and those who were not of this frame of mind, whether from simple disinclination, or from opinion of the jeopardy of the soul in case of compliance, were informed that they might leave the country if they did not like it—very much the language of a certain member for Sussex at the time of the Reform Bill.

It did not seem to occur to James I., or to his really estimable and most unhappy son, that arguments which appeared to them irrefragable could fail to be so to others. Not only the Bishop of the diocese, but the 'inferior Churchmen' (parochial clergy), and even the churchwardens, were to instruct the ignorant and reform the misled; failing these methods, to report the incorrigible for punishment.

The unfortunate precisian was now hit doubly. He had to go to church and hear a priest of Baal, decked in a Popish surplice, read from a book a formal and frigid service, witness the rite of Baptism desecrated by the superstitious use of the cross, and, on occasion, couples married with a ring of some 'ethnic and idolatrous' origin. After emerging from these dread scenes, worse was in store for him. Lads and lasses who had been to church were incurring perdition by Sabbath-breaking, and

[1] See especially the evidence of President Harrison and Mr. Gladstone, quoted in a conference held at Paris, September, 1889.

he must either miserably partake of their sins, or be hauled by some unneighbourly churchwarden or constable.

The Roman recusant had only to drink the first half of this cup of misery. The meditative and retiring Churchman of the George Herbert type shared only the second with his Puritan opponent. There was a crass grimness in the regulation which forbade the enjoined sports to the inflexible sectary who could not bring himself to go to church. Let the recreation part of the proclamation speak for itself. Putting its religious aspect aside, it is a monument of that kingcraft on which James I. prided himself:

'Our Pleasure is, *That after the end of Divine Service, Our good people be not disturbed, letted or discouraged from any lawful recreation, such as Dancing* (*either men or women*), *Archery for men, Leaping, Vaulting, or any other such harmless recreations; nor from having of May Games, Whitsun Ales, and Morris Dances; and the setting up of May Poles, and other Sports therewith used: so as the same be had in due and convenient time, without impediment or neglect of Divine Service.* And, *That women shall have leave to carry rushes to the church for the decoring* (decorating) *of it, according to their old custom.* But withal, *We do here account still as prohibited, all unlawful games, to be used upon Sundays only; as Bear and Bull baitings, Interludes: and, at all times, in the meaner sort of people by Law prohibited, Bowling.* And, likewise, *We bar from this benefit and liberty, all such known Recusants, either men or women, as will abstain from coming to Church or Divine Service:* being, therefore, unworthy of any lawful recreation after the said Service, that will not first come to the Church, and serve GOD. *Prohibiting, in like sort, the said recreation to any that, though conforme* (conformable) in Religion, are not present in *the Church, at the Service of GOD, before their going to the said recreations.* Our pleasure likewise is, *That they to whom it belongeth in Office, shall present, and sharply punish all such, as in abuse of this Our liberty, will use these exercises before the ends of all Divine Services for that day.* And We, likewise, straitly

command, *That every person shall resort to his own Parish Church to hear Divine Service; and each Parish, by itself, to use the said recreation after Divine Service.* Prohibiting likewise, *Any offensive weapons to be carried or used in the said times of recreation.* And, Our Pleasure is, *That this Our Declaration shall be published by order from the Bishop of the diocese, through all the Parish Churches; and that both Our Judges of Our Circuit, and Our Justices of Our Peace* be informed thereof.

'Given at Our Manor of Greenwich, the four and twentieth day of May [1618] in the sixteenth year of Our reign of England, France, and Ireland; and of Scotland, the one and fiftieth. God save the King!'

The first Parliament of Charles I. passed an Act punishing with fines and the stocks those who frequented these assemblies. In spite of this, the proclamation was again published by royal authority, October 18, 1633, to the general displeasure of the country.

In the diary of John Rous, Rector of Santon Downham, an exceedingly small parish on the heaths between Brandon and Thetford, the second proclamation is recorded without note or comment, and that in spite of his general goodwill to his Sovereign. Somehow the Sunday sports did not altogether die out. Old Mr. James Gower, of the Uplands, Bungay, whom I knew thirty-six years ago as a very old man, told me that his father could remember the football after morning prayer at Alburgh, just over the Norfolk border, the parson coming to look on at the game.

It was a quarrelsome time in truth, but there are signs enough of material prosperity. Houses, rather intended for comfort than for show, sprang up all over the country. Money was spent in considerable amounts over large square pews, for which faculties were obtained in the episcopal courts, wherein the squire could compose himself to slumber should the sermon be prolonged beyond the usual length. Some of the Jacobean and Caroline

carving, particularly in pulpits and chimney-pieces, is deservedly noted, and the stacks of chimneys remain in great numbers, indicating much of a wholesome love for home. Very often a double cottage, or even a single one, let to some pauper whose rent is partially discharged by means of a subscription list, headed and written by the Rector, has in its chimneys the decaying memorial of some family of repute in its day. Those names, now unknown in their old districts, are sometimes found flourishing in other parts of England, and still more frequently in the United States of America. Indeed, the bond between East Anglia and the eastern seaboard of North America, *Furdurstrandi,* was being constantly strengthened. A trifle sent from Weybread, a mere two shillings, in 1618, is a sign of this. In that year in Virginia there was a great drought, and afterwards 'such a cruell storme of haile, which did such spoile both to the Corne and Tobacco, that wee reaped but small profit.' I take this little Weybread item, which I lighted on, as the type of many another. A comforting sum, made up of such small amounts, reached Virginia the next year by the *Margarett* of Bristol. It is refreshing to find constant traces of the non-polemical side of Christianity.

There is no name more honourably regarded in the early annals of New England than that of Winthrop, a corruption of Winthorpe. Certainly, Adam de Winthorp was the grantee of the manor of Groton, which had belonged to Bury Abbey, in 1548. The family probably took its name from a village in the Lincolnshire marshes, north of Wainfleet, just about the most easterly extension of that county into the German Ocean. In 1588 John Winthrop was born at Groton. He was educated for the law, and, being a young man of ability and high character, was placed in the commission of the peace when he was only eighteen years of age, in the same year which witnessed the execution of Ambrose Rookwood. Stanningfield and Groton are in different districts, and the young men probably never met. After the *Mayflower* settlement had

become a little consolidated and expanded, under the name of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, John Winthrop was summoned to be their Governor, and he landed in the bay with the first charter in 1630, having sold the Groton property to Thomas Waring. He passes thus from Suffolk, and we can only advert to his 'Life and Letters' edited by his esteemed and gifted descendant, Robert Charles Winthrop, LL.D., a prominent Massachusetts politician, who was born at Boston in 1809, and died there in November, 1894, leaving two sons who still represent this Lincoln-Suffolk-New-England house.

Another name not to be passed over is that of Sir Simonds Dewes of Stowlangtoft, the antiquary, and friend of Sir Robert Cotton. He inherited Stow Hall from his father, who purchased the estate in 1614. The family was of good Low Country blood, being descended from the lords of Kessel in Guelderland. Adrian Dewes migrated from the Low Countries to England in troublous times. His son Geerardt, the antiquary's grandfather, became a printer in Paul's Churchyard, and acquired the manor of Gains in Upminster. Paul Dewes, father of the antiquary, was one of the six Clerks in Chancery, and married Cecilia, only daughter of Richard Simonds, of Coaxden, in Chardstock, Dorset, which manor, together with other property, Simonds Dewes derived from his grandfather. He was born at Coaxden in 1602, and spent his young childhood there, being schooled successively by the Rev. Richard White, of Chardstock, and one Malaker, of Wambrook, an adjoining village. In 1614 he left the West Country, never to return, and was transferred to the care of one Reynolds, in St. Mary Axe, whose daughter he esteemed more learned than her father, and whom he left after two years for Bury School. In 1618 he went into residence at St. John's College, Cambridge, as a Fellow commoner, having as his tutor Richard Holdsworth, sometime Gresham Professor of Theology. Throughout his life Simonds Dewes was devoutly, dogmatically religious, much given to the hearing (and even the compo-

sition) of sermons, and a very diligent student. During his Cambridge course his mother died, and he himself was within an ace of losing his life by being drawn up in ringing a bell that hung in the gateway of St. John's. In August, 1620, he became a student of the Middle Temple, having been admitted a member of the Inn nine years before, and was called to the Bar in June, 1623. From the commencement of his law studentship Dewes applied himself diligently to legal studies, tempered liberally with researches into ancient records, which latter pursuit became the passion (if so self-restrained a character could be deemed passionate) of his life, his ample prospects rendering it unnecessary for him to follow up the law as a means of gain. Dewes was twice married, first in 1626 to Anne, daughter of Sir William Clopton, of Liston's Hall, Essex, and of Kentwell Hall, in Long Melford parish, she being then scarce fourteen years old; and secondly to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir H. Willoughby, of Risley, Derbyshire. He left male issue by his second wife. Dewes was knighted by King Charles I. at Whitehall in 1630, and made a baronet in 1641. On his death in 1650 his son, Willoughby Dewes, succeeded him at Stow Hall. The labours of Dewes' life had amassed a great and valuable library of papers and manuscripts, to which he made special reference in his will, desiring that it be preserved entire and accessible to 'all lovers of learning of known virtue and integrity.' Through the medium of Humphrey Wanley, librarian to Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, the library was acquired by that great collector at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the then owner, a second Sir Simonds Dewes, taking small personal interest in the collection, and believing that his ancestor's wishes would be satisfied by its finding a home in the Harleian Collection. With the death of Sir Jermyn Dewes in 1731 the Dewes baronetcy became extinct.

We possess an intimate account of Dewes' childhood and early manhood, written by himself about 1638, and

published in 1845 by the late James Orchard Halliwell, from the manuscript in the Harleian Collection, which, besides narrating the passages of his life, great and small, from childish tumbles at Coaxden to matrimonial negotiations conducted in very sober, business-like fashion, contains constant reference to public events, in which he took an active part. He was returned for Sudbury in the year of his shrievalty, with the Cavalier Sir Robert Crane.

In politics he might have been described, had the word been then coined, as a steadfast Constitutionalist. He deplored the vice and corruption of the Court, and took a decided view of the illegality of the ship-money exaction. At one time, when grieving for the loss of his then only son, the idea crossed his mind of migrating to America. As the breach between Charles I. and the people widened, Dewes adhered to the Parliamentary side, and signed the Covenant. Yet he both wrote and spoke against extreme dealings with the King, and was turned out of the House in 'Pride's Purge' (December, 1648), soon after which he died.

In religion, Dewes was a Puritan, devout to austerity, addicted to private fasting and self-humiliation, and unfeignedly abhorrent of all that savoured of Popery, though stopping short of the extreme views of many of his day. His character is tersely and not unfairly summed up by Carlyle in these words:

'A man of sublime Antiquarian researches, Law-learning, human and divine accomplishments, and generally somewhat Grandisonian in his ways; a man of scrupulous Puritan integrity, of high-flown conscientiousness, exactitude and distinguished perfection; ambitious to be the pink of Christian country-gentlemen and magistrates of counties; really a most spotless man and High sheriff.'[1]

From his earliest years Dewes took an assiduous interest in the public events of the day, and his autobiography is replete with his reflections on the times.

Besides three sisters, Dewes had one brother, Richard,

[1] Carlyle, 'Critical and Miscellaneous Essays,' vii. 58.

younger than himself, to whom he was strongly attached. The letters, etc., which have come down to us concerning Richard Dewes figure him as cast in a more robust mould than his brother. He spent a good deal of his early manhood on the Continent, and joined the King's forces when the open rupture came. Some of the letters which passed between them about this time are touching in their terms, the younger brother affectionately essaying to induce the elder to follow him, and adhere to the King. Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Dewes was killed by a cannon-shot at Reading.

Sir Edward Coke, too, was not unknown in Suffolk, though a Norfolk man by birth and burial. He was Lord of the Manor of Thorington, and in the register of that parish is a memorandum of the gift of the bell by him and his wife, Bridget (*née* Paston), in 1598. The bell yet remains, and the inscription on it shows that it was made for Wanstead in Essex two years before that date.

This Bridget Paston was the only child of John Paston, of Sporle, in Norfolk, by Anne Moulton, widow of Nicholas Smith, of Huntingfield Hall, a woman whose bountiful disposition is noted on her monument. During Edward Coke's first conjugal life, the plague in London in the summer of 1592 drove him from his official duties in town, as Solicitor-General, to seek refuge in Huntingfield. Bridget Coke died in 1598, having become the mother of ten children; and nineteen weeks after her decease, Coke, now Attorney-General, espoused one of Burghley's sisters, the widow of Sir William Hatton.

East Anglia continued to be a home for jurists for ages. Elizabeth's 'Good Judge,' Clench, married the heiress of Almot of Creeting, and settled at Hollesley, where his eldest son, Thomas, dwelt. Another son, Almot Clench, planted large hop-grounds, but it greatly weakened his estate. Thomas Clench was Knight of the Shire with Sir Robert Crane of Chilton in the third Parliament of James I., elected 1620. They succeeded Sir Henry Bedingfeld and Sir Robert Drury, the knights of the shire in

the 'Addled Parliament' of 1614. Those were the early days of 'benevolences.' The men of 'Addled' notoriety were sent about their business after two months' ineffective session, because they questioned this manner of taxation. Their successors were treated in the same way early in 1622, but the impost continued. The small parish of Cratfield paid in this year £3 'for a Benevolence or Gratuity to the King,' induced thereto, perhaps, by the hope that he would go to war in behalf of his son-in-law, the Elector Palatine. Religion was at the root of most of these troubles, external as well as internal. The very next item in the Cratfield book is £2 towards the relief of poor French Protestants 'refuged hither for their conscience.'

There were Puritans and Puritans, of course. Some, zealous for pure doctrine and clean life, regarded government and externals as in comparison of minor moment. Others have been so often described and so often caricatured that the less said about them the better. Among the former was that famous Ipswich preacher, Samuel Ward, whose portrait yet remains in the town-hall. Though thus more constantly brought under public notice, neither he, nor his brothers Nathaniel and John, were regarded as on a par with their father, John Ward, of Haverhill, Writtle in Essex, Bury St. Edmunds, and elsewhere.

Fuller says that the sons named 'put together would not make up the abilities of their father,' of whom the great Dr. Whitaker, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, recorded his opinion in the emphatic words, 'Give me John Ward for a text.' Cooper[1] regards the father as identical with one of the name who matriculated at Christ's College as a Sizar in April, 1579. This is doubted by Mr. John Ward Dean,[2] because the son Samuel must have been born about 1577. It is hardly possible that in

[1] 'Athenæ Cantabrigienses,' ii. 310.
[2] In a letter to me, February 9, 1895.

Elizabeth's time a married man should be a Sizar. Though the father was buried at Haverhill, he describes himself in his will as 'preacher of God's woord in Bury Ste. Edmond.' Samuel Ward was a native of Haverhill, a scholar of St. John's, and a Fellow of Sidney, Cambridge, vacating his fellowship by marriage with a widow named Bolton, of Isleham, just over the Cambridgeshire border, about which time (1604-5) he was appointed Town Preacher at Ipswich, and shortly afterwards licensed by Bishop Jegon as a preacher throughout the diocese of Norwich. Wodderspoon, in his 'Memorials of Ipswich,' gives these particulars as to his office:

'Mr. Ward's stipend as town preacher was a hundred marks, and an allowance of £6 13s. 4d. quarterly for house rent.' The terms on which he undertook the office were that, in the event of sickness or absence, he should provide a minister to preach three times a week in the usual place; that he should not be absent above forty days in one year without leave; and that if he should take a pastoral charge, his retainer by the corporation should be void. In 1607 the corporation purchased a house for him, and the next year they increased his salary to £90, and in 1616 they increased it to £100.'

A man he was in whom the 'power of the world to come' reigned paramount. In his lifetime his gravestone was prepared and laid where he should rest, inscribed:

'Watch, Ward; yet a little while, and he that shall come will come.'

Whether it was the Spanish marriage or the drinking customs of his day that roused him, he was no mere academic foe. With caricature as well as pulpit-thunder he carried the war into the enemy's quarters, heedless of personal risk, a bold man with his heart in the right place, and plenty of brains to keep his tongue in order. Attempts were made to entangle him on points of conformity, for some time unsuccessfully, and Bishop Corbet's

letter to him in 1633 does equal credit to the writer and to the person addressed. Two years afterwards, when Bishop Wren had succeeded Corbet, Ward's enemies found means to trouble him, the King's 'Book of Sports' being one of the counts in his indictment. He was suspended, enjoined a public recantation, and, on his refusal, committed to prison. Here he wrote an epistle dedicatory to a volume of his sermons, euphemizing his imprisonment as 'a little leisure, occasioned against my will.' He died in March, 1639-40, a righteous man, taken away from the evil to come. Like John Winthrop, his name is not extinct, surviving in John Ward Dean, secretary to the New England Historic Genealogical Society.

We must revert to Parliaments. In 1623 Sir William Spring of Pakenham, of the Lavenham Clothier family, and Sir Roger North were knights of the shire. Sir Edmund Bacon and Thomas Cornwallis appear in the first Parliament of Charles I., and Sir Robert Naunton and Sir Robert Crane in the second. In the third, Sir William Spring reappears, and with him a name of no good omen to the abettors of royal prerogative, Nathaniel Barnardiston, of Ketton or Kedington, Esquire. Then comes the twelve years' gap between the third and fourth Parliament, and Barnardiston, now knighted, and Sir Philip Parker of Erwarton and elsewhere, represented the county in the fourth or 'Short' Parliament, and sought re-election in the Long Parliament. Meantime, Sir Roger North had obtained a seat for the borough of Eye; and his son Henry, of the Mildenhall Manor-house, yet remaining in its picturesque beauty, thought fit to stand in the Court interest against the two Puritan knights. The primitive simplicity of the proceedings, under an elm, in Mr. Hambie's field, which sent up the members to this awful historic Parliament, contrast strangely with the care now taken at the election of parish councillors who may not, perhaps, spend a five-pound note during

their tenure of office. The County Court is held at Ipswich by the order of Sir Simonds Dewes, High Sheriff. It is Monday, October 19, an 'extreme windy morning,' and at eight o'clock the writ is read. Of the three candidates, only North was present, the others breakfasting at the King's Head, sign of ill omen for those who should be returned. North was surrounded by a crowd of his party, who chaired him for about half an hour, to show him off. Henry North of Laxfield, and John Clench of Creeting, his uncles, Sir Robert Crane, Mr. John Smith of Cratfield, and Mr. Waldegrave, were there to see fair play for the young man, and some of them thought that Samuel Duncon, Constable of Ipswich, who had been assisting in taking the votes, had been dealing corruptly; nor did one of the party, Mr. Gardiner Webb of Elmswell, son of William Webb, attorney, of Ixworth, and the Gardiner heiress, spare the worshipful High Sheriff, saying that he 'had been damnedly base in all his carriage.' Duncon carried this 'outrageous and scandalous speech' to Dewes, to whom Webb justified his language, and, in defiance of all Dogberrydom, called the Constable 'base rascall and rogue.' It is not to be passed over that women in the heat of the contest tendered themselves to be sworn that their net estate valued clear forty shillings, but had their votes given for Barnardiston and Parker struck out. A riot was imminent between North's hot-blooded young friends and the sailors, whom they called Water-dogs. However, all passed off without bloodshed, and Parker with 2,240 voices 'at the least,' and Barnardiston with 2,140, were triumphantly returned over North, who received only 1,422. We owe Thomas Carlyle thanks for printing these documents. Sir Frederick Cornwallis was Sir Roger North's colleague at Eye.

The other Suffolk members of the Long Parliament were: for Ipswich, John Gurdon and William Cage; for Dunwich, Henry Cooke and Anthony Bedingfeld; for

Orford, Sir William Playters and Sir Charles le Gros; for Sudbury, Sir Simonds Dewes and Sir Robert Crane, who generally neutralized each other in all likelihood; for Aldborough, two of the Bence family, 'Squire' and Alexander; and for Bury St. Edmunds, Thomas Jermyn and Sir William Spring.

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM THE LONG PARLIAMENT TO THE REVOLUTION.

NO one ought to expect any pleasure from the annals of the Great Rebellion period. There is sensation enough in this chapter, chiefly the sensation of shame and degradation; records enough, the records of perverted efforts after Reverence, Truth and Righteousness. What is painful in every sense of the word to write can hardly be delectable reading. When men would do good, evil was present with them.

In the fierce heat of their controversy, the subtle aroma of the Teaching which was the Life of the world was evaporated, and the commonplace of regulations remained, changed a little in form, but the same in its inevitable necessity, the Westminster Directory instead of the Book of Common Prayer.

It is true that our local narrative will not set before us the gory battle-fields and blasted verdure of other counties. There is no Chalgrove Field, Cropredy Bridge, or Marston Moor in our bounds. The Suffolk heroes fell in scores and hundreds in these quarrels not their own, dying for God and the King, or for God and the Cause, or in many cases simply for their pay, all over the length and breadth of the land. Their names are irrecoverably gone. Old parchment registers record their baptism, perhaps their marriage, but not their burial. None the less, ay, all the more, for years and years the lonely

cottage mourned the day when John or Harry was torn from the home never to be seen again.

Then the ruined manor-houses, the exiled rectors and vicars and their starving families, the desecrated churches on the one hand, and on the other the snipped ears of ecclesiastical convicts, the practical banishment of many a worthy man for conscience' sake under the severity of episcopal rule, the ejectment of many another on St. Bartholomew's Day, 1662, present a picture with no tender neutral tints. The working of the devil is as plain through the whole accursed business as it is in the Ten Persecutions or in the funeral rites of the King of Dahomey.

An additional element of discomfort arises from the fact that this misery and disgrace was so largely the work of theologians, and from the apprehension that a theologian in treating of it may perpetuate the evil which he deplores. Yet should the perusal of the Long Parliament period deter any from the eager pursuit of an impossible ideal by the perception of what is inseparably bound up with that pursuit, our work will not be fruitless. Through the clouds the sun shines. The establishment of the British Constitution, the beneficent effect of Imperial England, the great United States of America, spring out of this seeming chaos. Powers of destruction work their dread work and quench themselves. 'The remainder of wrath shalt Thou restrain.'

The Scotch had been treating by commissioners with Charles I. for some time before 1640, with the usual negative result when each side is bent on having its own way, and large contributions had been made for the royal service. The smallest were thankfully received, as we find from the Cratfield book, where the moderate sum of sixpence was thrice doled out, on March 28, 1640, to two 'gentleman soldiers,' and afterwards to a 'gentleman traveller with a pass which had great loss,' and again to three 'gentleman soldiers with Sir Thomas Glemham's hand to their pass.' 'Many travellers' sent

by Sir Thurston Smyth, on July 10, only bled the parochial authorities of eightpence among the 'many'; but warily they handed over £3 to Mr. Eland, the Vicar, thus avoiding responsibility as to the disposal of it. Among the Suffolk names in the Army List of the expedition under the Earl of Northumberland against the Scotch, to join which these gentleman travellers were hasting, we find Peter Gleane, Lieutenant of the 15th Regiment, of the Southelmham family; Captain Thomas Cornewallis, from Brome, of the 18th; and Captain Thomas Pettus, from Chediston, of the 20th. In the autumn these gentlemen soldiers retired before their Presbyterian opponents, and shortly after the election scene under the elm at Ipswich a cessation of arms was agreed upon, and Dewes and Crane, Barnardiston and Parker, the two Bences, and the rest of the Suffolk burgesses, met their fellows from the other shires, cities, and towns of England, and in hot haste that work began which had to be repented of at leisure.

The Ipswich burgesses, John Gurdon of Great Wenham, and William Cage, one of their own portmen, who had a seat at Bungay, and was 'reputed a wise man,' as Gipps testifies of him, had experienced some whetting of the anti-prelatical appetite under the episcopate of Matthew Wren, formerly Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge, who succeeded Bishop Corbet in 1635, and was translated to Ely in 1638. Though it pleased Harbottle Grimston to describe him in opprobrious terms, 'the least of all these birds, but one of the most unclean,' after-ages will do him the justice to acknowledge that much that he was striving after was not at all in excess of common decency and propriety, without bringing in the vexed matter of any peculiar reverence due to places set apart for sacred purposes. In many Suffolk churches, which as yet have escaped the ecclesiastical decorative metal standards, there remain the Communion-rails of a well-known balustrade type, set

so closely together that no dog should run between them, an arrangement which can hardly fail of commending itself to the unprejudiced mind. His zeal for pulpit cushions will seem a little strange to the admirers of the *antependium* of the present day. Other matters of greater importance, however, had claimed his episcopal care. No lecture had been held at Ipswich since Mr. Ward's suspension, which evil might have been avoided by letting that worthy divine alone. Catechizing had fallen through, and, worse than all, half the churches in the town were unserved. Hence had come a commission under Clement Corbet, Doctor of Laws, the Bishop's Vicar-General, and others, a riot, the hustling of the commissioners, and a bill of the Attorney-General against the bailiffs, burgesses, commonalty of Ipswich, William Cage, Esq., and twenty-one others. The rioters proclaimed that the Bishop's own conduct had led to the churches being unserved, and that they had never been at such a pass since Queen Mary's days. It was fever-heat. From high words they soon came to blows. Jonathan Skynner, a learned and conformable minister, being peaceably in the streets, was set upon by Philip Coatnell and others, struck with a cudgel, and threatened with a drawn knife, besides being called drunken parson, base knave, etc., by Thurston Ashley, who challenged him to fight. It was alleged that the authorities were cognizant of all this, and that Cage in particular, who lived close to Bishop Wren's house, was aware that the house had been entered riotously, and Thomas Kiddermaster, Stephen Sheppard, Richard Holland, and divers of his lordship's servants, had been beaten and wounded; and yet, so far from any notice being taken of these unlawful deeds, there had been open encouragement and secret counsel given to the rabble. This kind of thing had brought about a remarkably unchristian and uncharitable feeling, and when such men as Cage on the one hand, and Sir Robert Crane on the other, met at Westminster, there would be no lack of mutual re-

crimination. Compliments would pass from one to the other in full-flavoured provincial dialect, not always comprehensible when the disputants came from distant shires; and the fuel being collected in abundance, and the flame already prepared to be applied to it, the grand conflagration came as a matter of course. It is time to lessen, if it may be, the reverence felt for the men of that day. They were in a measure victims to wicked sentiments beyond their control, but to some extent controllable had there been a desire to control them. But as to great virtues and remarkable godliness on either side, those may conscientiously believe in them that really find them, and do not unconsciously fabricate them. The wholesale destruction of peace and goodwill receives but a slender compensation in the occasional blaze of some noble scene.

'It is well,' says the present Bishop of Peterborough,[1] 'to abandon all illusions about the sixteenth century. There were strong men; there were powerful minds; but there was a dearth of beautiful characters. A time of revolt and upheaval is a time of one-sided energy, of moral uncertainty, of hardness, of unsound argument, of imperfect self-control, of vacillation, of self-seeking. It is difficult in such a time to find heroes, to discover a man whom we can unreservedly admire. The Church of Rome had fortified itself against attack by the Inquisition, and by the passionate zeal of the Society of Jesus, which soon degenerated into unprincipled intrigue. Calvin raised against it a massive system, which bound together the members of his community by an overpowering sense of their direct dependence on God through His particular election of each individual soul. Beside these two great systems all else seemed inconclusive, poor, feeble, and doomed to failure. Yet where in either of them was there place for the aspirations of the devout scholar, of the man who reverenced liberty, who believed in progressive

[1] Lecture delivered at All Hallows, Barking, on Laud's position in the history of the Church of England, January 10, 1895.

enlightenment, who longed for an intelligent order of things in which the Christian consciousness should seek for spiritual truth? It was not merely by accident that the great scholar Isaac Casaubon ended his days in England, made happy by the society of Andrewes. It is significant of the temper of the times that the Puritans pelted him with stones in the street when they found that he was not a partisan on their side. Still, despite this, Casaubon, with his vast learning and his wide experience of the Continent, found peace for his soul in England, which he called "the isle of the blessed." In it, despite all drawbacks, still lingered a reverence for knowledge, a love of truth, and a sense of the problems of the future.'

Few counties had been more remarkable for beautiful carving than Suffolk, and the churches of the county will long bear the marks of the commission acting by the authority of the Long Parliament, 'for the defacing, demolishing, and quite taking away of all images, altars, or tables turned altar-wise, crucifixes, superstitious pictures, monuments, and reliques of idolatry, out of all churches and chapels.' The Earl of Manchester received his commission as General of the Associated Eastern Counties in 1642, and William Dowsing of Laxfield, one of the visitors employed for this purpose in the following two years, has left his diary behind him. It is worth inquiry whether he was descended from the man of the same name and village who burned Noyes in Mary's reign. The diary is a witness to the ignorance and conceit of that class of Puritan. Everything appeared superstitious to his narrow, ill-informed mind. The memorials of martyrs of the best-attested records, who had witnessed for the faith in fire and under the edge of the knife when Decius or Diocletian wore the imperial purple, had to perish because silly people in the Middle Ages had invested them with miraculous qualities. Because a bushel of St. Apollonia's teeth (or, as some of our Roman friends say, *teeth which had acquired the healing influence by contact with St. Apollonia's teeth*) had been

found in England at the Reformation, the very memorial of the pious old woman of Alexandria, whose teeth had been beaten out with a club, must perish. The wonder was that a picture in a family Bible, a title-page woodcut, an engraved capital letter, was allowed to remain. The Saviour's monogram was thought to be the 'Jesuit's badge.' How Dowsing found '1,000 superstitious pictures at Clare,' and, by a strange coincidence, the same number at King's College, Cambridge, through which last, happily, he did not throw brickbats, and the rest of his acts, may be found in his own diary. It is really a blessing not to have room for the doings of this portentous clown, of whom the bitterest Puritan of the present day is probably ashamed.

Next comes the commission to inquire about 'scandalous ministers.' It was a cruel choice of a day that the Earl of Manchester made (St. Matthias, February 24, 1643) for the appointment of these committees for Lincolnshire, Huntingdon, Essex, and Hertfordshire, though probably he did not notice it. The Suffolk committee followed on March 12. The examples of the Star Chamber and High Commission were followed in all the iniquity of their procedure, and surpassed by bringing into every district the vile office of an informer. 'New Presbyter was but Old Priest writ large.' Let any man with the merest suspicion of love for civil and religious liberty, whether he be Conformist, Nonconformist, believer or unbeliever, read the accusations made, and if again he calls the Long Parliament 'passionate lovers of liberty,' language will have lost its meaning. They wanted liberty for themselves and coercion for others, and to these ends they worked as eagerly as the most rigorous of the bishops, and far more effectually. A list, by no means perfect, of the ejected is to be found in Walker's 'Sufferings of the Clergy,' from which a few particulars are extracted: Aggas, Rector of Rushbrook, afterwards got his livelihood (such as it was) by his fiddle; Alcock, Rector of Brettenham, spoke lightly of the Parliament and declaimed earnestly against the rebellion; Ambler, Vicar of

Wenhaston, refused to take the Covenant or assist in the rebellion; Dr. John Crofts, Rector of Barnham and West Stow, had nothing besides this alleged against him; Dalton, Rector of Dalham, was first driven by the troopers from his parish, and then had his living sequestrated for deserting his cure; Keeble of Ringshall, in addition to remarks about cobblers and tinkers in the pulpit, had in his house pamphlets against the Parliament, but none for it; Mayor of Finningham ridiculed Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston, saying that all the speech he made was, '*Sirs, shut the doors, lest wee get cold*'; Jeremiah Raven, of Chattisham and Blakenham, was a pluralist, malignant, Arminian, superstitious, and popishly affected. As though these crimes were too few, he was also an ale-house-haunter. Dr. Robert Warren, of Long Melford, was turned out, according to Walker's belief, as early as the latter end of August, 1641, when he was plundered of five very good horses and his household furniture. His case is therefore not to be charged on the Earl of Manchester. Among his offences was the revival of the use of the sanctus-bell, an instrument which was incapable of propagating Arminianism or any other 'ism' contrary to Long Parliament theology. As he was returning home after being forced out of his pulpit, one of the party beat a frying-pan before him in derision, saying, '*This is your saints' bell.*' As to the accusations about false doctrine, considering the source from which they are derived, they clearly cannot be assumed to be well grounded. Neither, again, can they fairly be dismissed as baseless. Nothing but such knowledge as is impossible for us can enable us to estimate the value of these charges. The same consideration affects the charges of immorality. Among the many cases, few are more remarkable than that of James Buck, B.D., Vicar of Stradbroke, of whom Walker gives the following account:

'About the beginning of the Rebellion, when he had been Vicar here upwards of Twenty Years, he was seized and carried Prisoner to Ipswich Jayl; in which Durance he was for a time allowed part of the Profits of his

Vicaridge.' When this ceased he told the gaoler that he must live upon the allowance of the country. 'This the jailer told him could never be, for the utmost Allowance was but a Penny per Diem for Bread and Water to drink.' To this he submitted for two months with an admirable result: 'For whereas before he was Forty Years old he was so extremely afflicted with the gout that the Physicians did not believe he could live Two Years longer; his Constitution was by this Change of Diet and Abstemiousness so altered, that he never had the gout after, but enjoyed great Degrees of Health, notwithstanding his being a very hard Student even till after Eighty Years of Age.'

Another instance of the 'survival of the fittest' is to be found at Ufford, near Woodbridge. The date of the Mandate of the Induction of Richard Lovekin, Clerk, to the rectory of that parish bears date June 2, 1631. It is recorded that in the Great Rebellion he was plundered of all his goods, except one silver spoon, which he hid in his sleeve. Yet he lived through the Commonwealth, returned to his benefice at the Restoration, and performed his duties to the last, preaching on the Sunday before his death. He was buried September 23, 1678, in the one hundred and eleventh year of his age.

In the First Century of Scandalous Ministers appear the following:

Paragraph 20, case of Robert Cotesford, Rector of Hadleigh.
" 31, " Richard Hart, Rector of Hargrave.
" 36, " Alexander Clarke, Vicar of Bredfield.
" 52, " William Evans, Rector of Sandcroft.
" 57, " Cuthbert Dale, Rector of Kettleburrough.
" 59, " Nicholas King, Vicar of Friston and Snape.
" 61, " John Wells, Rector of Shimplyn.
" 62, " Thomas Geary, Rector of Beddingfield.
" 69, " John Ramew, Rector of Kettlebaston.
" 71, " Miles Goultie, Vicar of Walton.
" 72, " Samuel Alsop, Vicar of Acton.
" 77, " Matthew Clay, Rector of Chelsworth.
" 86, " James Buck, Vicar of Stradbrooke.
" 94, " Robert Shephard, Rector of Hepworth.
" 99, " Samuel Scrivener, Rector of Westhropp.

The charges against them, as against those whom I have just cited from Walker's 'Sufferings of the Clergy,' are in some cases very lengthy.

To judge from the registers, the new men appointed under the Earl of Manchester's commission were as scholars far inferior to their predecessors. The fine, precise, clerkly hand generally gives place to an illiterate scrawl, and sometimes for years in large parishes there are very few entries. Births instead of baptisms, contracts of marriages before justices of the peace, and burials, amount to an insignificant number, which rises again when the Commonwealth chaos ends and the old order returns.

The gentry of Suffolk were divided not very unequally between King and Cause, as far as I can judge. Sir Thomas Glemham of Little Glemham, belonging to the same family as the Elizabethan sea-rover, Edward Glemham, takes a prominent place among the Cavaliers. Clarendon describes him as of courage and integrity unquestionable, but not of a sufficiently stirring and active nature. The Yorkshire gentlemen procured his appointment as commander in York, and he justified their choice by holding Newcastle against the Scotch in January, 1644. After Marston Moor he had no choice but to surrender York on honourable conditions. 'And so,' says Clarendon, 'he marched with all his troops to *Carlisle*, which he afterwards defended with very remarkable circumstances of courage, industry, and patience.' Under which head the making drunk of two Scotch envoys sent to treat about surrender, as related by Tullie,[1] should be classed, is not manifest. Afterwards, though sorely vexed by the grant of the barony of Brandon, where some of his inheritance lay, to Sir Charles Gerrard, he still served his Sovereign faithfully, ruled Oxford for him, went into exile when he had compounded for his estate, and died in Holland in 1649. Colonel Robert Gosnold of Otley, who had married a daughter of Bishop Jegon's, and Major Naunton of Letheringham, were acting

[1] Ferguson's 'Cumberland,' p. 261.

under Glemham at Carlisle. Sir Sackville Glemham was an active Cavalier. Henry Glemham, D.D., survived the troubled times, became Bishop of St. Asaph in 1667, died two years afterwards, and lies in Little Glemham Church with his gallant brother. On the other side, the regicide William Heveningham of Heveningham may be named. The Heveninghams can be traced back far into the Middle Ages, but Gipps, who calls him a 'daring monster,' notes with evident satisfaction that soon after the execution of Charles I. 'the family wither'd and came to nothing.'

Intense grief was felt at the King's execution, and that not only among Royalists, though they experienced the sharpest pangs. Francis Sancroft of Fressingfield, father of the Archbishop, died in the course of about three weeks, and his son evidently regarded sorrow as a main cause of the death. The Sunday following the execution was February 4, and the occurrence of Psalms xx. and xxi. in the morning service cheered the hearts of those who, amidst all turns of weal and woe, followed hereditary right. A portrait of the Archbishop, who was then a Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, was painted the next year, and remains at Gawdy Hall, the residence of John Sancroft Holmes, Esq., the representative of the family. It depicts William Sancroft as holding a Hebrew Bible open in his hand, and in Hebrew characters *Tehilim, Caph, Caph Aleph* (Psalms xx., xxi.) may be clearly seen at the top of the page. Truly, the patience of the defeated party was tried. The events at Dunbar and Worcester put the young King far from them. Yet the hand of the victorious Puritan touched the county lightly in confiscation. There is a great paucity of Suffolk names in those acts. In the third of them, 1652, we find Thomas Webb, son to Roger Webb (of Long Parliament election fame, under the elm at Ipswich) of —— (Ixworth no doubt fills the blank); Henry Fernes, late of Walderswick (*sic*); Thomas Allen of Laystuff, mariner (belonging probably to the Somerleyton family); and Anthony Mowsey of Cattam, deceased.

The dreary Commonwealth period passed away, and to do the ruling powers justice, there was a marked absence of that greed which distinguished the reign of Edward VI. Elizabethan church-plate remained unmelted, and bells, though perhaps loved but little, were let alone. In some instances there was recasting, and in one (Stansfield) an entirely new peal. This was in 1652, and the founder was Miles Graye the younger, whose father, of the same name—one of the best bell-founders England has ever seen—died in June, 1649, 'weak in body and crased with age, but yet in p'fect mind and memory.' In the previous year the old man had witnessed the burning of his 'capitall messuage' below Headgate, in Colchester.[1]

A mighty wind arises on September 3, 1658. Tiles and chimney-pots are flying like hail. Trees which had witnessed many a vicissitude in human affairs meet their own great change. The spire of Whepstead Church comes down with a frightful crash, and in this turmoil of things material the iron spirit of Oliver Cromwell passes away. Public-house signs bearing the figure of a man defying the laws of gravitation by tumbling off the world, and designated Tumble-down Dick, still mark the derision which was excited by the collapse of Richard Cromwell.

Meanwhile, the friends of Charles II. were actively, though secretly, working for him; and in Henham Hall the following letter to John Rous, shortly afterwards created a Baronet, attests the gratitude of the exiled prince:

'Breda, 27 April, 1660.

'It is no newes to me to heare of your good affection, which I always promised my selfe from your family, yett I was very well pleased with the accounte this bearer brought to me from you, of the activity you have lately vsed for the promoting my interest, in which so many have followed the good example you gave, that I hope I and you and the whole nation shall shortly receave the fruite

[1] See my 'Church Bells of Suffolk,' p. 119.

of it, and that I may give you my thankes in your owne country: in the meane time you may be confident I am,

'Your affectionate frinde,

'CHARLES R.'

Then comes the Restoration. The survivors of the gloomy days of Civil War, and subsequent liberty to do the will of the presiding Major-General, return to the old rectories and vicarages. James Fale comes back to Fressingfield, and Lionel Playters to Uggeshall. The registers show the old scholarly handwriting again, and baptisms, marriages, and burials are recorded as in the pre-Mancestrian days. Our acquaintance Buck of Stradbroke becomes Master of the Temple, and remains an everlasting monument of the benefits of total abstinence. The subscribers to the Solemn League and Covenant, as at Dennington, experience no qualms of conscience in expressing the utmost abhorrence of that famous instrument. Effigies of Oliver Cromwell and Hugh Peters, lists of the regicides, the Westminster Directory, the Covenant, and sundry other miscellaneous articles, were burnt by the hangman in a general infection of joy. Bury and Halesworth are prominent in this outburst of feeling.

Bishop Hall, in piety and pleasant wit inferior to no man of that period, after undergoing the afflictions recommended in his 'Hard Measure,' had died in 1656, and the see of Norwich was filled by the learned and moderate Edward Reynolds, who died in 1676, and was buried at Norwich on August 9, with great state. To him succeeded Anthony Sparrow, of liturgical fame.

One institution, which remained till my early days, was certainly encouraged, if not set on foot, by Bishop Sparrow. This was the Bury Wednesday Lecture, largely attended by the families of wealthy farmers and others who went in to Bury market. The printed sheet remains at Hardwick Hall, dated 1685, and was published in the *East*

Anglian[1] by Mr. G. Milner-Gibson-Cullum. The list for the year includes the names of Erasmus Warren, Rector of Worlington, author of 'Geologia'; Dr. Battie, of Hitcham; Dr. Trumbull, of Hadleigh; Dr. Bisby, of Melford; Mr. Voyce, of Oakley, of whom Thomas Martin says, 'I have his Life written by Mr. Bryars in MS.'; and other beneficed clergymen. It is signed by Thomas Burrough, Mayor; Martin Spensley and Robert Sharpe, Aldermen; Nicholas Clagett and Michael Batt, Ministers, who preached the first and second sermons of the year; and countersigned 'Anth: Norw:'

Many have been the opinions as to the operation of the Act of Uniformity of 1662. One thing, however, admits of little dispute—there was no desire to retain the Puritans. The insertion of Bel and the Dragon in the Lectionary is sufficient proof of this, for it is incredible that any admiration should be excited by that graphic Apocryphal story of which we are so happily rid. Of the 2,000 ejected on St. Bartholomew's Day, about an average number seem to have belonged to Suffolk, and their cases are involved in much obscurity.

Where the incumbent expelled by the Long Parliament was alive, he generally took possession of his old place without question. Otherwise, many difficulties would arise about the ordination and nomination of the Parliamentary incumbent, and some of these difficulties might be insuperable. It seems strange that any additional complication, even the smallest, should have been introduced, much more Bel and the Dragon, etc.

A solution for the conformity problem was found by William Gurnall, M.A., an Emmanuel man, who held the vicarage of Lavenham, author of the treatise, 'The Christian in Compleat Armour.' Unable personally to don the abhorred surplice, he had a curate to whom all surplice work was delegated, while his own ministrations were confined to the pulpit and pastoral visiting. It

[1] N. S., iii. 188.

appears from this book[1] that he had no objection to the ring in marriage.

Immediately after the Restoration a new Order of knighthood of the Royal Oak was instituted by Charles II., which soon fell into abeyance. To the ribbon was to be appended a silver medal, with a device of the King in an oak. There were seventeen Suffolk knights of this Order, Charles Stutteville, Esq., of Dalham, by Newmarket; Captain Bennett, Esq.; Sir Edmund Poley, Knight; John Warner, Esq.; Richard Cooke, Esq.; Joseph Brand, Esq. (of Edwardston, Knight); Edmund Sheppard, Esq.; Clement Higham, Esq.; Roger Kedington, Esq.; John Gibbes, Esq.; John Brookes, Esq.; Richard Style, Esq.; William Barker, Esq.; Randal Williams, Esq.; Henry Warner, Esq.; Robert Crane, Esq. Of these, the first and last had estates of £1,500 a year, and the rest £1,000 a year, except Kedington and Gibbes, who had £800, and Style, Barker and Williams, who had £600.

In 1665 our quarrels with the Dutch, mainly on this occasion about the African and North American colonies, resulted in war. Our fleet blockaded their ports for a while, but the east wind drove it to sea, and the Dutch came out. A battle ensued off the Suffolk coast, sometimes called the battle of Lowestoft, ending in the defeat of the Dutch. In it Lord Muskerry, of the Deane family, was killed. The Duke of York, a young man of thirty-two, nominally commanded. In the course of the next few years he avowed himself a Roman Catholic, and the alliance with France was carried out. It was determined to pick a quarrel with the Dutch, and the withdrawal of Sir William Temple from the Hague afforded a slender opportunity. But the instructions given to the captain of the yacht sent to bring Lady Temple home, offensive as they were, were frustrated by the conciliatory attitude of the Dutch Admiral. After diplomatic iniquity in 1671, and naval violence early in 1672, England declared war, alleging injuries to the Indian Company, disavowed by

[1] P. 179.

the company; detention in Surinam of some Englishmen, who declared that they remained of their own accord; the yacht affair; and lastly the existence of a portrait of Cornelius de Wit, at Dort, with burning ships in the background, which were construed to glorify the Dutch in the Medway. The battle of 'Sowle' (the common abbreviation of Southwold) Bay, the roar of which was heard throughout the county, took place on May 28 and following days. Cannon-balls are sometimes dredged up off this part of the coast, which probably were fired in the heat of this engagement; and the Red Lion at Martlesham is a figure-head of one of the ships engaged.[1]

The reaction came, and the hatred of the nation was turned against Rome and France. To judge from the names of the Suffolk knights and burgesses of the Caroline Parliaments, there was rather a change in the opinions than in the personality of the men returned. Indeed, we find a prominent Suffolk man, Archbishop Sancroft, in 1681, requiring from his suffragans a 'wholesome seueritie' against Popish recusants, which would have had the effect of driving out of the kingdom that same Prince for whose cause eight years later the Archbishop was content to depart from Lambeth and end his days in Fressingfield. So hard is it to be consistent!

The death of Archbishop Sheldon in 1677 had taken him by a bound from the deanery of St. Paul's to the Primacy. He was regarded as a quiet, studious man who would not trouble himself to resist Court abuses, but [the detail of his life shows that he had been quite misread. Resistance to Rome was as active a principle in him as resistance to the Covenant. Grave and decorous, a bachelor without a family to keep, and blessed with private means, he remembered Emmanuel, the college of his education, and Fressingfield, his native village, both in life and death. When the Court tried to force the disreputable Leopold Finch into a Fellowship at All Souls', the Archbishop, as visitor, backed up the

[1] See Chambers's 'Cyclopædia,' 1892, art. 'Signboards.'

college in its opposition, and frustrated the attempt. When the laws and liberties of England were in jeopardy through the illegal Declaration of Indulgence, he headed six of his suffragans in disobedience to the mandate of James II. His connection with the county, however, after the days of his youth is chiefly as a Nonjuror.

Euston, once the home of a branch of the Rookwoods, passed to Henry Fitzroy, a natural son of Charles II., by his marriage with Isabella, only child of Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, who had purchased the Hall. He was created in 1672 Baron of Sudbury, Viscount Ipswich, and Earl of Euston, and three years afterwards Duke of Grafton. Of all Charles's children he bore the best-regarded name, for whatever his principles or absence of them might have been, there was no question of his courage. He had served in the navy, and had the plain, blunt bearing which marks the sailor's calling. Of this he gave proof when James II. twitted him for his conduct at the Revolution. The Court was all agitation after the landing of William of Orange. Nineteen peers who had signed a petition to the King to call a Parliament brought the petition into his presence. Grafton's signature stood next to Sancroft's. James turned on his nephew, asking him how he dared to pretend to have a conscience. Burnet records that he answered that, though he had little conscience, yet he was of a party that had conscience. Bluntness does not always mean sincerity, and Grafton's protestation of devotion, made a day or two before this scene, was followed by desertion directly afterwards. He was killed by a shot at the siege of Cork in 1690.

In 1682 a truly noble lady, who 'went with the century,' died at Cockfield Hall in Yoxford—Lady Elizabeth Brooke, a sister of the Lord Culpepper who was among the best counsellors of Charles I. Her funeral sermon was printed, and a copy remains in the library of Sir Ralph Blois, with a collection of aphorisms taken from her own manuscript. No one can read them without

being impressed with the high qualities both of intellect and heart possessed by this remarkable woman, who in all vicissitudes retained her calm trust in her Creator, and amidst exasperating discussions remained unruffled in spirit.

From these family notices we pass to a picture of municipal life in Sudbury presented to us in our county Archæological Proceedings.[1]

It is April, 1665, and Mr. John Catesby, the Mayor, the favourer of certain Dissenters who meet in a barn, is about to resign his office. He is robed in scarlet, and the twenty-four burgesses appear in their murrey gowns. After proclamation made, the two serjeants, ceremoniously kissing their maces, deliver them to the Mayor, who repeats the kiss. The Steward then asks the Mayor, having thanked him for his services in the past year, whether he will surrender the maces to the newly-elected Mayor. The old Mayor solemnly answers 'Yea,' and delivers the maces to the Steward, who again kisses them. The new Mayor is then sworn in and takes his seat. Then the petty officers are sworn, amongst whom, not the least important, are the overseers of the poultry market, flesh market, and fish market. Those of the flesh market are to see that butchers do not 'sell rotten mutton, measled pork, morryn flesh, or unwholesome meate of any sorte. They are to p'sent all such p'sons as shall kill, or allow to be killed, or offer to selle any bull's flesh which hath not before been well and sufficiently bayted accordynge to the aunciente orders, decrees, and customs of this Kingdom.' The Hayward, or Hogwarden, and the freemen depasturing cattle on the common lands having been sworn, the court is closed in ancient form; and amongst other improving occupations for the people in the afternoon is the baiting of the bull, for the improvement of his flesh, in spite of the worshippers in the barn, of whom Macaulay rather cruelly said that they objected to bull-baiting, not because it gave the bull pain, but because it gave the spectators pleasure.

[1] Vol. viii. 1, etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

SUFFOLK DURING THE REIGNS OF WILLIAM III., ANNE, AND GEORGE I.

WE must not tarry over local rejoicings on account of the Revolution, but glance at an event in Ipswich in the middle of March, 1689, when Louis XIV. had declared war against the Dutch, and William, according to the treaty of Nimeguen, was sending troops to help them. Among those chosen for this service was that which is now the First of the Line, consisting largely of Scotchmen, punctilious as to any slight offered to their country. No act of the Estates at Edinburgh had as yet absolved them from their duty to James II. The service was in itself disliked, and when they learned that Schomberg was to be their Colonel, their temper grew worse. Sullenly they marched as far as Ipswich, to be embarked at Harwich for Holland. At this point mutiny broke out, concerted, it seems, by two Jacobite captains. After a brief period of disorder, in which the other officers were disarmed, the malcontents got the regiment, consisting of about 800 men, on the march. With four pieces of cannon, and, what was of equal importance, the military chest, they took their course northward by the old turnpike (I assume) through Claydon, Needham Market, Stowmarket, Haughley, Woolpit, and Bury, passing out of our county at Kentford into Cambridgeshire, the condition of which district at that time Macaulay seems

to me to have depicted as far worse than it really was. They finally surrendered near Sleaford, and the incident ends in the conviction of some of the ringleaders for high treason at the next Bury Assizes, William, with his usual politic clemency, sparing their lives.

The Irish troubles at that time brought into the east of England Dr. Rowland Davies, Dean of Cork, whose diary has been printed by the Camden Society. He sailed from that city on March 8, 1689, landed at Minehead on the 11th, and was in London at the time of the Ipswich mutiny, which, however, he does not mention. A fellow-exile with him was Barry Love, from the same county, the ancestor of a family which has yet its representatives in Norfolk and Suffolk, who eventually became Minister of Yarmouth. It was to that town that Dean Davies betook himself, armed with introductions to Bishop Lloyd (not yet deprived), to Dean Sharp (afterwards Archbishop of York), and to many Yarmouth citizens. We are concerned with his journeyings rather than with his residence, for they show the manner of travelling. On July 1, at half-past three a.m., he took the coach for Yarmouth, at the Green Dragon in Bishopsgate Street, where he had slept, and at noon they had actually reached Bishop's Stortford, where they dined. The distance is a little over thirty miles, which, being divided by eight and a half, gives a velocity not sufficient (to use the words of Dickens's flyman) to render surrounding objects invisible, namely, about three and a half miles per hour. However the pace must have improved, for in the course of the day the vehicle had passed Newmarket, and reached Bury in time for the Dean to see St. Edmund's Abbey before he went to sleep. Next day he came on (by Ixworth, Botesdale and Scole Inn) to 'the place where we dined,' and so reached Yarmouth by half-past seven at night. When the Diary was edited in 1857, Mr. Caulfield, the editor, notes that the journey, which then took two days, could be performed in five hours. The Great Eastern Railway has reduced this to three hours and twenty minutes. The

Dean's residence at Yarmouth was not exactly what we should expect from a mourning exile, and the abundant good cheer provided by his hospitable friends appears to have produced sundry corporal disorders, which he could by no means trace to their origin. He gives a very lively account of the 'Water Frolic' at St. Olave's Bridge. At Burgh Castle he vexed not his soul with antiquarian inquiries, but 'viewed that pool of water which is on the top of one of the flankers.' In October he returned to London. The coach left Yarmouth at five a.m. In four hours they reached Broome (Norfolk), where Sir William Cook gave the travellers a glass of sherry as he joined the party. They dined at Harleston, at the cost of a shilling, and at six o'clock reached Botesdale, where, doubtless at the Crown, they supped at the cost of two shillings. Next morning they went on to Bury, where they 'changed a horse,' and so by Bishop's Stortford into Epping Forest by the persuasion of the coachman, where they stuck fast, but afterwards by hard driving reached London at seven o'clock. Returning in November to Yarmouth, he says: '16th.—We eat in the morning at Scole Inn.' This hostelry still stands just over the Norfolk boundary, the White Hart, though its old glory has vanished. It was built by James Peck, merchant, of Norwich, in 1655, and engravings may still be obtained which portray 'the noblest signe post in England,' which reached across the road, and bore, among other objects, the Yarmouth arms supported by a lion. In 1690 the Dean left Yarmouth finally, travelling to London by the same route. His after history belongs to Ireland. He died at Dawstown, co. Cork, in 1721.

Another Suffolk traveller shortly after Dean Davies was Celia Fiennes, who rode through England on a side-saddle. Her Diary was published in 1889.[1] As became her name, this lady was a thorough Whig, and deplores the adherence of 'Beckle' to the exiled monarch. Here, we find, was 'a pretty bigg market Cross and a great

[1] By Messrs. Field and Tuer, The Leadenhall Press.

Market kept. There is a handsome stone built Church, and a very good publick Minister, whose name is Armstrong: he preaches very well they say, notwithstanding the town is sad Jacobitish town. This chooses no parliam[t] men. . . . The ordinary people both in Suffolk and Norfolk knit much and spin, some w[th] y[e] Rock and fusoe as the French does, others at their wheeles out in the Streete and Lanes as one passes.'

Ipswich seems to have presented a very decayed appearance. She was here 'on Satturday, w[ch] is their market day, and saw they sold their Butter by y[e] pinte, 20 ounces for 6 pence, and often for 5[d] or 4[d]; they make it up in a mold just the shape of a pint pot, and so sell it. . . . There is but 3 or 4 good houses in y[e] town, the town Looks a Little disregarded, and by enquiry found it to be thro' pride and sloth, for tho' the sea would bear a ship of 300 tun quite to y[e] Key, and y[e] ships of y[e] first Rate can Ride w[th] in two mile of the town, yet they make no advantage thereof by any sort of manufacture. . . . They have a Little dock, where formerly they built ships of 2 or 3 tun, but now Little or Nothing is minded save a Little ffishing for y[e] supply of y[e] town.'

Bury pleased her better. Here, she says,

'Ye Market Cross has a dyal and Lanthorn on y[e] top, there being another house pretty close to it high built w[th] such a tower and lanthorn also. This high house is an Apothecarys—at least 60 stepps up from the ground. . . . He is esteemed a very Rich man. He showed me a Curiosity a Herball all written out w[th] every sort of tree and herb dryed and Cut out and pasted on the Leaves; it was a doctor of Physick's work that lefted him a Legacy at his Death, it was a fine thing and would have delighted me severall days but I was passant.'

Archbishop Sancroft's non-jurancy took him back to his native Fressingfield in August, 1691. After Mary, as Regent, had ejected him from Lambeth, he existed for some six weeks in obscure lodgings in London, where he was cruelly interviewed by some tempter, probably

Jacobite agent, possibly Whig spy, with the object of drawing him into a plot. To this man he answered that he was very unfit to enter into any such business, and that he had resolved to 'go almost one hundred miles off into y^e^ deepest Retirem^t^ I could find.' Three days' journey brought him to the house, called Ufford Hall, where he first drew breath. He refused the services of Henry Wharton, who wished to be his chaplain, and if one may judge from his letters, he enjoyed his retirement. We read of him as punning in the winter on Fressingfield, which he calls Freezingfield, or rather Frozenfield, *campus gelidus, vel potius gelatus*, describing dryly his escape from Palsgrave Court in the Temple, receiving the visits of his neighbours, and soothing his troubled spirits in the shades of his ancestral elms. He never entered the parish church, of which he was then the patron, for he could not bear to hear the names of William and Mary in the service.

A very short time before his death he found in a Prayer-Book of the smallest print the Commendatory Prayer, and ordered it to be read. Many are the visitors who come to gaze on his monument outside the church, and read the text selected by himself, speaking of the lightning-like Second Advent, and the epitaph, still existing in manuscript in the Lambeth Library, which records his chequered life in noble and simple words, ending:

'THE LORD GAVE, AND THE LORD HATH TAKEN AWAY (AS THE LORD PLEASETH SO COME THINGS TO PASS); BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD.'

With him and others, William Lloyd, Bishop of Norwich, was ejected. His successor, Dr. John Moore, prebendary of the cathedral and Rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn, met with a cold reception from many of the Tory country gentlemen. In the Tanner MSS. in the Bodleian Library is the mass of Sancroft's correspondence, sold by his nephews to the well-known Chancellor of Norwich. One letter from Mr. Glover, of Frostenden, throws some light

on the state of feeling in Suffolk. He asks the Archbishop to confirm his daughter in the private chapel in Fressingfield, for he cannot bear the thought of her being confirmed by the intruding Bishop of Norwich. But it must not be supposed that this feeling was general. A sublime indifference prevailed amongst the mass of small freeholders. Yet one day in Fressingfield I picked up a plaster statuette of 'Dutch Billy,' which seems to have been a highly-valued treasure in the house of some tenant-farmer or small owner under the nose of the ex-Primate himself. Even the heads of the Tory party accepted the inevitable, as Sir Robert Davers, Member for Bury, and in Queen Anne's reign Knight of the Shire, of whom Gipps says that he was never known to give one wrong vote.

The name of Rookwood, hitherto associated with Recusancy, is now found in connection with the Jacobite Plot in 1696, of which Sir Robert Barclay was the head. It does not appear what the precise position was which Brigadier General Ambrose Rookwood held in the family. The conspirator in the Gunpowder Plot, bearing the same name, left a son Robert, who was knighted by James I., in 1624, and of whose sons two fell in the Parliamentary War—Robert, at Oxford, and William, at Alresford. The Jacobite Ambrose, though regarded as an honourable and courageous man, had no scruple in engaging in the work of assassination. He was told off to head some nine or ten men in an attack on one flank of William's body-guards, while others attacked on the other flank and in the rear, and Barclay's own group committed the murder. The plot failed, by information, as usual. Ambrose Rookwood was among the first arrested, and the last executed. At Tyburn he delivered to the Sheriff this his last dying speech and confession:

'I do with all truth and sincerity declare and avow I never knew, saw, or heard, of any order or commission from King James, for the assassination of the Prince of Orange, and attacking his guards; but I am certainly

informed he had rejected proposals of that nature when made unto him. Nor do I think he knew the least of the particular design for attacking the guards at his landing, in which I was engaged as a soldier, by my immediate commander (much against my judgment); but his soldier I was, and as such I was to obey and act. Near twelve years I have served my true King and master, King James, and freely now lay down my life in his cause. I ever abhorr'd a treacherous action to an enemy. If it be a guilt to have complied with what I thought, and still think to have been my duty, I am guilty. No other guilt do I own. As I beg of all to forgive me, so I forgive all from my heart, even the Prince of Orange, who, as a soldier, ought to have considered my case before he signed the warrant for my death. I pray God to open his eyes, and render him sensible of the much blood, from all parts, crying out against him, so to prevent a heavier execution hanging over his head, than what he inflicts on me.'

The sole Rookwood heiress having married John Gage of Hengrave, the Rookwood property passed into that family, but the double name was not assumed till the fourth generation, in 1799. The death of Robert Gage Rokewode, first of the double name, without issue, brought the estates to his brother, John Gage Rokewode, often quoted in these pages, historian of Hengrave and of the hundred of Thingoe.

In Anne's reign Sacheverell had many Suffolk admirers, especially Leman of Charsfield, who has perpetuated the name of that turbulent divine on one of the church bells, cast in 1710. The peace of Utrecht, the death of Queen Anne, the rebellion of 1715, were unable to rouse the mind of Suffolk.

> 'When George in pudding-time came in,
> And moderate men looked big, sirs,'

a dull, gross contentment spread itself more and more over the land, and once more we have recourse to a diary for instruction.

What life really was in the houses of the smaller gentry about the beginning of the last century is shown in the Diary of Mr. William Coe, who resided at West Row, in the parish of Mildenhall. This singular record begins in 1693, and is continued nearly to his death in 1729. The book came to my former pupil, Mr. O. F. Read, solicitor, of Mildenhall, from my old friend, his grandfather. Psychologically it is a melancholy exhibition of good intentions marred by infirmity of purpose. The writing is scholarly, and there are excellent quotations from St. Augustine, St. Bernard, and later divines, such as Jeremy Taylor and Cradock. *Hallelujah* and *Amen* are more than once written in Hebrew characters. Coe, however, to judge from the general tone of his remarks, must have been rather a laughing-stock among his acquaintance, and probably the time spent at cards, which he constantly deplores and as constantly continues to waste, brought a penalty in losses.

Damna fleo rerum sed plus fleo damna dierum is written in conspicuous places in this little volume. In his morbid introspection and retrospection he mentions his ill-conduct to his grandmother, and 'when I went to school at Bardwell I ledd a poor blind man out of his way into the water att Bardwell.' His account is kept in opposite pages, mercies received on one side, and broken vows on the other. Horses seem to have been possessed with unusual propensities for kicking at him, and the number of pins nearly swallowed by his family would be hardly credible, but for each such event being dated to the day.

One entry sets before us the perils of travelling by land and water: 'Janrii 29 169$\frac{7}{8}$ my wife[1] should have gone to Lynn by the stage coach, but (God be thanked) there was noe room for it was overthrown in the water att Barton & the passengers very narrowly escaped drowning the water being very high a great flood.' Mrs. Coe must have crossed the Lark at West Row Ferry,

[1] His second wife, Sarah Hatfield, who seems to have come from Tilney.

where the fall is not so sharp as at Barton, and found the coach too full when her 'chariot' reached the coach-road on the west side of Barton Hill. The day of the week, Thursday, shows better accommodation for access to Lynn than there was in my childhood, when on Tuesdays only could people travel from West Suffolk into South Lincolnshire, taking the Bury coach to Lynn, and going out by the Boston coach in the afternoon. A safe summer journey to Groton and back soon afterwards is thankfully recorded, as well as a deliverance from swallowing a large spider which had got into the beer. In 1710 Mr. Coe's private coach got into difficulties at Barton water, though not this time from floods. The catastrophe of 169$\frac{7}{8}$ had apparently led to some bridge-building. '1710, Apr. 10 Wee dined att Tuddenham & as my wife & daughters came home in the Coach the footboard fell down just att the new River Bridge att Barton Mills & frighted the horses, who runn away over the white bridge & through the little bridge water (the man all this tyme hanging upon the pole) but the water stopped their speed so that the man recovered himself (tho' almost stifled in the water) & gott better hold of the reines, & stopped them so soon as they came out of ye water & by God's great mercy there was no mischief done. In the Coach was my wife, my Daughters Judith, Ann, & Sarah & M^{r} Thompson. They all came walking from that place to Milden[1] this way ab^{t} 9 oClock att night. M^{r} Thompson creaped out att one of the foreglasses & gott hold of the reines.'

The boys went to school, two of them, on a hobby—probably to Mildenhall. On one occasion they were pitched off, without injury. As they grew up they made themselves useful on the farm. As to the daughters, they are best known by a pretty poem which appeared in *All the Year Round*, about their hair being cut to supply their father with a new wig, which, by the way, I do not find in the Diary among mercies received:

[1] This abbreviated form of Mildenhall is not yet extinct, I believe.

'Flat is the shire of the southern folk,
And its streams are sluggish, very,
And they say you seldom hear a joke
In the town of Saint Edmund's Bury;
But that's a story too absurd
To satisfy psychologists,
And I guess that numerous jokes were heard
In the days of the archæologists,
When light was thrown on topics dark
Beside the lazy river Lark.

'A golden shire of plenteous corn,
Which in August-tide grows yellow,
And for jolly squires that wheat is shorn,
Who love old ale and mellow.
But from ancient habits well men know
In these times we vastly vary:
And where's Squire Coe, of fair West Row,
In the days of William and Mary?
The Squire who with punch defied all care,
And who made a wig of his daughters' hair.

'Lo! there they sit, those maidens three,
A sight for all beholders,
With viol or book upon shapely knee,
Long locks over fair white shoulders:
No trace of grief in their mien appears,
And they look demurely merry,
Though they wait, alas! for the fatal shears
Which will come with the barber from Bury.
No fairer Anglians e'er drew breath
Than Judith, Anne, Elizabeth.

'Ah! what would say the Suffolk girl,
In these days of advanced opinion,
If asked to surrender one bright curl
That veils her voluminous chignon?
What Suffolk squire, though never a hair
His sterile scalp would harbour,
To shear his daughter's tresses, dare
Send for the Bury barber?
'Tis well Squire Coe in the mould lies low,
Since this is a world he scarce would know.'

The viol and the book are not mentioned by Mr. Coe, but the girls were plucky, if not entirely successful, horse-

women. The family had friends, it seems, at Holme Hale, near Watton, and the midsummer weather of 1721 witnesses a mishap to Miss Sarah, an 'unprotected female,' whose escape is thankfully recorded:

'June 19 my Daughter Sarah comeing from Watton upon my Grey Hobby she fell down wth her upon Brand heath & threw her upon her head, but, God be praysed, she got noe hurt.'

In 1724 a more exciting adventure comes before us:

'Apr: 23. My sister Davies & Daughter Ann returned from Holm & as they ab^{t} Wangford Grang, they were persued by a foot padd & were forced to Gallop almost to Eriswel to escape. Sister Davies was behind her man & Daughter Nanny single, & nobody else to assist them, he pursued them 'till they came near 2 shepherds, they had been robbed if not strippd or murthered.'

Among Mr. Coe's personal hair-breadth escapes was that at the funeral of the Duke of Grafton, February 15, 1722:

'Feb. 15. I was at the D^{e} of Grafton's funerall at Euston Church & as I was going over the vault (where all that family are deposited) to read the Lord Arlington's inscription on white marble against the wall, the corner of a seat catched my clothes & put me suddenly back, & if I had not catched hold of the seat I had fallen backward down the vault (a great steep) w^{ch} must inevitably have done me a great mischief.'

It would be impossible to publish the Diary *in extenso*, but this selection by no means exhausts the attractive items.

An equally characteristic representative of the times is William Broome, Rector of Sturston and Oakley, in Hartismere Hundred, whose verses are printed, in a washy but not everlasting flood, in Bell's 'Poets.' They are of the usual Celia and Delia type, of which the world is quite weary and nearly worthy. Machinery for turning off decasyllabics was in great request in the earlier part of the eighteenth century, and Alexander Pope had

undertaken more than even his metrical powers could carry through. Hence the 'Odyssey' had to be sub-contracted, and a large portion of it entrusted to Broome and his friend Elijah Fenton. The latter was a firm Jacobite, but not so bigoted as to shun intercourse with those of his acquaintance who accepted the Hanoverian yoke. Hence in the Pope correspondence—for the publication of which we are indebted to the labours of John Wilson Croker and Whitwell Elwin—we find Fenton paying visits to Sturston and enjoying himself thoroughly in the society of the district. Eight books of the metrical translation of the 'Odyssey' were written by Broome at Sturston, and many, no doubt, of the miscellaneous verses which even in his own day excited but little notice.

He comes out well under a temptation put in his way by Pope's enemy, Curll, who wanted to get possession of any letters of Pope's, in order to expose his evasion and perfidy. Broome returned Curll no answer, but transmitted his letter to Pope, though he does not appear to have owed that crooked, gifted man a very deep debt of gratitude. His words to Pope convey a modest sense of the failure of his literary efforts: 'But adieu, henceforth, to all pretension to poetry. I am as willing as any man in England to have it forgot, and, indeed, the world seems pretty ready to oblige me. However, to be a bad poet is no sin; it may be a folly. If it be a sin, I have heartily repented of it, and, whatever the critics may have done, I am sure heaven has forgiven it. I am out of the world, regardless of its praise or censure.'

Orator Henley's distich on his Homeric labours has done much to perpetuate his name:

> 'Pope came off clean with Homer; but they say
> Broome went before and kindly swept the way.'

He is buried in the abbey church in Bath, in which city he died in 1745.

No better picture of the county as it was in the days of George I. can be found than in Defoe's 'Particular and

Diverting Account of whatever is Curious and worth Observation,' which was published in 1724, and has been reprinted in a cheap form, with an Introduction by Professor Henry Morley. He travelled through the eastern counties in 1722. Having reached Harwich, he sent his horses 'round by Manningtree, where there is a timber bridge over the Stour, called Cataway Bridge, and took a boat up the river Orwell for Ipswich,' which he had known from childhood. Here he deplores the falling off of business since 'the late Dutch wars,' before which it was the greatest town in England for building large colliers employed between Newcastle and London. They built 'so prodigious strong, that it was an ordinary thing for an Ipswich collier, if no disaster happened to him (*sic*), to reign (as seamen call it) forty or fifty years, or more.'

Here the masters of the colliers dwelt and brought up their families, till the trade took a new turn. 'Dutch flyboats, taken in the war, and made free ships by Act of Parliament, thrust themselves into the coal trade for the interest of the captors, such as the Yarmouth and London merchants and others; and the Ipswich men gradually dropped out of it, being discouraged by those Dutch flyboats. These Dutch vessels, which cost nothing but the caption, were bought cheap, carried great burthens, and the Ipswich building fell off for want of price, and so the trade decayed, and the town with it.' In the wintertime, while the ships were laid up, he reckons that there were a thousand men—mates, boatswains, carpenters, etc.—more in the town than in the summer; and he contrasts the meagre appearance of 'scarce forty sail of good colliers' in the harbour, when he wrote his account, with the agreeable prospect which the harbour presented to the eye of his childhood, when he sailed up from Harwich thirty-five years before.

In confirmation of the tonnage of individual ships he appeals to the Ipswich colliers (those few that remain), if several ships were not built then, carrying seventeen score of coals, which must be 400 tons, and affirms that

at John's Ness, within a mile and a half of the town itself, ships of any burthen may be built and launched even at neap-tides.

After recommending the port to the South Sea Company as a centre for the Greenland fishing trade, and the town as an agreeable residence for families who have suffered 'in our late calamities of stocks and bubbles,' he notices Christ Church part—'a great addition to the pleasantness of this town, the inhabitants being allowed to divert themselves there with walking, bowling,' etc.

He praises the government by two bailiffs, as affording an opportunity of allaying party strife, and mentions Sir William Thompson, Recorder of London, and Colonel Negus, Deputy Master of the Horse to the King, as the Members of Parliament for the borough; also Dr. Beeston's collection of exotic plants, and the chamber of rarities formed by the eminent surgeon, Mr. White, containing a sea-horse, carefully preserved, two Roman cinerary urns, and a great many valuable coins.

Passing Hadleigh, where he visited Rowland Taylor's stone, he speaks next of Sudbury as 'very populous and very poor. They have a great manufacture of says and perpetuanes, and multitudes of poor people are employed in working them; but the number of the poor is almost ready to eat up the rich.' Thence, by Long Melford and Lenham (Lavenham), he went to Bury, a town 'crowded with nobility and gentry, and all sorts of the most agreeable company,' and as pleasant in situation as in society. One tragical and almost unheard-of barbarity he relates, 'when Arundel Coke, Esq., a barrister-at-law, of a very ancient family, attempted, with the assistance of a barbarous assassin, to murder in cold blood, and in the arms of hospitality, Edward Crisp, Esq., his brother-in-law, leading him out from his own house, where he had invited him, his wife and children, to supper; I say, leading him out in the night, on pretence of going to see some friend that was known to them both; but in this churchyard, giving a signal to the assassin he had hired, he attacked

him with a hedge-bill, and cut him, as one might say, almost in pieces; and when they did not doubt of his being dead, they left him. His head and face was so mangled, that it may be said to be next a miracle that he was not quite killed; yet so Providence directed for the exemplary punishment of the assassins, that the gentleman recovered to detect them, who (though he outlived the assault) were both executed as they deserved, and Mr. Crisp is yet alive. They were condemned on the statute for defacing and dismembering, called the Coventry Act.'

With much indignation Defoe scourges a writer of his day who had insinuated that the ladies round the country who appeared 'mighty gay and agreeable' at Bury Fair were sent thither as to a matrimonial market. The gentry, by the expense of their families and equipages, are the cause of the trade of the town, there being hardly any manufacturing. 'They have but a very small river, or rather but a very small branch of a small river, at this town, which runs from hence to Milden Hall, on the edge of the fens. However, the town and gentlemen about have been at the charge, or have so encouraged the engineer who was at the charge, that they have made this river a navigable dyke, called Milden Hall Drain, which goes into the River Ouse, and so to Lynn; so that all their coal and wine, iron, lead, and other heavy goods, are brought by water from Lynn, or from London, by the way of Lynn, to the great ease of the tradesmen.'

From Bury he returned by Stowmarket and Needham to Ipswich, and thence took his course to Woodbridge, where, he says, 'begins that part which is ordinarily called High Suffolk, which, being a rich soil, is for a long tract of ground wholly employed in dairies, and they, again, famous for the best butter, and perhaps the worst cheese, in England. The butter is barrelled, or often pickled up in small casks, and sold, not in London only, but I have known a firkin of Suffolk butter sent to the

West Indies, and brought back to England again, and has been perfectly good and sweet, as at first.'

Orford is decaying, but Aldborough thrives on its decay. About Dunwich he quotes the lines:

> 'By numerous examples we may see
> That towns and cities die as well as we.'

After some reflections on Carthage, Nineveh and other cities, he proceeds: 'Yet Dunwich, however ruined, retains some share of trade, as particularly for the shipping of butter, cheese, and corn, which is so great a business in this county, that it employs a great many people and ships also; and this port lies right against the particular part of the county for butter, as Framlingham, Halstead (Halesworth), etc.'

He adverts also to corn bought up hereabout for the London market, and coarse cheese, *used chiefly for the King's ships.*

Sprats are cured here and at 'Swole, or Southole,' the next seaport, in the same way as herrings are cured at Yarmouth. 'Speaking in their own language, they make red sprats; or, to speak good English, they make sprats red.' The trade is by 'Walderswick, a little town near Swole,' the ruins of Dunwich having made the shore there unsafe for boats; and he quotes a 'rude verse of their own using, and, I suppose, of their own making, as follows:

> '"Swoul, and Dunwich, and Walderswick,
> All go in at one lousie creek."'

At this point he gets a smart hit at 'our late famous atlas-maker,' who called the place a good harbour for ships, and a rendezvous of the royal navy.

At Southwold, on a Sunday, he found in that church, which he estimated as capable of receiving five or six thousand people, only twenty-seven worshippers, besides the parson and the clerk, while the meeting-house of the

Dissenters was full to the very doors. Once he visited the place in October, and found the leads of the church and the roofs of the houses covered with swallows, weather-bound, the wind being on shore. In the night it shifted to the north-west, and next day not a swallow was left.

A few words suffice for Beccles, Bungay, Halesworth, Saxmundham, Debenham, and Aye, or Eye. The experiment of feeding cattle and sheep on turnips was first made in these parts. People fancied that there would be a flavour in the meat, as in butter from turnip-fed cows, but they were entirely mistaken. Turkeys were bred to a very large extent, and driven to London to be killed. A person living at Stratford St. Mary had counted in one season 300 droves of turkeys passing over the Stour, which, at an average of 500 to a drove, amounted to 150,000 in all. Yet this, says Defoe, was one of the least passages, many more travelling by Newmarket, Sudbury, and Clare. Geese from Norfolk and Suffolk were also brought up in droves, but not later than October, when the roads were too stiff for their webbed feet. To get the advantage of the later markets, a goose-cart was invented, four stories high, and for more comfortable travelling driven 'with two horses abreast, like a coach, so quartering the road for the ease of the gentry that thus ride.' So with change of horses they would go sometimes 100 miles in a day and night.

Though in many points of detail Defoe makes slips, yet his shrewd observations, as that 'the pleasure of West Suffolk is much of it supported by the wealth of High Suffolk,' makes this reprint a grand threepenny-worth. His last Suffolk note is on the 'most exquisite monument' of Chief Justice Holt, at Redgrave.

Though the events of the '15 and the '45 lie far away from our parts, one of the principal actors in the melancholy scene at Culloden was well known for a little while in North Suffolk. William, Duke of Cumberland, visited his secretary, Mr. Windham, at Earsham

Hall, just across the border, hunted over the Suffolk side, gave Windham the Portugal laurels for the walks at the Hall, which were cut up in the severe frost of December 24, 1860, and (if I am not mistaken) is yet named on tavern signs.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LATER DAYS.

TO trace the history of agricultural improvement and agricultural depression in Suffolk would be a task only suited for an expert with ample space for unfolding his subject. We will note, firstly, the conversion of many hundred acres of heath-land into arable in the south-east of the county by the application of crag by way of manure. Kirby, treating of the parish of Levington, tells us that though this method had been long known in the west, it was accidentally discovered there by Edmund Edwards, about 1718. Later on, when corn fetched a price, much old pasture was broken up, and to such an extent that the practice had to be generally checked in leases. Things are sadly changed now, and were it not for the delay in forming grass-lands, the reverse process would be taking place all over the country. Hop-growing, though Bullein, in his 'Bulwarke of Defence,' speaks of it as at Bruisyard in particular, and says that in many places they brew with hops growing on their own grounds, has declined nearly to vanishing-point. A Kentish traveller passing by Stowmarket may for a few minutes fancy himself in his own county; but with the exception of about ten acres at Rushmere, near Ipswich, which had a reputation for fine hops in the early part of this century, it would be hard to find another instance. Flax was cultivated on a broad slip of soil, about twenty-five miles by

ten, from Eye to Beccles. The exhausting character of the crop has no doubt operated as a cause for its disuse, but there is something more potent in the reign of King Cotton.

Arthur Young, of Bradfield Combust, though as a farmer practically unsuccessful, was able by his writings to bring agriculture under the notice of the more refined classes, and thus deserves a few grateful words. His father was a Prebendary of Canterbury, and Rector of Bradfield Combust. Of all his works, the 'Farmer's Tour through the East of England' (1771) of course concerns us most. But it occupies four volumes, and must be read to be appreciated. About ten years after its appearance, which ominously coincided with his own failure in an Essex farm, he is found farming in Bradfield, and in 1787 he made the first of those French tours by which he is best known. One scene, in which he talked with a poor woman, not twenty-eight, but looking sixty, as he walked uphill, bridle in hand, who told him that she had heard somewhere, in some manner, something is to be done for the poor, is quoted in Carlyle's 'French Revolution,' in the chapter so appropriately entitled 'The General Overturn.' Shortly after his French tours a Board of Agriculture was established, and Mr. Young was its first secretary. He became blind in 1811, died in London in 1820, and lies in Bradfield Church.

In later political history the most prominent Suffolk figures are Charles, Marquis Cornwallis, and Augustus Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton. The former family was settled at Brome very early in the fifteenth century, when the male issue of Robert Buckton, lord of that manor, failed, and the heiress married the son of Thomas Cornwaleys, a London merchant. Our previous chapters have given glimpses of this household at Brome. In addition may be named Sir Frederick, first Baronet of the name in 1627, and created Baron Cornwallis of Eye in 1661, who rescued Lord Wilmot at Cropredy Bridge; and his son Charles, who, though a Tory, adhered to the Revo-

lution and became Lord-Lieutenant of the county. Then came the first Earl, and then the second Earl and first Marquis, of whom we speak. He was born in London, was returned for the family borough of Eye while a young man, but seems to have been opposed to the extreme views entertained by many of his party with regard to the American question. Yet he accepted a command against the colonists, defeated Gates at Camden in 1780, and successfully resisted Greene at Guilford in 1781. His surrender at York Town, Virginia, in the following October, resulted in no censure to him, though it was the overthrow of the Imperial cause in the War of Independence. After five years' comparative retirement he became Governor-General of India, in which office he continued seven years; and his administration was marked by the crushing of Tippoo Saib's power, and constant efforts for the amelioration of the lot of the vast population intrusted to British care. After an interval he was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and in 1798 suppressed the French-Irish rebellion at Ballinamuck. He showed more ability in the subsequent settlement of Ireland than in the diplomacy which resulted in the peace of Amiens. Shortly after resuming the Governor-Generalship of India he died in Ghazipur, in 1805.

The Duke of Grafton does not pose in the letters of *Junius* as an eminently estimable character, but those invectives require a deduction. He was in office under Governments acting on different principles, and for some time during the illness of the Earl of Chatham was practically Prime Minister. In 1783 he retired from the cares of office, and died at Euston in 1811.

The soft tints and gentle undulations of the Stour Valley have found transmission to canvas by the genius of Gainsborough, born at Sudbury in 1727, and Constable; for though the former is best known as a portrait-painter, and Mr. Ruskin calls his landscapes 'rather motives of feeling and colour than earnest studies,' yet in this very respect they are in themselves important, and may be re-

garded as the forerunners of the landscapes of Constable. The latter was only a boy, twelve years of age, when Gainsborough, who was attending the trial of Warren Hastings at Westminster Hall, in the spring of 1788, caught a severe chill from an open window, which ended in his death in the August of that year. Constable, whose father was a miller and yeoman at East Bergholt, attributes his love of art to his native scenery. 'I associate my careless boyhood with all that lies on the banks of the Stour: those scenes made me a painter, and I am grateful.' Proud of his district, he remarked on its beauty to a fellow-traveller as they were crossing the valley in the old coaching-days. 'Yes, sir,' replied the stranger, 'this is Constable's country.' In order that the conversation should not produce embarrassing results, Constable disclosed his personality. 'The Valley Farm,' 'The Cornfield,' and 'The Hay Wain' in the National Gallery may be considered as inferior to none in artistic power, and to us possessed of the highest local interest. He died in full work over Arundel Mill and Castle in 1837.

George Crabbe, who was a native of Aldeburgh, began his schooling at Bungay and finished it at Stowmarket, was apprenticed in surgeries at Wickham Brook and Woodbridge, held his first curacy in his native town, and for thirteen years lived sometimes at Parham, sometimes at Rendham, and sometimes at Great Glemham.

No wonder that his poems are Suffolk-tinted in landscape and character-drawing. Of the former,

> 'Where the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil,'

of the latter,

> 'Though my clerk agreed,
> If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed,'

will never lose their place in the discerning mind.

Capel Lofft, of Troston Hall, is called by Byron, in the 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' 'the Mæcenas of Shoemakers, and Preface-writer-General to distressed

Versemen,' etc. He greatly befriended the two Bloomfields, Robert and Nathaniel, of whom the former wrote the 'Farmer's Boy,' and many similar pieces, and the latter the 'ode, elegy, or whatever he or anyone else chooses to call it, on the enclosure of "Honington Green."'

Among other literary names connected with Suffolk are those of Giles Fletcher, Rector of Alderton—unappreciated there in the days of James I., but valued in the Victorian era; the placid Bernard Barton, who ended his forty years' residence at Woodbridge in 1849; his son-in-law, Edward Fitzgerald of Boulge, essayist and translator, the friend of Tennyson, Thackeray, and Carlyle; and Jean Ingelow, some of whose young life was spent at Ipswich.

Of naval celebrities our best-known names are those of the circumnavigator, Thomas Cavendish, of Trimley St. Martin, whose freebooting expeditions terminated in his death in the Atlantic before he was forty; the popular Admiral Vernon, who took Porto Bello with six ships only, and spent his latter days at Orwell Park, where he died in 1757; Sir Edward Hughes, who served in the East Indies under much discouragement; and Sir Philip Bowes Vere Broke, a native of Nacton, whose portrait adorns Ipswich Town-hall. His courage in the action of the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*, off Boston, June 1, 1813, is the subject of a spirited song, a great favourite at school suppers.

I reserve a short space for the two regiments of foot which have borne the name of the county—the Twelfth or East Suffolk, and the Sixty-third or West Suffolk. The former took its rise at the Restoration, after the reconstruction of the disbanded army of the Commonwealth. One company was embodied for a guard to Windsor Castle, under the command of Henry Howard, Duke of Norfolk. When the Duke of Monmouth raised his rebellion in 1685, this company was joined with several others newly formed, and the whole constituted into a regiment called the Twelfth. The date of the Duke of Norfolk's commission

as Colonel is June 20, 1685. The scene on Hounslow Heath in 1688, when the King addressed the regiment on the subject of his Declaration of Indulgence, and asked those who were not of his mind to lay down their arms, with the disappointing sequel that nearly the whole of them did so, is well known to all students of the Revolution period. In the Irish wars under William III., the Twelfth bore its full share: just balked of storming Carrickfergus by the surrender of the garrison, with Wolseley at the action between Belturbet and Cavan, in the main body at the battle of the Boyne, occupied in harassing service against the Rapparees, and dislodging the troops of James II. from Athlone and Aghrim. After the capitulation of Limerick the regiment served in Belgium. At Dettingen in 1743 and Fontenoy in 1745 it distinguished itself, and was recalled to England in the autumn. When the Highlanders attempted to hold Carlisle, it formed part of the investing force, but, being withdrawn from the North, it did not participate in the defeat of Falkirk or in the victory of Culloden.

The next active service was in the Seven Years' War. The regiment landed in Germany in 1758, and in the following year, on August 1, earned the glory of sharing with five other English infantry regiments the great traditions of Minden. A rough piece of fighting that day in a rose-garden is still commemorated by decorating the colours and adorning the helmets with garlands of roses on the anniversary of the battle. Twenty years later the gallant Twelfth won yet another notable honour. They were present throughout the siege of Gibraltar, participating with much distinction in the sortie of November 26, 1781, when the besieging works of the Spaniards were almost completely destroyed. For their arduous services the regiment received the thanks of the Sovereign and of Parliament, and the honour of wearing 'Gibraltar' on the colours with the 'castle and key,' and the motto 'Montis insignia Calpe.' During the siege the regiments of infantry received the titles of different counties. For some

reason the Twelfth was in 1783 designated the East Suffolk Regiment, and arrangements were made to facilitate the recruiting of the battalion from that part of our county. Regiments, like individuals, derive reputation from honourable failure as from victory, and many an East Suffolk lad perished in the privations in the Dutch campaigns of 1794 and 1795 under the Duke of York. At the close of the century the Twelfth was experiencing active service in Southern India. The regiment formed a part of the force assembled under Lieutenant-General Harris for the subjugation of Tippoo Saib. Hard fighting against the Mysorean cavalry took place at Malleville; and a sharp affair called 'Shaw's Post,' with the final assault on Seringapatam, will ever testify to the valour of the 'Old Dozen,' who led the attack on the fortress. The regiment did not return to Europe until 1817, and during its twenty-two years' service in the East further participated in the arduous campaigns against the Raja of Travancore and in the capture of the islands of Bourbon and Mauritius in 1810. For its later services the colours bear the honours of 'South Africa,' 'New Zealand,' and 'Afghanistan, 1878-80.' In the latter campaigns, owing to its being chiefly employed on the lines of communication, it saw a good deal of desultory fighting and underwent great hardships on convoy duty, losing a large number of men killed, wounded, and from cholera. Since 1881 the 12th Foot has become The Suffolk Regiment, of which the county is justly proud.

The Sixty-third was constituted from the second battalion of General Wolfe's 8th Foot in 1758, and received its designation as the West Suffolk Regiment in 1783. The records of the regiment had to be abandoned in the disastrous evacuation of Holland in 1795, but from the *Annual Register* and other sources we can still read of its achievements in the double capture of Martinique and Guadaloupe in 1759, and in 1809-10; under Lord Cornwallis in the American War of Independence, in the Crimea, and in Afghanistan, 1880.

During the campaigns in the Southern States a portion of the 63rd Regiment was mounted, and acted as cavalry under the command of Colonel Tarleton, and the records show that the 63rd Foot, whether mounted or as infantry, were in the thickest of the battles.

Eutaw Springs, an action fought by Colonel Stewart against General Greene, was an example of obstinate hard fighting; and earlier, in the year 1781, the West Suffolk Regiment was present at the attack by Lord Rawdon on Hobkirk's Hill. After nineteen years' service in the Australian colonies and in India, the Sixty-third returned to England in 1847. When the Crimean War broke out, the Sixty-third were stationed in Dublin. The regiment was twice called upon for volunteers for other regiments ordered to the East, and so hearty was the response that the battalion lost many of its best soldiers. However, when the invasion of the Crimea actually took place, the 63rd Foot were present, having embarked in the previous July for Turkey. The regiment received the three usual honours, 'Alma,' 'Inkerman,' 'Sevastopol,' for its services during the campaigns. As a matter of fact, it was not present at the Alma, as it formed part of the force left at Kamishlu under Colonel Torrens to clear the beach, and it only arrived at the scene of battle on the evening of September 20, after a forced march. But six weeks later it had its full share of hard fighting. Twice at critical moments at Inkerman did the Sixty-third, aligned with a wing of the 21st Fusiliers, execute gallant charges on the Russian infantry. On the second occasion no less than nine officers were stricken down, either dead or wounded; among the number was Colonel Swyny, in command.

It was a hard lot for our poor fellows in the awful winter of forty years ago, of which we have just had a gentle reminder, to suffer more from the roguery of English contractors than from the enemy. In the History of the regiment, by Major James Slack, the ladies of West Suffolk, as well as those of Ireland and the Vale

of Grasmere, are mentioned as having endeavoured to supplement the want caused by this iniquity. Their presents were received by the men with hearts too full for utterance. This is indeed a link between the Sixty-third and that part of our county from which it took its name. In 1881, through changes by no means welcome either to officers or men, the Sixty-third lost its number and its county designation, and is now the 1st Battalion, Manchester Regiment.

The improved navigation in the north of the county by the opening up of direct communication between Lowestoft and Norwich originated with an alderman of that city, Crisp Brown, in the earlier years of this century. A cut to the south of Breydon was first proposed, but the opposition of the Yarmouth Corporation to this or any other alteration in waterways only led to the adoption of a cut of two miles and a half from Reedham to the Waveney, the widening and deepening of Oulton Dyke, and the carrying of the canal to Lowestoft by Oulton Broad and Lake Lothing. After much opposition, this scheme was carried out, the Act of Parliament coming into operation July 3, 1827, two months after which date the first spadeful of earth was raised by Alderman Brown.

Railway communication has, of course, much lessened the importance of this enterprise, but railway history still belongs to the memory of the living, and the space devoted to earlier times has proved too much to allow of a sketch of the Great Eastern lines, which as yet have not covered all East Anglia with their network.

CHAPTER XIX.

ETHNOLOGY, SURNAMES, DIALECT, FOLK-LORE.

IT would perplex the keenest ethnologist to disentangle the ravelled skein of an ordinary East Anglian pedigree. What Defoe says of the Englishman in general lacks no point when applied to the Suffolker:

> 'Fate jumbled them together, Heaven knows how.
> Whate'er they were, they're true-born English now.'

Something may be discoverable by craniology, trichology, odontology, or siagonology, which is the science of jaw-bones, not, however, by the present generation. There is a funny little black-haired, high-cheekboned type existing sporadically in different parts of the county, perhaps rather more abundantly at the north-west corner, which has a suggestion of the Celt, or even of an earlier race. Soil, no doubt, has played, and is still playing, its part in modifications of character, colour and contour. The High Suffolker, to my mind, is like his native clay, comparatively slow and unimpressionable, steadfast in likes and dislikes, loves and hates, hard to be convinced and impossible to be coerced, somewhat given to suspicion, capable of great physical endurance and of acts involving painful self-sacrifice. The men on the lighter soils are also in a way similar to their sands, more excitable, with an evanescence of feeling when the exciting cause ceases to operate, superior in alacrity of body and mind, but

more apt to be fickle. The neglect of education in past times has rendered both very liable to be deluded by those who are hardly better informed than themselves, the itinerant apostles of a kind of socialism which, if followed out, would whelm teacher and disciple in a common and undistinguishable ruin. High Predestinarian doctrine, chiefly of the Particular Baptist type, seems to flourish more on the heavy soils, while the sudden conversions of various forms of Methodism have been more frequent on the sands and gravels. This, however, is but a rough estimate. There are many exceptions to the best rules, and these are but tentative.

Surnames will help us somewhat in classification, but we must be very careful as to definite conclusions. Such as we have in common with Wales may be unhesitatingly pronounced to be later importations. A recent theory about the Roman origin of some of our surnames is barely credible, and the names are capable of a much more ready and ignoble derivation than that which would trace their bearers to consuls, prætors and wearers of the imperial purple. To such an extent did one East Anglian ethnologist carry his doctrine, that he spoke of the family of Fabb as descended from the Fabii, tracing to the present day that special quality which made the great Dictator the saviour of his country:

'Unus qui nobis *cunctando* restituit rem.'

Certain Christian names, female as well as male, are of Roman origin. When an unfortunate child had to be known by his mother's name in consequence of illegitimate birth, this classical name would become his surname, perhaps with *'s* or *son* attached to it. In the former case the assumed surname bears a strong, but, as it seems to me, delusive resemblance to the *nomen* of a Roman *gens*. We do not find surnames of Roman origin when surnames first crop up in our annals.

The main branches of surnames, local, professional, qualitative, would not be in earlier times of that per-

manence which in these days pertains to them. At first the local surname told its own story, and the stranger from 'down in the shires' appropriately bore the name of the county, town, or village from which he had wandered. But though in many cases these have remained, in many cases they have passed away under the influence of some more potent mark of distinction. Sometimes, too, they merely denote a temporary sojourn in a strange land, the phenomenon of having visited a distant town being quite enough to fix the name of the place on the visitor. Thus, in a Lancashire dale at the beginning of the century there was a man commonly called 'London George,' being the only parishioner who had visited the Metropolis. So when we find Kent, Wiltshire, Darby, Boston, Lincoln, Bristow, Rye, Dover, Lancaster, etc., there may have been only a short residence in those places, whereas in the case of some less known—Spalding, Brighton, Wing (Rutland), Littlebury, Fosdike, Leverton, Kingsbury—it may be in greater likelihood a case of actual migration from the special parish. There are undoubted importations from the North—Ettridge, which has passed into Etheridge, Elliott, and others. Where a man's occupation did not distinguish him from his fellows, these names and the like would be pretty sure to stick, but their light would pale before the brilliancy of a designation which attributed to a man some special skill or knowledge. John Barton, if there were two or three in a parish, would cease to be the name of one who was of note as a scrivener or a parmenter—that is, a preparer of parchments. Thus, local surnames afford but a feeble and uncertain flicker for our guidance. Before passing from them, we may observe that the surnames corresponding to the names of Suffolk villages are very often found about fifteen or twenty miles from those villages.

There is also a large class of minor local names; that is to say, names from special parts of a village. The names Curzon and Cruso, *de Crucione*, from a cross-way, are rare in Suffolk, if they exist, the common name Cross being

the form almost invariably assumed. Church, Churchyard, Chapel (not Nonconformist, of course), Styles, Stokes, Pitt, Deeks, Pinfold, Hills (which in genuine Suffolk of later days for some occult reason assumes a plural form), Briggs, Halls (probably a false plural of Holl, a ditch)—in none of these and the like does there show a gleam of illumination as to origin. The only word for a path in which I can detect anything of an ante-Saxon savour has, singularly enough, no corresponding surname. It is, I regret to say, best known in its present exceedingly debased form, 'causeway,' but the vernacular 'carnsey' for a raised footway of stones certainly suggests the Celtic *cairn*.

There are a few local names in the county which are French, pure and simple—De Caux, Duvall, Dupont, etc. So far as one can judge from their absence from lists of fifteenth-century wills, they are importations from France partly in the sixteenth century, but still more in the seventeenth, when for many years before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes there had been a constant stream of Huguenot refugees into England. Especially the colonies at Norwich and at Thorney in Cambridgeshire may be mentioned as constantly sending forth offshoots into the adjoining counties. To these names Durrant is an exception, existing before the Huguenot troubles. Such a name as De Bosco would turn into Boys, and so into Boyce, dropping the preposition with the Latin form.

The trade names are even less trustworthy. Of course, a lad very often followed his father's calling, which he would be taught for nothing. Otherwise the name of his new calling would get hold of him, and thus sometimes we find a man with two surnames, as Foxe's 'John Cook, als Belringer.' I suppose that by the fifteenth century there began to be a greater fixity about trade surnames, and the incongruity of calling a man who was a butcher Richard Barber, because his father was a barber, was less severely felt. There are a few double forms for the same

occupation, as Feavier (in multitudinous varieties of spelling) and Smith, Chenery and Ashman. Strowlger (astrologer), which sometimes crosses to the north of the Stour, but is mainly an Essex name, and Wiseman, tell of the mighty powers supposed to be conserved in some village seer. Seaman, Seago, Ship, Botwright, Owner, and Skipper, all belong to the coast, and speak for themselves. The last hails from Holland direct.

Entirely overshadowing all these in ethnological importance are Thurkettle in all its varieties, down to 'Threadgold,' etc., and Raven, which has remained untouched. The fortunate bearers of these names may claim by constant male descent their antiquity as Danes, though an intimate acquaintance with their invading ancestors would hardly conduce to their gratification. Algar and Godbold have a good old Saxon ring about them. The earliest form of Aldous which I have found is Eldhous, the contrary of the North-Country Newbiggin. The name has been provokingly allowed to degenerate into Aldis, just as a qualitative name, Laughter,[1] possibly given to a man who was much on the grin, has turned into Larter, and the trade name Taverner into Tabner.

Such names as Pope and Abbot are common in Suffolk. Cardinall belongs more to Essex. Duke, Earl and Lord, Knight and Squire, Steward, Setchell (a corruption of Seneschall), Bailey, tell in different ways of positions of trust under men of high degree. Arcedeckne was lately a well-known name amongst us, and many Bishops exercise oversight of a more or less ecclesiastical character.

The qualitative names, as I venture to call those which spring from personal peculiarity, must have been very troublesome before surnames became fixed. A short man might have a tall son, and the father's name become an annoyance to his descendant, who might be called High, Tall not existing as a surname. Blunt (blond) hardly remains, but the everyday Brown is everywhere, and

[1] At least, this is an older register version of the name. It may be itself a corruption.

very often unchanged in colour. Jolly and Sadd may be found, like Joy and Sorrow, separated by a small interval.

The names from animals and birds are much the same in Suffolk as elsewhere, and do not present themselves in abundance in the earlier wills. They may have arisen from nicknames which had adhesive power in proportion to their appropriateness.

Dialect is no doubt auxiliary to ethnology, but, like all things human, it is subject to change, and a Suffolk peasant of to-day, an old man, uncontaminated by the grammar of the Elementary School, would be hard set to understand the talk which went on at Bury about Agincourt, or the oral instruction given by a John Saxmundham, for instance, in the destroyed church of St. Peter in Dunwich to his catechumens in the middle of the fifteenth century. The older unsophisticated peasantry are quickly passing away. We who live among them know how they talk, and can fairly reproduce their peculiarities of vowel-sounds, accentuation and inflections; but their talk is one thing and medieval talk is another. In vowel-sounds there is in some respects a remarkable purity and conformity to what is considered standard English, as:

ă in *man*, but *thrash* is *trosh*.

ĕ in *met*, save that *men* is generally *min*, and *better* is *butter*, connected with *bot*, *boot*, etc. This, I fear, is fast dying out.

ĭ in *kill*. *Mill* is in some parts even now an exception. My father used to say that his man Brown, who came out of Risbridge Hundred, would call a mill a *mill*, a *mell* and a *mull* in the course of a few minutes. The last pronunciation is important, as showing the survival of *mulne* from *molina*. *Shilling* is often *shullun*.

ŭ in *fun*. Some few might make ŭ into *oo*. The negative *ŭn* is *ŏn*, and so generally when the syllable begins a word.

There is more trouble with ō, generally written *oa*, as it

is frequently confounded with *oo.* A *boat* is often a *boot;* and etymologically no harm is done, as the radical idea is the same, and the Semitico-Aryan root one of constant occurrence. In this pronunciation East Anglia and Holland are at one.

ā runs to the diphthong *ai*. *Place* is *plaice*. This develops in Essex and Middlesex into ī, as all writers of the Cockney dialect know. In very bad cases it becomes *oi*.

ē is pronounced ā. *Meat* is *mate*.

ī runs towards oi. *Fine* is *foine*, or nearly so.

ū gets very sharp, just avoiding a fracture—*blew*, *hew*, etc.

In the diphthongs—

oi becomes ī. *Oil* is *ile*.

au is often a dull *u*, like *u* in *full*. *Cause* is often pronounced in this way *cuz*.

Ou constitutes the greatest difficulty. Perhaps the spelling adopted in American humorous literature, *aou*, represents the sound best. In 1879 I had a long sitting over it and other sounds with the late Mr. Alexander J. Ellis, F.R.S., and we agreed that there is no perceptible fracture in the sound in the Suffolk dialect. In Essex the twang is stronger, and in London strongest. A Londoner's *raound abaout*, if not fractured, is certainly affected by a perilous crack.

In Suffolk the *h* is never dropped or wrongly inserted, except when the evil communications of other parts have corrupted our good manners. Contact with the North, famous for its power of 'exasperating' the *h*, or with metropolitan trippers at the watering-places, has sometimes, but happily rarely, affected us.

The simple consonants are normal, as they sound to my ear. The combination *thr* becomes *tr*, as in *troshin-machine*. *Through* is *trou*, not *troo*. The final *g* in participles is always omitted, and occasionally I have with very old people caught a trace of the departed *d*.

The plural *en* remains in *housen* and *nazen* (nests). I have never heard the Wessex *mousen* in East Anglia, the plural being invariably *mece*. I know not how to account for this use of the Continental *i*.

In the ordinary verb the tenses are never inflected for persons:

I take,	We take.
You take,	You take.
He take,	They take.

Thou and *ye* have disappeared from common talk.

The imperfect of the substantive verb as often as not has *was* for the second person singular, but never in my experience, in a direct clause, *were* for the third person singular. We find *they was* in the 'Paston Letters.'

Have is always pronounced *hev*. I append the present tense of the verb now and four hundred years ago, as shown in the 'Paston Letters':[1]

	Fifteenth Century.	*Nineteenth Century.*		*Fifteenth Century.*	*Nineteenth Century.*
Written	I have, I hafe. Ye have. He have, he hathe.		*Written*	We have. —— They have.	
Spoken		I hev. Yaou hev. He hev.	*Spoken*		We hev. Yaou hev. Thaiy hev.

Many of the verbs now termed by grammarians weak belonged to the strong class, and their preterites still exist in the vernacular. 'I thought they *ew* [owed] us five pounds, but it turned out that we *ew* them ten.' *Ought* is another preterite for *owe*, which is used for *own* —*e.g.*, 'Mr. Smith *owe* that there little farm now, what belonged to Mr. Taylor.' *Saved* is pronounced *seft*: 'She seft a matter of thirty shulluns time she was in sarvice at Mr. Jackson's.' *Snow*, *mow*, *sow*, are known to have past forms in *ew*. The past of *sit* is very often *sot*, which has a strange effect in the ears of the uninitiated: 'I sot under a sort [number] o' prachers.' 'I sot under the woman what used to prache at ——, but I never,' etc. *Can* is often pronounced *kin*, and *heard*, as in Scotland,

[1] II. 251, etc.

turns into *hard*. *Frore* and *frorn*, from *freeze*, are lingering about in out-of-the-way places. The *to* in *to-day* is used also in *to-year*. *Nawn* for *nothing* is dying out. An old woman, whose baptism took place at Rumburgh eight days before the attempted escape of Louis XVI. from France, said to me: 'The gentlefolk and the parsons think a dale o' me; the pore people think nawn o' me.'

The peculiar intonation of the peasantry has often been the subject of remark, 'Norfolk and Suffolk sing-song,' as it is sometimes called. The late Archdeacon Ormerod told me that when, as a West-Countryman, he came into these parts to be examining chaplain to Bishop Stanley, he had just returned from a tour in Sweden, and was at once struck by the great similarity between Scandinavian and East Anglian intonation, especially in the elevation of the voice at the end of a sentence. A fourth is quite a common interval. In cases of unusual excitement, or when unusual distance demands unusual effort, it may be even a fifth.

The vocabulary of East Anglia is replete with words at once expressive and important philologically. 'Forby's Vocabulary' was published in 1830, five years after his decease. He was a Norfolk man in all respects, but unquestionably received much assistance from a brother-clergyman who knew Suffolk well, the Rev. W. T. Spurdens, a native of the latter county, who lived the first thirty years of his life amongst its peasantry, having been at one time curate of Wingfield and Laxfield, and afterwards of Beccles and Great Redisham. Indeed, Spurdens claims for Mr. John Deere of Brundall and himself the principal share in the compilation, the fact being that the Rev. George Turner, Rector of Grundisburgh, who edited what Forby had prepared for the press, was not aware of the amount of labour borne by Spurdens. Professor Skeat has edited Spurdens' 'East Anglian Words' for the English Dialect Society.[1] There had been previous workers in the field—the Rev. Sir John

[1] 1. Series B, No. 20; 2. Series B, No. 21; Trübner and Co.

Cullum, Bart., F.R.S. and F.S.A., in his 'History and Antiquities of Hawsted and Hardwick, second edition, 1813, and Major Edward Moor, in his 'Suffolk Words and Phrases,' 1823; but Forby's 'Vocabulary of East Anglia' was a larger venture, and gave a considerable impetus to word-collecting. From these sources and converse with villagers, much curious matter finds its way to the minds of those who hear no English but 'as she is spoke' in the drawing-room.

Bogey, in the 'Paston Letters,' gives rise to a conjecture. It is used, like *budge* or *badge*, to denote lamb-skin with the wool dressed outwards, as in the case of the ordinance about the hoods of Bachelors of Art in the Universities. Thus, as it seems to me, it may have come to mean something in a white dress, a ghost. It is a stock Suffolk word.

Donge, a mattress, passing through the phase of litter for cattle, has come to mean manure.

The form *heyne*, to raise, is in these Letters. It survives quite uninjured.

Lambs were *hoggys* then, as they are *hoggets* in Suffolk now, and *lamb-hogs* in Lincolnshire.

Joperte, for *jeopardy*, is remarkable for retaining the *t* in *jeu parti*.

Kelerys, for *keelers*, or as the word is now pronounced *killers*, carries us to Shakespeare's

> 'Tu-whit, tu-whoo, a merry note
> While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.'

A large tub, which would be best emptied by turning it upside down, or *keeling* it, would be a 'grut owd killer.' In such a vessel was a Suffolk farmer placed to cure him of the 'lump ager' (lumbago), when, the water being 'hot enough to scald a hog,' the sufferer 'up and shuck his fist' at his man, asking if he wished to 'bile his owd master.'

Loveday is a day fixed for settling a dispute.

Nonpier is an umpire, the first letter having become attached to the article, as in *nadder* and *napron*.

Parclose is a pew in church.

Somerlay is to keep ground fallow. *Summertilth* is still a common agricultural word.

The verb *slump*, from the Danish *slumpe*, to stumble, was applied in many a metaphorical way. Unsuccessful litigants were slumped. '"Slumped agin!"' says Palmer,[1] 'was shouted derisively to one who had been a second time unsuccessful.' Forby explains it 'to sink suddenly and deep into mud or rotten ground,' and Moor cites, 'I come in sich a slump.'

One of the best instances I know is that of a boy who was describing in his own language the beautiful Gospel scene on the Sea of Galilee: 'Peter was a-goin' to walk on the water, but he slumped in.'

Though *gain*, as an adjective meaning near or handy, is not now so frequently found, its contrary, *ungain*, is in constant use, especially of persons of awkward and 'contrairy' dispositions. Some poor unsteady boy or girl who is found too troublesome to be employed is described as 'a rale ongain one.'

Two words connected with hygrometry are in full force, *dag* for *dew*, a sweet Danish word, well known in the Christian name Dagmar (*Ros marinus*, rosemary) of the sister of our Princess of Wales; and *raughty*, pronounced with the sound of *f* for the *gh*, descriptive of thick, misty weather. The common prohibition against smoking, 'Nicht geraucht,' brings it home to all travellers. Shakespeare's 'nipping and eager air' is called *stingy*, with a soft *g* and obvious origin. Black jaundice is the *black sap*, terribly expressive, and *nettle springe*, for nettle-rash, very likely originates in the use of *spring* for undergrowth or underwood, in this case a nettle-growth under the skin.

Among remaining expletives are *Dessay!* used in surprise, and *Sars o' mine!* (if that be the correct spelling), always in grief. I have never heard any explanation of this latter expression. *Hibbedy-hobbedy* is used for things all in a muddle; *sloshins* is more correctly *soshings* or

[1] 'Perlustration of Great Yarmouth,' ii. 260.

on the sosh, for across, from corner to corner; a *bob jolly* is the result of leaving things to take care of themselves, and a see-saw is a *tittimatorter*. *By'r lady* (billady) has entirely disappeared. Many words which seem of uncouth form are merely peculiar shortened pronunciations of those which are well known; thus a *peas-cod* is run into a convenient abbreviation, *pusket*.

'That' is much more frequently used than 'it,' and the tendency in many languages to designate infants by the neuter gender is observable in East Anglia in the constant application of 'that' to young children. 'That don't fare no butter to-daa' is the stock description of the condition of a baby sufferer. In this way the troublesome 'Jack That' of Addison's essay becomes painfully iterated in a sentence. On one occasion a lady of sensitive feelings shrank back when she saw a tame bird in a cottage hopping about in dangerous contiguity to a cat, but was reassured by the half-contemptuous laugh of the mistress of the house, followed by, 'Lor, miss! that on't hurt that, that that on't!'

An instance of *fare* has just occurred. All vocabulary-makers have got it, and every East Anglian would stare if it were omitted from a list of provincialisms. It is often used with adverbs, though sometimes with adjectives. Two of the former are *purely* and *good-tidily*, the first denoting a thorough condition of health; the latter, though less emphatic, is in many cases nearly equivalent to it.

Hould is heard as often as *fare* with regard to condition of health, but denotes, as might be expected, an unchanged state. 'Thank ye, sir, I hould right purely,' or, 'She hould very mahderate.' By a kind of *meiosis*, 'moderate' is thus the exponent of an immoderate state of weakness, as in other parts of England a man who is extraordinarily ill is spoken of as *wery ornery*. This latter term has been adopted largely across the Atlantic.

Spurdens quotes *boggy* for self-important, churlish, and Forby notices a cognate substantive, *bogg*. The word, as

I have heard it both in East and West Suffolk, is *botty*. It was once used very appropriately of the grandiose manner adopted by sheep if a dog appears not sufficiently aggressive in his conduct to alarm them. 'How botty them sheep are!' Mildenhall was once described to me as 'a botty little town,' though not marked by phenomenal self-assertion, to the best of my belief.

Crickle (Forby) and *cruckle* (Spurdens) are explained as to sink down, as through faintness or great exhaustion. *Quackle* is a Suffolk form, but more frequently signifies choking. A person might be 'quackled to dead' by bleeding from the throat after an operation. The broader pronunciation of the Suffolk word is followed in *dudder*, to shake with cold, which Forby gives as *didder*. His boyhood at Stoke Ferry and Lynn, and his residence at Fincham, stamp his collection with a special West Norfolk brand. *Duller* (dolour) is a word used of loud monotonous oratory, almost like *drant*. 'Wery good sarmon, shockin' drant,' was an East Anglian comment on a discourse of no small theological value, delivered by one who was apt to pitch his voice high and neglect the graces of inflection.

Dumpling, which occurs in the vocabularies, has a material difference as you pass from the light variety of the North-folk to the more adhesive article of the South.

Dutfin, for a bridle, Spurdens regards as exclusively Suffolk.

Heap is used for any manner of aggregation—a 'hape' of muck, of nonsense, of windmills, of 'defference,' of water. Head is pronounced *hid*, and feet *fit*, as when the unfortunate victim of 'lump ager,' alluded to just now, was put into the 'killer': 'Missus took hold of him by the hid and man by the fit.' Thus we get 'hidlings' for the Latin *præceps*, which Spurdens cites from the Injunctions of Edward VI. in 1548 to licensed preachers 'not to run blindly and hidlings.'

Hulver (holie verd), for holly, actually survives in the name of a Suffolk village.

A green lane, from which I think that the surname Grimwade comes, is called a *loke* when it only leads to fields. The boy and girl names, *bor* and *mor*, shortened intensely, I feel very uncertain about. I have known a lady called by the former designation, though this may have been the result of accident. When turnips are hard and brittle, as opposed to the 'clung' condition, they are said to be *spoalty*, which William Ellis (1750) spells *spalt*, and Professor Skeat notes as a Cambridgeshire word. The word *pulk*, for the usual High Suffolk pit for a house-supply of water, is quoted by Spurdens as applied to the De la Poles in a contemporary MS.: 'Will. at y^e^ Pulke.' *Sele*, for season, has bestowed on the county its special epithet, 'Sely Suffolk,' observant of the seasons, as may she ever be! Thus we have *hay-sele*, the *sele* of the day, a friendly salutation, etc.

Forby gives *thisn's* for 'thus.' *Thusn's* is a Suffolk form. Spurdens adds *thatna*, *sona*, *thisneys*, *soneys*.

We must pass from dialect to folk-lore. The East Anglian peasant is not an imaginative person, not a 'lively Grecian,' to people localities with nymphs, or the analogous fays and fairies of the North and West. The scenery is not provocative of phantasy, but there are more superstitions in existence than one would think.

In the *East Anglian*[1] is a highly valuable contribution on this subject from Mr. George Rayson, of Pulham, just over the Norfolk border, which may be taken as referable certainly to North Suffolk:

'*Charms* for the prevention and cure of various kinds of diseases,' says he, 'are still practised to a far greater extent than many persons would readily believe, not only by ignorant and illiterate people, but also by those who, from their position and general intelligence, might be supposed to be beyond the influence of such old-world superstitions. A century and a half ago the upper classes of society believed that the touch of a monarch could heal

[1] O.S., iii. 154.

the *King's Evil*, and the *Office of Healing* once formed a part of the Book of Common Prayer; and but a little more than fifty years ago, in my own parish, the owner of the *Hall* estate was the possessor of some very potent charms for the cure of agues and other diseases, and often practised his art for the benefit of his neighbours. A few weeks ago I was told by an intelligent man that the formula to be used, or the means employed in curing by charms, was of little consequence, as the cure was really effected by a *miracle-working faith;* but most pretenders to the art lay great stress upon the accuracy with which the formula is observed, and it is generally believed that the power of the operator ceases as soon as he has divulged his secret to another. The secrecy which is maintained by those who practise charms, and the air of mystery which is consequently thrown over their proceedings, have probably contributed in no slight degree to perpetuate the popular belief in them, and particularly amongst those whose early training and habits have rendered them susceptible to the influences of superstition. As specimens of the kind of charms which have been used in this neighbourhood, I send you the following examples, most of which have come under my own observation. I have had some doubts respecting the propriety of making them public, lest they should add to the number of amateur necromancers; but perhaps, when it is seen that these wonderful remedies generally consist of some senseless and unmeaning form, or of some doggrel invocation of the Saviour or of the Trinity, the knowledge of their real character will have a tendency to lessen rather than confirm the faith which they have too often inspired.

'*To cure Hernia in Young Children.*—Split a young ash-tree, and pass the child (naked) through it at sunrise three times, each time with the head towards the rising sun; then tie up the tree tightly, so that it may grow together.—Two children of respectable farmers in the parish from which I write were some years since passed

through a tree in this manner, and their parents have assured me with complete success.

'*To bless out Fire from a Burn or Scald.*—Wet your middle finger with your spittle, rubbing it over the place burned or scalded, repeating these words three times:

> '"There came two angels from the west;
> The one brought fire, the other brought frost.
> Out fire, in frost,
> In the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

In an old manuscript from which the above is taken it is added: "All this is by faith in God."

'*To cure Wens or Fleshy Excrescences.*—Pass the hand of a dead body over the part affected on three successive days.

'*To cure Hysteria or Epilepsy in a Young Girl.*—Beg a sixpence each from nine unmarried men (but without telling them the purpose for which they are wanted), and make them into a ring, to be worn on the fourth finger of the patient's left hand.

'*To prevent Cramp.*—Wear a ring made out of an old coffin-handle on one of the fingers. In my boyhood, the old parish clerk of the village used to preserve the old coffin-handles, which he found in the churchyard, for the purpose of making cramp-rings.

'*To prevent Cramp in Bed.*—Place your stocking by the bedside in the form of a cross. This has probably descended to us from medieval times.

'*To prevent Swelling from a Thorn.*—

> '"Christ was of a virgin born,
> And crowned was with a crown of thorns;
> He did neither swell nor rebel,
> And I hope this never will."

At the same time let the middle finger of the right hand keep in motion round the thorn, and at the end of the words, three times repeated, touch it every time with the tip of your finger, and with God's blessing you will find no further trouble.

'*To extract a Thorn from the Flesh.*—

'"Jesus of a maid was born;
He was pricked with nails and thorn;
Neither blains nor boils did fetch at the bone.
No more shall this, by Christ our Lord. Amen.
Lord, bless what I have said. Amen.
So be it unto thee as I have said."

'*To cure Bleeding at the Nose.*—Wear a skein of scarlet silk round the neck; tie with nine knots down the front. If the patient is a male, the silk should be put on and the knots tied by a female, and *vice versâ*.

'*To prevent Toothache.*—Always dress and undress the left leg and foot before the right one. I have known this habit adopted and continued through life. Another preventive of toothache is said to be the constant wearing of a cord tied round the loins. Strange as it may seem, I have known a person continue this practice for many years.

'*To cure Rheumatism.*—Wear in the pocket the right fore-foot of a female hare. Will it be believed that a tradesman in a neighbouring village was superstitious enough to do this within the last two years?

'*To stop Bleeding from Arteries cut or bruised.*—Repeat these words three times, desiring the blessing of God:

'"Stand fast; lie as Christ did
When He was crucified upon the cross;
Blood, remain up in the veins
As Christ's did in all His pains."

'*To stop Blood miraculously.*—Take blue vitriol, bleach it in an earthen pan in the sun all the month of May; let neither rain nor dew come upon it; take (from far or near) a piece of white linen cloth, whereon the patient has bled, have it fresh, rub into the blood some of the vitriol well, wring it up close, and burn it in the fire.

'*To cure Warts upon the Hands.*—From the numerous charms for curing warts, which are commonly practised

in almost every town or village, I have selected the following, premising that in all cases the strictest secrecy should be observed:

'Steal a small piece of beef, and rub all the warts with it; then take a piece of hazel-stick, and cut as many notches upon it as there are warts on the hands; put the stolen meat on the end of the stick, and bury it under the eaves of a house.

'Or, steal a piece of beef, rub all the warts with it, and bury it.

'Or, make the sign of the cross with a pin or pebble-stone, and then throw the pin or pebble away.

'Or, count the number of warts, and take the same number of pieces of straw and bury them. The warts will soon waste away with soreness.

'Or, take the same number of buds from an alder bush, and bury them.

'Or, ask the number of warts upon the patient's hands, and, suppose it to be seven, tell him to look at them again in seven weeks. When alone, cut seven notches in a stick and bury it.

'Many more charms of a similar kind might easily be added, but the foregoing are quite sufficient to indicate the general character of those which are usually practised, and which have been transmitted to us by oral tradition from our forefathers.'

Thus far Mr. Rayson.

The blood-bead, price ten shillings, was lately mentioned to me as purchased for nasal hæmorrhage, but efficacious only when worn with a scarlet thread. The formation of a Blood-bead Company, Limited, should recommend itself to any 'promoter' who is seeking work, as the percentage of profit must be by no means despicable.

Glimpses have been afforded us from time to time in the foregoing chapter of the social condition of the people of East Anglia. It has not all been a record of 'sweetness and light'; nor will it be found so in the latter part

of the last and the earlier part of the present century, when the houses of the peasantry frequently contained but one bedroom, and that on the ground-floor. Like severe seasons, this state of things produced varied results, destroying the morally weak, and developing the strength of the morally strong. Watchfulness, activity, self-restraint, constant and ready attention to sanitary matters, a cheerful recognition of the trite saying that 'what cannot be cured must be endured,' were potent factors in the formation of the character of such a noble peasant as Crabbe has sketched in his 'Isaac Ashford,' and the type is happily not extinct. On the other hand, the slatternly wife and squalid children, the foul smells, the aching head after an indulgence in 'sparkling ales' of multifarious ingredients, combined to engender general discontent, which soon found a special object, very often in the employer, where his character was not of the best. Hence, while the old poor law devoured owner and occupier, the workman found himself ground between two millstones, and turned in blind wrath against the changes which eventually brought him signal benefit.

The incorporation of some hundreds for the more effectual and economical relief of the poor, obtained by special Acts of Parliament, received no welcome. For instance, in 1764 the Blything hundred was incorporated for this purpose, and in the course of two years a House of Industry was erected on the field of Bulcamp in the parish of Blythburgh, a historic spot, noted for the battle between Penda and Anna.

It was regarded with intense suspicion and dislike by the agricultural labourers, and before its completion the smouldering embers of discontent burst into an active flame, and a furious mob succeeded in effecting its partial destruction. The soldiers had to be sent for; the mob dispersed itself; the buildings were finished, and opened in October, 1766, when fifty-six paupers were admitted.

Agricultural machines were another source of disaffection. The wielder of the flail (*flagellum*), whom many of

us can remember as deftly swinging his implement round without touching his head, saw that the demand for his peculiar skill was likely to be diminished. Soon came pot-house oratory, combination, intimidation, terrorism. Gangs of men went about to bring the farmers to submission and to break up the obnoxious engines. In some parish chests may be seen the documents by which farmers bound themselves not to make use of them.

In the expiring days of the old poor law, labour had assumed a peculiar phase. A farmer would employ three or four men on his own account, and have as many more sent him by the parish authorities, who paid them on a Saturday night from the rates.

The parish poor-house was managed by a governor, appointed by the parish, who in the case of Fressingfield was allowed three shillings a week for a man, half a crown for a woman, and two shillings for a child. Three times a week there was a hot dinner, and there seems to have been little restriction as to amount. The Oliver Twist of that day might have asked for more without exciting that surprise which Charles Dickens has depicted as reigning in the breast of Mr. Bumble. Though, as I am informed, the rate was nominally as high as it is now, practically it brought in much less, the assessment having risen largely in the interim.

There was a gap between the end of the old law and the beginning of the new. In the hundred of Hoxne only three of the old parish houses were left: Dennington, Laxfield, and Stradbroke. These were inadequate to the strain put upon them until the new house was ready. Something had to be done, and oakum-picking was resorted to for a time, men coming in for their work from their own houses.

Most of the present union workhouses were erected under the new poor law. At one time they were full to overflowing. Their inmates might have been seen about 1843, as Carlyle's picturesque tourist saw them, 'on a day last autumn, sitting on wooden benches in front of their Bastille and within their ring wall and its railings . . .

tall, robust figures, young mostly or of middle age; of honest countenance, many of them thoughtful and even intelligent-looking men. They sat there, near by one another; but in a kind of torpor, especially in a silence, which was very striking. In silence: for, alas, what word was to be said?'[1] Now things are changed. The house for Hoxne Union is closed, and its inmates are accommodated with the Hartismere people, the two sets by no means overcrowding the one establishment.

In parting from the county of my adoption, in which I have spent so many happy years, I gratefully record the pleasure with which I have laboured in the conservation of some of the wreckage which is cast up from year to year on the shores of Time.

[1] 'Past and Present,' ch. i.

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